



Are Revising the Divorce Law
By the Rev. G. Stanley Russell



His letter didn't explain why

• Of course it didn't. A man can't come out in black and white and tell a girl that the reason he no longer cares to see her is because her breath is offensive. But that was the truth. Yet she had been using a mouth wash . . . one, unfortunately for her, that wouldn't deodorize . . .

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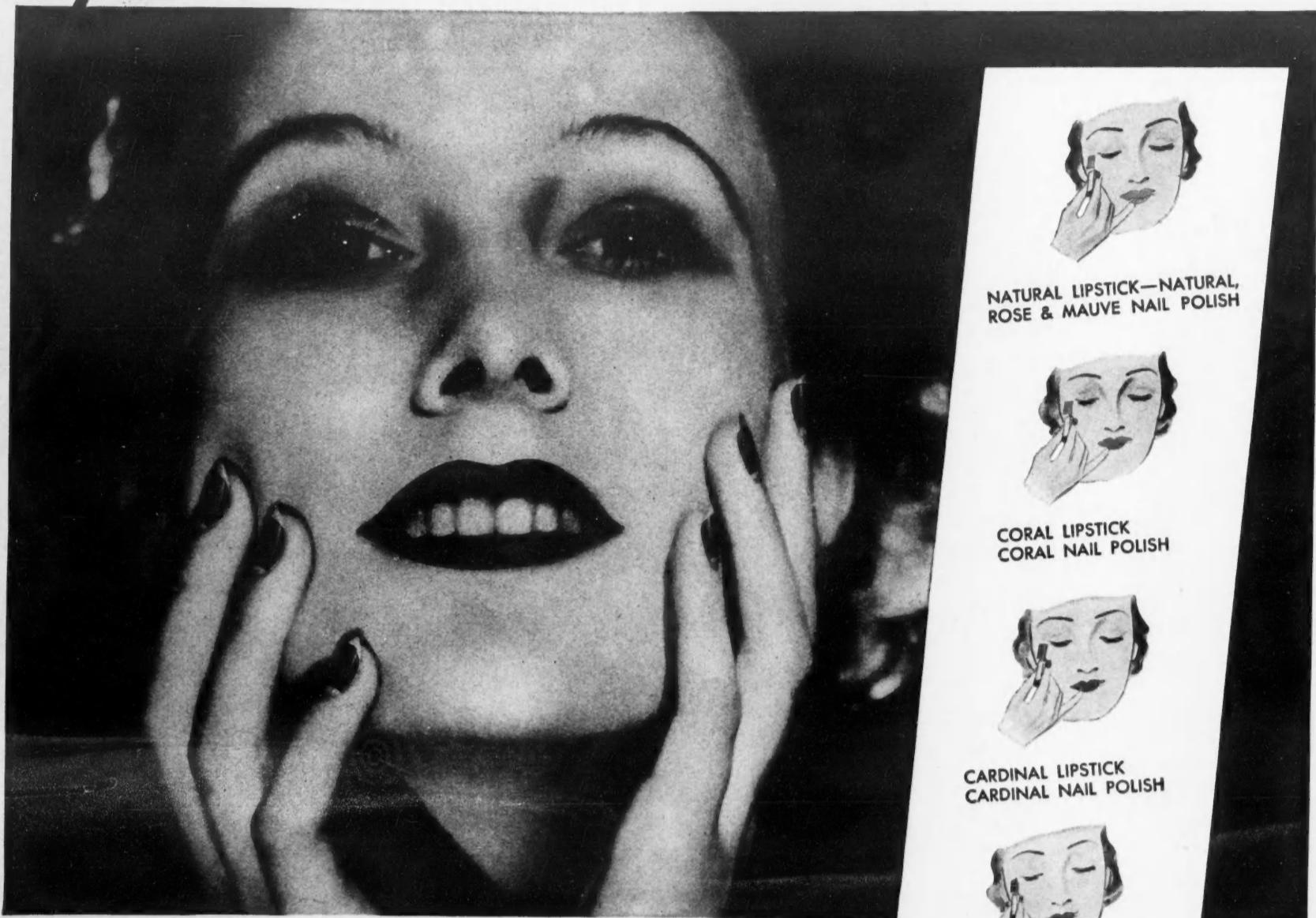
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HERE'S ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF CHINA . . . THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO COULD NOT FACE LIFE WITH ONE MAN—NOR DEATH WITH ANOTHER . . .

COMPOUND WALL

THEY STUMBLED uncertainly in the dimness, across crumbling bricks and time-worn hollows of an ancient courtyard. Above, crisp autumn stars rode remotely in the blackness. Beside them, very near, padded their guard, a huge Chinese in flat native shoes. In his left hand he carried a candle which flickered in the night breeze, making odd shadows on the long revolver gripped in his right.

"*Shang lo!*" he ordered, pointing toward pallid tiers of ascending steps.

Barney Pryde's swollen fingers tightened on Joan's arm as they began picking their way up the crumbling slabs of marble. "This is going to be a regular whale of an adventure, darling," he said.

"And funny—" said Joan, "after you wailed for weeks

over never having seen a *redbeard*. But I'm too tired to laugh. Maybe that's why I keep thinking about the buzz at the club—all the old ladies in Peking gloating over our being kidnapped together."

"You don't mind?"

"Of course not. But—how Ken will hate it."

Barney frowned. Joan couldn't see the frown but she heard it in his voice when he spoke. She knew how boyish he looked when his handsome blonde face drew into a scowl—even less than his twenty-five years, even younger than herself. She was twenty-two.

"Does that husband of yours count?" he demanded.

She pressed her cheek for a comforting instant against the leather of his sleeve. "No one but you."

"*Chon chu!*" called the native. They halted. Watched

him throw open the great brass-studded red lacquer door which confronted them on the terrace above the steps, motion them to enter. While he steadied the candle in a pool of drippings on the end of a fallen beam, they peered around them.

Dust lay everywhere over decay and the litter of destruction. It carpeted the immensity of the stone-slabb'd floor; furred piles of broken carvings and tablets; softened the barbaric splendor of lofty columns; made grey the dragon reliefs which wound around the stone altar that lay like a monster pat of putty in the geometric centre of the vast hall.

Barney whistled his admiration. "Must have been a magnificent spot before vandals got at it."

"New China, my dear. The resting places of yesterday's emperors are today's bandit hide-outs." She lifted a gentle

● by IONE MONTGOMERY LONERGAN ●

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GETTING THE CHILDREN
TO DRINK ENOUGH MILK

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MILK MINERALS. AND IT'S AS
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Illustrated
by
John F. Clymer

race, but they'll always have native inns—and dirt—and fleas that carry disease. You wouldn't enjoy sleeping in a native inn, Joan. You, with your loveliness—"

She refused to be warned. Even when he said, "You'd look sweet inside my compound wall with the row of pomegranate trees behind you," she saw only the picture his words conjured. She missed the implication. When she knew that compound wall, she grew to hate it.

Peking did not disappoint her. Manchu women with gaudy headdresses, and queer round eyes peering from red and white enamelled faces. Emaciated beggars whining in filthy rags. Gaily curtained bridal chairs. Slow pitching files of camels bearing oil, sometimes Ken's oil, to Mongolia to the deep note of the leader's bell.

But gradually, as the passing show became familiar, she found her life was only that of Vancouver against a different background. She lived behind grey compound walls in a

house of grey tiled roofs and retroussé eaves—and modern improvements. She and Ken went to tiffins and teas and many-coursed dinners at the various legations and the homes of the foreign colony. They rode and danced, and played bridge and tennis. Ken worked; played politics with the shifting powers of government; made trips up and down the coast and into Manchuria. But he allowed his wife no part in that which promised adventure.

"I want you in Peking where you're safe," he always said. "When the country settles down a bit—"

"I know—you'll take me with you. But until it does," she said bitterly, "I'm permitted to visit only a few tourist-ridden spots. You keep all the fun for yourself."

"Fun?" he said. "It's part of my job."

Joan met Barney Pryde at tiffin at the American Legation. He was on the first leg of his first trip around the world, having turned his back on Baltimore and Bermuda

to travel westward toward the East with an extensive letter of credit and only a briefcase for luggage.

"You should have seen the swarm of newspaper men who came on board the *Empress*," he told Joan, amber flecks dancing in his eyes. "They'd heard about the briefcase—"

He looked on life as she did—a glorious game to be played with a bit of a flourish.

He lingered in the old Manchu capital and they rode daily together, scouring the narrow *hul'ungs*, the great crowded marts, and the dusty plains outside the Tartar wall for all that was strange. Joan found in him all she had missed in Ken, but when the inevitable happened, when he urged her toward divorce and remarriage, she waited a little. She wanted to be very sure—this time.

Yesterday she told Ken. Yesterday—sitting behind the silver teapot under the gay stripes of the canvas umbrella in the bright September sunshine of the Peking garden.

Ken, in flannels, stood with a map in his brown hands, towering above the green lacquer of pomegranate leaves. Joan knew, by the way he scanned the map, that he was planning a trip of some kind.

"I have to go up toward Jehol tomorrow—to get General Li's *chop* on an oil contract. He's going to be our next war lord and I hear he's already moving down with his troops. I know Li will sign because my father once did him a kindness. And while I'm away," he lowered the map to look at her, "I wish you'd stay inside the city. These jaunts of yours on horseback aren't too safe."

"Safe?" Joan tossed an embroidered scrap of napkin to the tea table. "I'm through playing safe! Staying continually behind this wall—"

"You haven't stayed here much lately. Every time I come home I find you off with Barney Pryde."

"We like the same things. He and I are companions."

"And what are you and I?"

"A man and woman who've made a mistake."

He eyed her sombrely. "I've made a mistake in letting this fellow hang around and yap about adventure. He can go out and get his ears sliced off for all I care. But not you. I—like your ears, Joan."

She saw him watching her, waiting for her to laugh. Her anger mounted in a great surge. He usually tricked her with his whimsical humor, but he wouldn't this time. "You're being ridiculous. And I have something to tell you. Ken, I want a divorce."

The map dropped from his hands. He took a step toward her. "To marry this playboy?" She could see the blue powder splash above one dark eyebrow where a Tibetan bullet had once narrowly missed his life.

"He's not a playboy. But—yes!"

"So you can have adventures together, I suppose—and fun?" How he accented the word. "Let me tell you something, Joan. Adventure is a serious business when you're in it."

"It would be for you," she flung out scornfully.

"This isn't Canada. No rules hold out here. The only way to come safely through—"

"Look before you leap," she mocked. "Take a lot of tiresome precautions. I sometimes wonder if you're afraid, Ken."

"Afraid? Of what?"

She could not tell whether she had pricked him or not. Her arm, in yellow linen, flung in a wide sweep. "Of everything that makes life worth while."

"I have my own idea of what makes life worth while," he said slowly and somehow grimly. "I won't give you a divorce. I picked you for myself."

He was like granite. Joan made no headway. But he did not leave for Jehol as he had planned. And Joan met Barney at the Water Gate—was it only this afternoon?—and they rode out toward the Summer Palace. It was almost as though Ken had wished the kidnapping on them—to prove his warning right. But he wouldn't be happy about it. He was still her husband—and he certainly wasn't a cripple. She knew, as she watched dawn form grey slits high up in the black walls of their prison, that she had made a foolish comparison because it was night and she was tired. With the coming of day she felt an upsurge of spirit. She jumped to her feet and walked quickly up and down to relieve the stiffness of her body. Adventure, new and strange, lay before her.

She roused Barney gaily. "After breakfast I shall complain to the management about the sheets."

SIX DRAGGING uncomfortable days later she was still able to joke about their accommodations but it required more effort. Her riding breeches and coat were wrinkled, her face and hands were not too clean. She and Barney used the same water, fresh once each day, to rinse their hands and faces. Her boots pinched when she drew them on in the mornings. She had a chafed heel where one stocking had worn through. She was thin; she lived mostly on hot tea.

Barney ate heartily of the brown rice and long noodles. His tailored clothes resembled left-overs from a rummage sale and he had a brownish-red growth of beard unlike the gold of his hair. But no physical inconvenience dimmed the gay pennon of his courage.

During daylight hours they were [Continued on page 44]

finger to the brown smear that saw-toothed down from Barney's thick fair hair into the tan of his left cheek. "This cut needs cleansing."

"It's not deep," he protested, but Joan had seen him wince. "Only the flat of the bayonet got me."

"Infection is terribly easy out here. I'll ask for boiling water." She turned to their jailer who was watching them stolidly. "K'ai shuey!"

"T'eng i t'eng!—wait!" He went out and the sound of bolts echoed through the gloomy vastness.

"At any rate he didn't refuse." The momentary triumph in Joan's grey eyes yielded to speculation. "No one has asked us for ransom yet. Which means, I suppose, that we haven't seen the leader."

"It was probably a scouting band that grabbed us off our horses and shoved us into that rampant tin bus."

Joan would always remember those jolting hours—gagged, packed between bandits who reeked of garlic. "Didn't the air seem clean when they finally jerked us out and we began stumbling through *k'ao-liang* fields and over stone animals?"

"Sort of cool and sweet," said Barney. "Like you."

"Not now," said Joan. "I'm dusty, and cross." Evading the ardor of his eyes, her glance caught on a strip of white collar dangling above his lithe back. "You put up a swell scrap," she said. "How are your hands?"

He flexed his swollen fingers. "Not bad, considering the hours they wore a rope. I'm still able to light a cigarette. Thank heaven they left us tobacco—if they did take our watches and cash."

Joan dropped to a seat on the fallen beam, near the candle which gave a rancid odor of mutton fat. "The man who invented riding boots," she said wearily, "didn't expect them to be worn for hiking."

Barney sat beside her and put an arm around her. "Don't you see that this is a wonderful beginning for our life together, darling? Almost like a symbol. After we're married we'll always take the high roads."

High roads. She had thought she was taking one when she married Ken. A compound wall had blocked it. Almost before it swung upward. "I like your line, mister," she said with a crooked smile. "But I'm not free yet."

His voice roughened. "Lacey will have to give you a divorce now."

"I feel as though I were winning a race—from a cripple."

Barney frowned. Ken Lacey's worst enemy couldn't call him a cripple. Even International Oil ate out of his hand, or so Barney had heard over whisky-*ch'i shuey*—in the hotel lobby. It was absurd for Joan to have any feeling of compunction.

She laid a soft palm against his lips. "I know. He was horrid about the divorce. But I want everything done fairly when I leave him."

Barney's cigarette dropped, his arm tightened. "You're always fair—and sweet and game. I love you, Joan."

She clung to him for a moment. "Darling," she said a bit unsteadily, "don't you want to look around our prison while I examine the mark of the beast on my shin-bone? One of those stone elephants kicked me, or I kicked him—"

The bruise was tender, but it needed no special attention. Slim fingers in the pocket of her riding coat found no mirror, no lipstick. Both jolted out on rutted trails. With a hand-kerchief she wiped grey-white dust from her smooth, lightly tanned cheeks, from the wide brow below where the soft felt hat had curved. All the time, her eyes were dwelling on Barney who was inspecting the stone altar.

Barney—so gallantly dear, so endearingly reckless. So different from Ken who was big and dark and slow moving. Ken, twenty-eight, seemed two decades older than Barney. Ken took along disinfectant and insect powder and an alcohol lamp for boiling water when he made trips into the interior. If he had been here, he would have inspected doors, not altars.

WHEN THEIR big guard returned with a small enamel basin of steaming water, Joan bathed the cut on Barney's temple. She had not yet finished when two tattered ruffians entered and placed themselves stiffly, one on either side of the door. The giant straightened and saluted as the slight figure of a Chinese in a grey cotton uniform entered with an important click of foreign boots on the stone-slabbed floor. He was in his middle thirties, Joan judged. Small, like the southern Chinese, with a black line of mustache above a crafty curve of lips. An old military cap sat jauntily on his closely cropped head.

"The boss brigand," grinned Barney. "Too bad there isn't a spotlight."

The redbeard surveyed them with thoroughness, then broke into resonant arpeggios of speech.

"He says he is Ying Lao-hu, the tiger," translated Joan. "He wants you to write a letter for fifty thousand ransom."

"Too much," objected Barney. "I'd have an overdraft. Tell him we'll pay five thousand."

The Tiger spurned five thousand, but he showed himself willing to bargain. Their talk, for a while, was not unlike that which concerns the purchase of embroideries and jade. It terminated abruptly when the bandit spoke in broken English, "Twenty thousan'—last price. Money not come—" He lifted a small hand and drew it slowly across his throat.



"I wanted to make you happy, but I failed, always," said Ken. "If you think this man can do it . . ." Behind the wall came groans and shrill Chinese voices in an uproar.

Barney's lips tightened in the smoky glow of the candle. "We're British. If anything happens to us, you'll pay for it." And to Joan, "He's only bluffing. He wouldn't dare touch us."

"No—not so long as he feels sure of the money." But she shivered, recalling the delayed ransom demand which arrived at the Tientsin consulate the preceding spring with the finger of a woman missionary attached. Barney knew, too. The facts had been in all the papers. Joan was touched at his attempt to reassure her; was proud of his pretense that their position held nothing of menace.

Barney scribbled on an old envelope. Stopped with his pencil poised. "Any message, Joan?"

She had to decide quickly what had been in her mind for hours. Should she appeal to Ken or be cheerfully casual? Let Barney down or prove herself his equal in gay courage? "I find I've lost my compact." She forced lightness into her voice. "Say I'd like a lipstick and some face powder."

Barney squeezed her fingers. "You're a knockout, darling."

"Probably this Ying can't read much English," she murmured. "Slip in a hint as to where we are."

"Well, I'll try something. I defy any Chink to read my scrawl." He wrote hastily and handed the note to the bandit.

"I was afraid to write the words *Ming Valley*," Barney said after the Tiger had stalked out, followed by his body-guard, "but the Legation will understand."

Later, huddling on reed mats, brought by their guard and placed on the flat stone altar, with Barney's coat around her shoulder, Joan found sleep impossible. The strong odor of mutton fat continued to taint the air although the candle had long since burned out. She shifted, uncomfortable on the hard stone, her thoughts wild rebels, clinging to Ken, racing back along the two years of married life behind her.

Ken had been born in the province of Chi-li, the son of missionaries who could have won fame as diplomats in any land. He prattled in dialect before he spoke English; became later as fluent in formal Mandarin as he was in the more earthy idiom learned from the *amah* and the other house-servants. Except for preparatory school and university, he had spent his life in the land of his birth and knew China as no foreigner ever knows it. When Joan met him in Vancouver, on one of his periodic visits to Canada, he was already high in the service of International Oil.

JOAN, TWENTY, just out of a girls' college, found it easy to fall in love. But only in part with the real Kenton Lacey, the big, dark young man with the serious face and the slow smile that warmed his steady brown eyes. She decked him with her dreams of romance. Flung gay banners over the caravan of their future.

"You lead such a thrilling life," she told him one evening as they danced in the Peacock Court. "Your trips into Mongolia and the Gobi sound like adventure tales."

"Just business," he said. "The Chinese are a grand old

HAPPINESS



Illustrated by
Dudley Gloyne Summers

His father was unhappy impressed by his bitterness, but could not discover the reason.

where his mother and father sat with his father's married sister, Aunt Val, and her unemployed husband. They both lived there indefinitely and got on their own nerves and on each other's. Individually they were nice people. Collectively they were a league of nations.

"Can I have Ian to tea, mummie?"

"Need you?" groaned Aunt Val.

"Perhaps not, dear," said mummie.

"Why shouldn't the boy have his friend to tea?" said daddie.

Aunt Val got off the sofa.

"I'm just going to lie down," she said. "I don't want any tea."

"Buzz off and bring Ian in," said daddie.

Relieved, Bun departed from what was evidently going to develop into a perfectly good family row—another of them.

A VERY thin rain, like a fine steel mesh fell the following Sunday. Miss Melody noted without rancor that her class was unusually complete. Bright young eyes wandered wistfully to the two brilliantly enamelled, wet green and gold world outside.

"God sends the rain," Miss Melody reminded them brightly.

"I know," said Elsie Throssel politely. "But one does sometimes wonder *why*, Miss Melody."

"Last year," Miss Melody was sweetly explanatory, "poor families had to pay as much as a penny a bucket for water to wash in."

"But they needn't have."

"Needn't have what, Elsie?"

"Washed, Miss Melody."

For a second Kate Melody hovered uncertainly on the

brink of a neat little homily on hygiene. It was full of pitfalls. She perceived that before she embarked. Nowadays in schools they taught them such weird and embarrassing things. Biology, for instance. Hygiene might so easily lead to biology in the hands of an unfortunately enquiring class.

"In my reading this week," she told the attentive class, "I came across a delicious picture of heaven. It is compiled from facts and descriptions in the actual Bible, and put into very simple and beautiful words which anyone can understand, by a clergyman living in Scotland, the Rev.—"

Bun Browne stood up. He spoke loudly and clearly.

"I don't care to come here and gossip any more about God and the angels, Miss Melody," he said. "I don't believe in them. Now you know."

Miss Melody turned white. For a minute she felt as if she were actually going to faint. The class was gazing at Bun Browne fascinated and delighted. Miss Melody pulled herself together.

"Bun," she said, "you're a very wicked, wicked little boy, and you've no idea what things you are saying."

Bun opened the door. The rain dripping from the trees could be heard quite distinctly in the dead silence. He turned a curiously white, bitter little face to her.

"Oh, yes, I do know what I'm saying, Miss Melody. God and his angels don't do nothing for you. Just nothing! They don't even *listen*."

He pulled the door after him and was gone. The intrigued and elated class watched him, starry-eyed with excitement, marching resolutely down the path.

"He is walking under God's skies, under God's trees, through God's rain, and he denies Him," said Miss Melody, much shaken.

"And without a raincoat or umbrella," added Elsie Throssel piously.

Claudine West put up her hand.

"Yes, Claudine?" Miss Melody was much perturbed.

"Is Bun what the *Daily Mirror* calls a 'dangerous anarchist?'" Claudine wanted to know with fearful joy.

THAT EVENING, after tea and earnest, tearful prayer, Miss Melody called on the Browne household. She requested a private interview with Mr. Browne.

Mr. Browne interviewed her in the dining room over the remains of supper. Under the table was a tear-sodden handkerchief that had belonged to his hysterical and overwrought wife. His own nerves were not at their steadiest.

"I hope Bun hasn't been obstreperous again, Miss Melody," he said with polite impatience.

"Boys' pranks and high spirits I can condone." Miss Melody's eyes filled with tears. "But not this—this public blasphemy."

Rupert Browne listened quietly to the story. It seemed to him an uncomfortable and piteous thing that God and all his angels should be put to rout at seven years old. As one grew older one sometimes lost faith a [Continued on page 24]

"Oh, yes, you do." Bun was serene in his assurance.

"Oh, no, you don't."

"In heaven," said Bun firmly, "you rest your harp on your stummick. I've seen hundreds and hundreds of pictures of them—colored ones."

He left Ian hunting for evidences of harp proclivities on the angel's anatomy and trailed into the drawing-room

PRAYER FOR

by CHRISTINE
JOPE-SLADE

IT WAS very hot in Sunday school. A fly droned a positive lullaby on the warm window pane, and kind Miss Melody wondered how and why the sleepy-eyed youngsters kept awake. She was relieved to be able to address Bun Browne with the usual asperity he demanded. It woke the somnolent class.

"What are you whispering about, Bun?"
"I was telling Ian that there is an angel at the bottom of our garden."

"And I am sure Ian was as genuinely surprised at the information as I am, Bun."

"There is," said Bun, "an angel at the bottom of our garden."

"You are thinking of fairies, Bun, dear. There is a charming little poem that begins, 'There are fairies at the bottom of my garden.'"

"This is an angel." Bun Browne could be obstinate.

He refused to be sidetracked into vague prettiness. At seven he was the complete realist. "It has an enormous little stummick and moss on its nose."

"Angels do not have . . ." Miss Melody looked round the enthralled class. "They have lovely wings," she ended firmly.

"This one has a stummick and a green face. I cleaned it with vim. It was a slimy face, Miss Melody."

"It's a statue and they dug it up and I am going to see it after class is over and Bun hopes his mother will ask me to tea," Ian explained in a breath.

"I see," said Miss Melody a little helplessly. "Well, not everyone finds a stone angel buried in their garden, do they?" she ended brightly.

"Is it a good one?" enquired young Morgan Jones eagerly.

"Are your people going to sell it? Is it old and valuable?"

"Daddie says it's a 'Victorian abortion.' What is a 'Victorian abortion,' Miss Melody?"

"A not very satisfactory work of art," said Miss Melody hastily.

"But my angel has a lovely stummick. It is a boy angel."

"What do angels *do* exactly, Miss Melody?" enquired little Elsie Throssel gently.

A charming, soothing phrase from her own far-off childhood floated through Miss Melody's memory. "Little children should be seen and not heard," and woke a sharp, resentful regret. She could not cope with these fearless realists of a mechanical age. It occurred to her, not for the first time recently, that she was almost coming to prefer children in the abstract.

It gave her the most tender pleasure to think of her Sunday school class when she was not there during the week. She thought of the twenty little boys and girls as pilgrims pausing in their march through life to draw spiritual sustenance at her gentle shrine. On Sundays they betrayed strange appetites and demanded extraordinary mental food which she had no idea how to supply.

"Yes, Miss Melody," said Claudine West, who was ten, "what is an angel's job exactly?"

Miss Melody had not the vaguest idea of the proper duties and responsibilities, the etiquette of angels. They were not helping her at the moment. Of that she was convinced!



"I don't care to come here and gossip any more about God and the angels," said Bun.

She gazed at her class with mild, hurt resentment and sought in her kind, muddled mind for legends and poems to pleasantly bewilder and sidetrack those agile and ruthless minds.

"They are emissaries," she began.

"I thought they made you sick," said Claudine.

"That is an emetic, Claudine. Will you be quiet, my dear? Thank you. They are messengers. Angels see that prayers are properly delivered. There is a sweet little story of a very poor little shepherd who thought his voice was too young and thin ever to reach heaven, and so—"

"Is that why angels have trumpets, Miss Melody?"

"What has that got to do with my story, Elsie?"

"I thought they blew the prayers down their trumpets."

"Broadcast them," enlarged Morgan Jones kindly.

"I should love to be an emetic," lisped little Johnnie Griffiths wistfully.

"Emissary, Johnnie," said Miss Melody feebly. She gave it up, dismissed the class and saw them scamper into the bright gold and green of the Sunday afternoon.

"They are beyond me," Miss Melody thought with tears in her eyes.

She saw the children of the world marching away from her, following the strange pied piper of Science and Progress and leaving her gentle world of half-digested poetry and legend and dream, the pretty spun-glass world of angels and fairies and Santa Claus and good manners and clean teeth, desolate.

Bun took Ian straight into the garden to the angel. It was a small, lumpy, broken angel of no artistic value that had once flaunted itself amid Victorian roses.

"It's got no trumpet," said Ian. "I'll bet it isn't a prayer angel."

"It's got no arms," said Bun promptly. "So you can't tell what was in its arms, can you?"

"It might have been a harp."

"You couldn't rest a harp on that stummick."

"You don't rest a harp on your stummick."



Were Revising the Divorce Law

by THE REV. G. STANLEY RUSSELL

I SHOULD grant dissolution of marriage for desertion for a period of, say, three years, and I should not insert any offensive order for "restitution of conjugal rights." There can be no more flagrant violation of the marriage bond than desertion constitutes, and it should be regarded as sufficient. I do not mean by that to imply that a husband could simply walk out of the house and leave his children destitute. In all consideration of the dissolution of marriages, there is implied in my mind the ordering of adequate provision for the discarded wife and children, if the offender be a man on whom they are dependent. He has no right to create a situation and merely ride away from it, or to be permitted to create another at the expense of it. The maintenance order lies behind all the permission I would give to any man to be free of the state of affairs he has himself brought into existence by his marriage.

Many women, if they are able to do so, would probably decline support from those who had chosen to abandon them, but they must at least have the legal right to it. A decree "nisi" covering a period of desertion would give both time and opportunity for proper thought and clear perspective. Of course, there will at once be a feeling that divorce for mere desertion is letting down the moral walls. It has been legal in Scotland, though not in England, for a very long time, and it is not exactly obvious that the Land o' Cakes has been demoralized by it. I am not suggesting for one moment that mere caprice or whim should secure the dissolution of a marriage, though they have often formed the only basis for the marriage itself. I do, however, believe that the calm, deliberate, and judiciously investigated decision to separate should, provided the safeguards of maintenance be introduced, be considered a sufficient reason for declaring that marriage null and void. It is at least a better and cleaner reason than that on which "nullity" is granted at present.

I SHOULD also insert a section whereby the law granted dissolution on the ground of cruelty, without any necessity of proving adultery. To allow a man to beat his wife, or even to strike his wife, or, if there be such Amazonian cases, vice versa, and to keep her inexorably tied to him, or him to her, is a travesty of morality. There may be "ungovernable fits of temper" which produce a blow that recoils on the author in blinding shame and remorse, though it is, even then, difficult to understand a manhood which can so far

forget itself as to strike a woman, or a married love into the imagination of which blows even remotely enter. The legal definition of "cruelty" as "such conduct by one married person to the other party to the marriage as makes it unsafe, having regard to the risk of life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former," is fairly clear but a little too wide. Of course there is a type of woman whose love will cling to a Bill Sykes until he murders her, but I do not think the calm judgment of the world has any right to expect or demand such a sacrifice. "For better or for worse" does not involve, in the mind of at least one clergyman who frequently uses the words, that marriage shall be considered binding when one party to it has developed into an incorrigible brute.

I would also remove every possible relic of the idea that the man has any "property" in the woman, or that she is not absolutely an equal partner in the making of all decisions and arrangements concerning their common life. The idea of "conjugal rights," apart from complete mutual agreement, is revolting and horrible, and has, before now, constituted a form of "cruelty" against which there should be redress.

I would also include, under this head, incorrigible vice. In such instances again, there are those whose love is of that extraordinary texture that they will want to "stand by," who will refuse to lose hope, or who will even subsist on the memory of days when things were different. I believe there have been a few cases in which such love has produced complete and permanent reformation, but I fear they are few. A man who persistently and immovably gets drunk, for instance, to whom the pleas of his wife and the claims of his children bring no reinforcement of the moral stamina, who wastes on his puddling and fuddling what ought to go to feed, or clothe, or even to improve the circumstances of his family, ought to be taken in hand by the courts in the name of the community. The only right such a man has left in the marriage contract is the right of paying. When, in a home, a toddler comes to its mother crying "Mummy, mummy, come and look at daddy; isn't he funny?" and all

that is the matter with "daddy" is that he is maudlin drunk, it is time for something drastic to be done. Not only ought that woman not to be compelled to endure him, but those children ought not to be forced to live in the same atmosphere with him. I need hardly say that, if that is the case with a drunken husband or father, the situation with a drunken wife or mother is even worse. I should certainly not regard it as necessary for the dissolution of such a marriage, after perhaps years of anguish and misery, that somebody commit adultery.

The drug addict would, in my revision, come under the same section. The Earl of Birkenhead and Lord Buckmaster would include prisoners under a commuted death sentence and hopeless lunatics among those from whom divorce could be obtained automatically. I suppose, as things are, that that is right. I am quite certain, however, that the revision of the law, the excision of the sexual character of its provisions, and the insertion of strong clear charters for the victims of desertion and cruelty, would improve the condition of many homes and relieve the agony of many hearts, as well as depriving the salacious of some of the most welcome portions of their newspaper and some of the most nourishing sections of their drama.

Of course, there is no question that what is needed most of all is a proper conception of marriage. Protestants deposited it from among the sacraments and we are now paying for their folly. They will not replace it, nor will they tell us exactly what it is if it is not a sacrament. Their whole theory of marriage is vague, indefinite and unsatisfying. They further seem to suffer from the delusion that, if some of us regard marriage as holy, permanent and not merely "until death do us part," we can therefore compel everybody else to do the same, or to act as if they did.

We have no power, even if we have the right, to impose our ideas of marriage on other people, nor do we help the situation by trying to do so. If there were any advantage to be gained by it, there are people who would take the Holy Communion without the least intention of meaning what the rest of us mean thereby. There [Continued on page 55]



IT IS surely impossible to argue convincingly against the statement that revision is long overdue. It is prevented, or postponed, for several reasons. One is that some people feel there is a vague but indisputable religious sanction about the present state of affairs, and their attitude, the result of that feeling, is doing no small harm to religion. Others, of course, refuse to entertain the idea of dissolving any marriage in any circumstances, and, while their position seems to involve some terrible consequences, it is at least as clear as it is unalterable. Others, again, fear that if the law is touched, it will be the cause of precipitating some moral avalanche which will sweep down on society, overturn homes everywhere, and remove every restraint and safeguard.

In exactly the same way the Duke of Wellington was certain that discipline could not be maintained in the British Army without flogging, and Lord Eldon wept on the Wool-sack when it was decided to abolish hanging as the penalty for thefts of forty shillings and upward. Not only because the fears of such people have never yet been realized, but because the present law is outrageous, action will sooner or later be forced by an awakened public opinion. Those who have read *Holy Deadlock* will need no argument on that, nor will they have failed to realize that the situation at present obtaining would be worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan, were it not both tragic and indecent.

By making adultery essential for the granting of freedom, the whole atmosphere of marriage is degraded and a cattle market mind is imported which is disgusting and abominable. The implication—drawn not from the New Testament, but from medieval England and chiefly from Henry VIII—is that the sexual relationship is the essential feature of marriage, and this I emphatically deny. It is the natural accompaniment of marriage, often quite secondary, sometimes altogether insignificant, occasionally so unimportant as not to exist.

Nor is that implication the worst consequence of this conception of man's holiest relationship. In order to obtain any remedy for an intolerable situation, or even to get it heard, the law compels the treading of a long, dirty, tortuous road, lined on both sides by peering Paul Prys and giggling chambermaids; and it is difficult to see on what ground of religion, justice or good taste this situation can be defended. It is an open secret that, since adultery represents the only road to freedom, it is "staged" or committed again and

again, in order to secure that freedom, so that the law does not safeguard morals but rather destroys them. I hope I shall not be regarded as condoning "infidelity" when I say that I think there are several worse sins against the marriage bond than that—sin though it undoubtedly is. If some Scriptural background lurks uncertainly in the mind, it is to be remembered that the patriarchs and paladins of the Old Testament were polygamists, and only Jacob gives much suggestion of being, even mentally, otherwise; while, in the New Testament, the only reference to the matter outside the Gospels is where a bishop is ordered to be the husband of one wife.

On the other hand, the words attributed to Jesus are plain enough, and lie behind the uncompromising attitude of some sections of the Church. One group of Christians refuses to let a man "put away his wife" at all; a second decides, if he does so, to place the onus of any religious service by which he "marries another" on any other Christian denomination that will take it. Officially, these people are "living in sin," though their clergymen will sometimes intercede with the rest of us to take upon ourselves the onus of pronouncing the blessing of religion on their union.

It is less than thirty years since I was in one of the happiest of homes in the English town of Huddersfield, where the uncle of the late Lord Oxford had married his deceased wife's sister in Australia, the union not being at that time legal in England. His children needed a stepmother's care, and it seemed to him that his wife's sister was the most natural person to bestow it. Ecclesiastically and socially, he was "living in sin" and the neighbors, if they called at all, did so with fluttering hearts and uncertain minds. Today such a marriage is, of course, legal: therefore sanctions have changed and are changing. Besides, it is impossible to produce a rule-of-thumb and apply it to every imaginable situation.

Western ideas of morality were introduced into Fiji and Jamaica by the missionaries, and produced chaos until it was reluctantly realized that they were quite unsuitable. One is glad to know that, even then, wiser and more liberal ideas prevailed. It does not in the least follow that a perfectly splendid naked Zulu is going to be "civilized" by being arrayed in a celluloid collar and a silk hat, nor does it necessarily mean that his marriage is going to be either happier or purer because he discards his ideas and adopts ours. All this leads me to say that I do not consider the

oriental conceptions of marriage prevailing twenty centuries ago, as necessarily binding on the more complex life of our Western world. Morality is one thing: machinery is quite another.

I AM afraid, therefore, that I should revise the law in such a way that adultery would be eliminated on the ground given by that great lawyer, the late Earl of Birkenhead, that "the spiritual and moral aspects of marriage are incomparably more important than the physical side." For myself, of course, there are no circumstances whatsoever in which I could either consider the dissolution of my own marriage or, even in the event of my wife's death, contemplate the possibility of marrying for a second time. My own marriage is not legal but sacramental, not contingent but permanent, not temporal but eternal. I can conceive no circumstances whatsoever in which any of the aspects of the subject I am considering could in the least interest me personally, for I am not "happily married" but indissolubly and fundamentally wedded—and fortunate in the fact that the condition is mutual. Therefore, I ought perhaps to be resolute against extending or modifying the grounds for divorce, and I should be, were I not surrounded by evidence that there are legal bonds which are nothing else—whatever they may once have been—and that cry for the extension of a justice and a mercy which shall set their victims free. There are couples wrongly assorted, married in haste or in glamor, who will hate each other until they are no longer tied together, when they may possibly become quite good friends.

An old schoolfellow of mine is a case in point. He and his wife and his former wife, whom I had also known years before, attended a concert at my London church one night. After years of unhappiness and "trying to make the best of it" and then seeking a way out, he deliberately committed adultery with his present wife to satisfy the law's demands, and had the whole unpleasant business dragged through the courts, running the risk of tainting the future as well as the past, and at length the courts gave the release both he and his then "spouse" so ardently desired. Both, after an interval, married again. The new unions are successful, and the two couples are sufficiently friendly to visit each other's houses and spend Christmas together. Having been forced by the law through the mire, they have emerged into decency.

by
Katharine Haviland-Taylor

"There is," she said and glared at him insolently. "And you will start out at seven?"

"I shall."

"I see. I'm going to start out before. I am going back to town to dine with a young lady who has asked me to a dinner she will cook for me. It will be an agreeable—change."

YOU CAN go where you want so far as I'm concerned!" she flung out shakily.

"Before I go, Sandra," he said, "we're going to have a talk. Then you can eat cold ham and potato salad, and pickles and that cole slaw by yourself; and you can get up for whatever isn't on the table. The galley slave is going to be in town and . . . being waited on."

"I don't care . . . where you are," she said again loudly, hotly.

He said, without heat: "Which is just as well."

"I told Molly Simms and Helen Atwater—I told them today—of how disgusting you were last night," she admitted and with pride.

"But they knew I was difficult?" he questioned.

Her words were tangled with haste and hate: "Do you expect a woman to stand . . . everything . . . and say nothing?"

"I had an idea . . . you were broadcasting our troubles," he said very slowly; and now he looked not at her, but frowning, down at his nails. It hurt him like the devil—the idea of her being yellow as that. A man confides a great deal with loving, and it is upsetting to know that his confidence has been made to a sieve. The fact that it had, made him a little sick.

SHE BEGAN somewhat illogically, as women can, by confusing a definite difference of opinion with personal appeal. She said: "It may interest you to know that other men don't feel as casual an interest in me as you do. Mr. Griggs, for instance, Jim—not that I presume it will interest you in the least—thinks me to be a rather unusual sort of person. He said, yesterday: 'You're a real person.'"

It was one of the bromides that irked Jim, and Harold Griggs was no man's hero. Jim said simply, "That ribbon clerk?"

He heard, "I hate you!"

At six he started back to the city, stiffened with the aftermath of that lie which grows from both sides speaking the truth. This frankness had buried the affection that they had left for each other, and all their kinder instincts. The real truth is often killed by the telling of small truth.

They had railed at each other; voices had grown high and piercing, and words had been broken gusts of hate.

He could hear her now, going matinée of the older order: "I gave you . . . my youth, Jim."

"Oh, bah! That stuff's dead. You married me because you felt for me the emotion I felt for you. You've given me—and I suppose that would be your next line—no more, and not half as much as I've

given you. I've given you a good house and an income—both better than you had before marriage. I've handed over the result of working, day after day, and it's a wearing job. You've given me a house that's a mess and—"

"Love! Does that mean anything?"

He flushed. He said: "You know it did. It doesn't now. It doesn't live alone for my sort. We don't love quitters."

"I really"—she sneered—"hadn't noticed any great difference."

"No, you wouldn't," he said; and his eyes, narrowed by study of her, made her uncomfortable.

"Of course I know relations change," she admitted; "time does that."

"No, the woman," he contradicted.

He told her that he had wanted children as insurance against cold in age and as a protection against the end of planning; wanted them for something to live on for, dream for, work for. "And how about that?" he ended.

Her excuses, stammered, were ready. She ended, saying, "It ruins women; with one look at a woman I can tell whether she's had children."

His appraisal of her had knocked her then, he saw. She had flung at him, "I'm not a domestic hack."

And studying the kitchen, looking around it slowly, he had sneered confirming laughter.

Now—he drew a deep, uneven breath, built of spent emotion and hopelessness, and therefore unrefreshing—now he was going to dine with Miss Murphy and then he would find some place to sleep and she could do as she pleased.

The voicing of truth that tells a lie had made him feel she had hated him for years.

He wouldn't have to worry about the garage door or waxing the stairs or painting the outside woodwork, for he wasn't going back. "Through!" he said. Suddenly he saw the wayside, with fresh, new sight. It was pretty.

He could write an article all right on Useless Women; and maybe he would do that small thing, he reflected ironically.

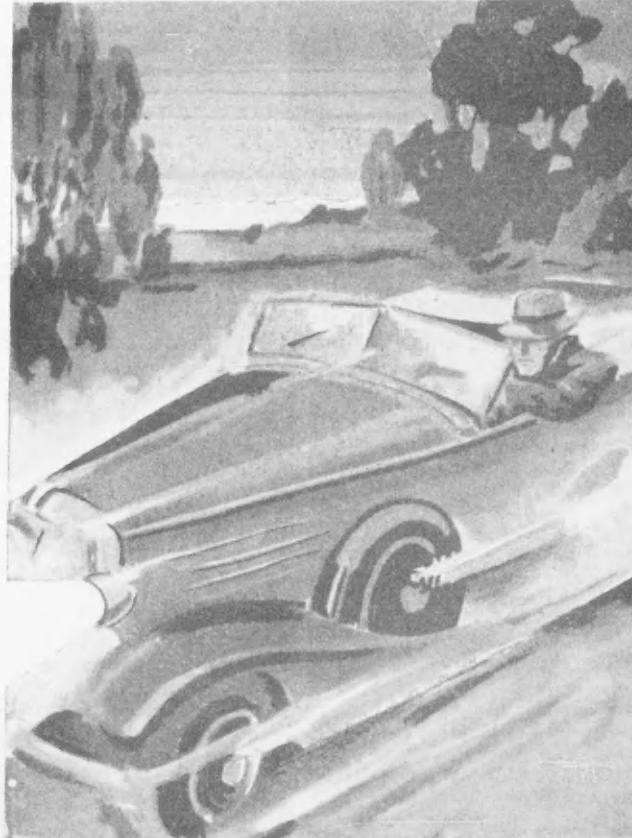
A knack at writing had come to light through one of the once-a-year dinners the firm always had. For this he had written an imaginative skit about the Utopias that would be real for every member of the firm. It was clever in a purely amateur way, but his writing training was insufficient to let him understand the limitation. His trying the side-path brought him too many compliments from those who, with him, could not read subtle difference; and homage led him to join the large group who say, "I'd write if I had the time." He had not even approached that necessary dissecting spot where writing is labor and agony and a profession. He had felt only the thrill of creation which dims for those who learn the exacting craft.

If he could write this article and publish it, would that hand her a sock on the jaw? It would. Again he breathed deeply.

Riding, he began to know that he was hungry and—Miss Murphy was getting a dinner for him! His stiffness dwindled and he smiled.

He would be careful to keep the friendship to the most impersonal lines, he decided—she had pretty eyes—and he would guard against saying anything [Continued on page 36]

Illustrated by Jack Keay



"Where were you last night?" she said shortly. "I have a right to know."



CHILD WIFE

THE STORY SO FAR :

ON A WET March night, Jim Hewlett drove the weary miles to his suburban home feeling that he was being unfairly treated. His work as an architect seemed to be slipping; his design for a new house for an important client was obviously lacking in distinction. He felt tired and only irritated by the attentions of Miss Murphy, one of the office girls.

Home was dark as usual. Sandra, his wife, was out. The living room had not been tidied after the boring bridge game the night before. The sink was filled with dishes. There was no sign of dinner. He was chilled, hungry and tired.

Sandra was at the rehearsal for the Little Theatre Group and was thrilled that she had been offered the lead in the forthcoming play, directed by Harold Griggs, who had, he said, directed the great actress, Zelda Sears. Sandra felt she had a right to the

absorbing interest of her theatricals and found Jim surly and unkind. Elsa Carter, the wealthiest woman in the suburb, drove her home, stopping while she picked up another cold dinner at the delicatessen.

But at home she found a note from Jim "I can't stand cold beef-loaf or cold ham again, Sandra . . . You married me knowing your income, and you have a rôle to play as my wife, and you don't know it. I am going out to get something fit to eat."

The next day Sandra intended to tidy up, but after a surly Jim had left she went back to bed for a cat-nap. When she woke it was twelve, and she had a bridge luncheon at one.

Jim arrived home before her. He was smiling mirthlessly. "Tonight, I suppose," he said, "there's a rehearsal."



OF THE RIVER ...

BY R. V. GERY FROM THE LONDON FILMS' PRODUCTION

Sanders crossed to a steel file behind him, rummaged an instant, and then came back with a folder. It contained a police photograph, obviously of the man before him, but in the singlet and pants of the Coast. Beneath it was an inscription, and Sanders read it slowly aloud.

"Liberian negro, committed for habitual petty larceny. Escaped from St. Thomé prison. Age, about 30. Height, 6 ft. 4 ins." He looked up at the man. "Bosambo of Monrovia," he said, "five moons ago you made yourself chief of the Ochori, and none is chief here in the Rivers without my word for him."

"Ay, lord." Bosambo was entirely impenitent; indeed, he threw a chest and strutted. "These things I know, and moreover, I knew that your lordship knew, because of your spies, who are everywhere. But—"

Sanders put up a hand. "And you thought, Bosambo, that I should love you so much that I would confirm you as chief of the Ochori."

Bosambo showed signs of beginning an oration. "Lord," he said, "kala-kala long ago, before I came, the Ochori were a great trouble to your lordship, being weak and at the mercy of all the peoples of the River. Now I have taught these peoples a lesson, lord, and the Ochori to obey your law. Wherefore—"

Again Sanders interrupted him. "It is in my mind, Bosambo," he said with sarcasm, "that in a moon I visit the Ochori in the matter of taxes. Now you thought it well to come to me first, to see if I were angry with you."

"Nay, lord," Bosambo assumed an air of injured dignity. "I came because I had many high and wonderful matters to tell you."

Sanders sniffed. "And what are these matters?"

"Lord," said Bosambo, "there came warriors from the old king's country, passing the land of the Ochori and going toward the country of the French."

This time Sanders was neither cold nor sarcastic. He glanced at Hamilton.

"Mofalaba's warriors, eh?" he queried, and Bosambo nodded. "And why did you not stop them, Bosambo?"

The big negro grinned. "Because, lord," he said, "it was in my mind that that would bring war, and this your lordship does not desire."

Sanders was silent for a moment. Then he took up the photograph. "Well, Bosambo," he said in English, "they seem to want you pretty badly in Monrovia, my friend. Shall I send you back?"

Bosambo shrugged. "Lord, *makezu ma n Zambi*—everything is with God," he observed piously, and Sanders grinned.

"You follow Mohammed, eh?"

"Nay, Lord Sandi. I am a Christian, knowing many fine things of Markie and Lukie and Johnnie, and moreover of that other Johnnie who lost his head over a dancing-girl—"

"That'll do, that'll do!" said Sanders, hiding a smile. "Bosambo, if I set you for six moons as chief over the Ochori will you serve my king faithfully?"

Bosambo grinned cavernously and nodded. "Ay, Lord Sandi!" he said.

"You can write?"

"Ay, lord!"

Sanders rose. "Then this thing you shall do, Bosambo. Go back to the Ochori and write me a message when the old king's men return. Send it to me by the Government pigeons that are in your villages."

He took from Sergeant Abiboo the medal and chain of chieftainship and slung it about Bosambo's neck.

"Go now, chief!" he said. "The palaver is finished!"

SO BOSAMBO. Monrovia boy and escaped convict, went back to his villages, the accredited ally of Mr. Commissioner

Sanders. And a week later Sanders was frowning over a wire from Administration Headquarters at the Coast.

"Urgent!" it read. "French territory raided for slaves by Mofalaba. Now headed toward Ochori. Take necessary action."

He threw it at Hamilton. "Half a company, I think—and two machine guns."

He drew a piece of thin paper toward him as the Haussa officer went out, and wrote in crabbed coast Arabic.

"Abiboo!" he called. "This to Bosambo of the Ochori, by pigeon—and quickly. Bones"—he turned to Lieutenant Tibbets of the Haussas—"on your way down tell Yoka to have steam in the *Zaire* tonight. I'm coming up with you. I think Mofalaba will stand a little looking into just now, somehow!"

The captain who led King Mofalaba's band of slave-raiders found his path suddenly blocked by a gigantic black man. He stopped, considering him haughtily.

"And whose dog are you?" he demanded.

Bosambo folded his arms. "I am no dog," he said, "but the servant and friend of Lord Sandi—and you shall come with me!"

The captain laughed. "O ko!" he said with a sneer. "Now this is a strange matter, that you should stop me, for I am a captain of the great king—"

"Nevertheless," said Bosambo, watching his warriors creeping round on either flank of the raiders, "it is the word of the Lord Sandi that you follow me, you and the men and women, till he himself comes."

For a long breath the tension held, and the captain half-turned, as if in compliance. Then in a flash, he wheeled and hurled his spear at Bosambo—too late. The chief had been eyeing him closely, and the gleam of his own blade made an instantaneous streak of light in the forest gloom. Mofalaba's captain flung up his arms and fell [Continued on page 32]

GUARDIANS OF THE KING'S PEACE—FROM THE EDGAR WALLACE STORY





SANDERS

FICTIONIZED

"Quite all right, sir," he said. "I found a couple of empty gin bottles in Kulu-bu's village, sure enough. He was greatly impressed as usual. . . . said you were his father and mother, and had eyes all over you and ears like an elephant. But he wouldn't tell me where he got his liquor."

The Commissioner shrugged. "He doesn't need to," he said. "Our friends Farini and Smith smuggling again. Never mind, we'll get them red-handed some day and then we'll see. Anything else?"

"Yes, there was, sir. I picked up a queer bird about a mile up the river here. He was in an Ochori canoe, but he's no Ochori. Said he wanted to see you to report some high and important matter—the old tale. I took him aboard the *Zaire* and brought him in."

Sanders was fingering his chin. "H'm!" he said. "I see. Was this a very tall fellow, Hamilton?"

The Haussa looked slightly surprised. "Why, yes, sir," he said. "As a matter of fact, he was. Well over six foot."

Sanders rose. "Let's have a look at him," he said. "Oh, Abiboo!" to the black sergeant at the door. "Take the tall man that came with the Lord Militini and bring him to me!"

Hamilton was regarding his superior with astonishment. "Look here, sir," he said. "I know they say you're a magician hereabouts, but you're not trying to tell me that out of two million people you know the man I picked up just now?"

Sanders chuckled. "I might," he said. "We'll see."

The man who entered the office was a magnificent specimen of the African negro. He wore the monkey-tails and leopard-skin cloak of a chieftain, and carried spears; but there was somehow a sophisticated, not entirely submissive twinkle in his eye as he saluted the Commissioner.

"I see you, Lord Sandi!" he boomed.

Sanders looked him up and down. "Who are you, man?" he asked.

"Lord," was the reply, "I am M'Laba, son of Z'burn of the Ochori, and for three days I have come down the river in my fine boat, bringing you tidings of high matters—"

Sanders continued to inspect him without enthusiasm. "M'Laba, son of Zibuko of the Ochori," he repeated. "Now I think that is a lie, man! Is it not so?"

For a tiny moment there was a silence, and then the negro's eye dropped. He grinned, fumbling with his spears. "Lord," he said, "it is a lie."

A SAGA OF WEST AFRICA WHERE A HANDFUL OF WHITE MEN STAND

THE WEST AFRICAN sun, blinding and merciless, beat down with sledge-hammer violence upon the little clump of buildings that were District Headquarters for the territory of the Rivers. It shone on the glaring expanse of parade ground, on the crocodiles lazily sunning themselves on the river mudbanks, and on the ordered sharp movements of a squad of black soldiers being drilled before the Residency.

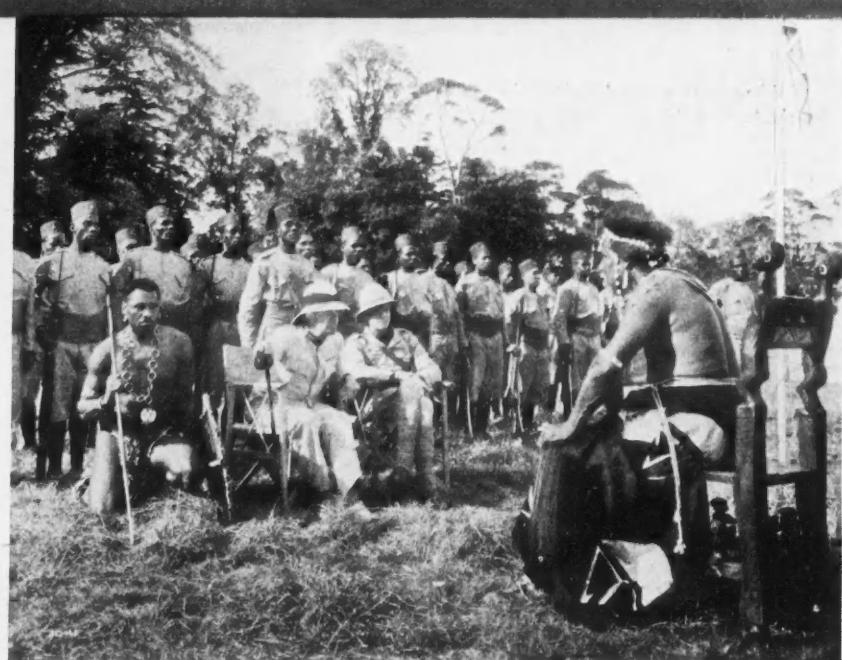
Across the shady verandah, in a severely bare office cooled by electric fans, a small sallow man sat at a desk smoking a cigarette. His name was Sanders, and he was Commissioner here in the Rivers—which meant that for a couple of millions of blacks he was the law. Before him were papers in neat piles and dockets, but Mr. Commissioner Sanders was not dealing with the papers. He was patiently waiting, an art the Rivers taught to great perfection; and meanwhile he was watching with quiet amusement the fidgetings of a young officer of King's Haussas by the window.

"You—you don't think anything could have happened, sir?" the subaltern asked finally. "He's very late—Should I take a company and go and look?"

Sanders laughed quietly. "My dear Bones, no!" he said. "Don't get so excited; and for heaven's sake forget about that Victoria Cross of yours. This country's not that kind of place, anyhow. He'll be here in a minute. That sounds like him now," he added, as the sentry outside came up to attention with a rattle of accoutrements. "Hello, Hamilton! We've been waiting for you. Everything all right?"

The newcomer, a tall, sunburnt man in captain's kit, saluted and mopped his brow.

Illustrations show Commissioner Sanders, above, and from left to right the meeting with King Mofalaba, Sanders' rescue of Bosambo and his wife, and Lilongo with her small son.



Chatelaine, July, 1935



She's proud
of her cooking

...but there's one thing
she never makes!



Sunshine all around me,
Campbell's when I'm through—
No wonder I just sparkle
At everything I do!

21 kinds to choose from... Asparagus, Bean, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken with Rice, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julliene, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mushroom (Cream of), Mutton, Noodle with Chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Primiti, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef.

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Hear Dick Powell in "Hollywood Hotel"
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT
9 to 10 p.m. E.D.S. Time . . . Stations CFRB
Toronto . . . CKAC Montreal . . . CKLW Windsor
and the entire chain of Columbia Stations.
A Full Hour's Dramatic Musical Revue
Famous Radio Stars, Popular Moving Picture Stars
Raymond Paige's Orchestra, Hollywood Singers



You all know her . . . she's so typical . . . proud Mrs. Canada out there in her gleaming kitchen getting ready to serve another meal which will prove there's no place like home . . . A good cook? . . . Just taste her soup—and you'll know that everything she serves will be delicious!

It's the woman who cooks who knows most about soup . . . and her opinion of Campbell's Soups is the best guide you could have . . . for nothing goes on her table which hasn't the true home-made taste.

But she gives no thought to the soup until just before it's time to serve it . . . Then she reaches for a can of Campbell's on her cupboard shelf, spends a few brief minutes in its preparation, and has it on the table in a twinkling . . . sure that it will taste just as if she made it.

Best of all, she likes to brighten her meals with the gay color and sparkling tang of Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . For, served either as Tomato Soup with water added or Cream of Tomato with milk added, all good home cooks agree it is without an equal.

It's waiting for you at your grocer's!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD., NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

"I Went to London to See the Queen"

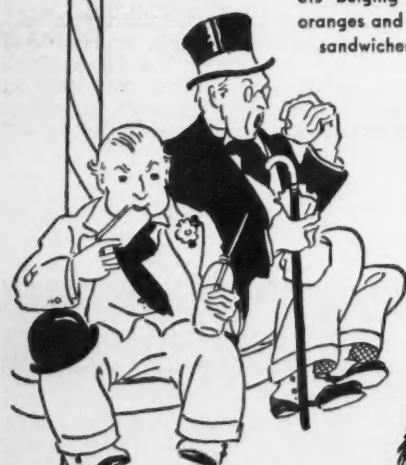
by MOLLIE McGEE

(Mrs. Mudge's Special Jubilee Correspondent)

"A rather be-draggled woman with two grimy children."



"Two Canadians, sitting on the curb, their pockets bulging with oranges and ham sandwiches."



"Two rajahs in an Austin, dignified as if they were on an elephant."



EXACTLY how Mrs. Mudge learned that I was going to England I never found out, for she never appears with pail and broom in the office until the last stenographer and office boy are on their way home. She arrived duster in hand just as I was leaving late the night before sailing. "Ain't you the lucky one!" was her greeting. "I suppose you'll be seeing the King and Queen and everything that goes on." Then she brushed a few imaginary specks off the desk. "About how much does it cost to go to the Old Country now?" I gave a conservative estimate. "My, my! that is a lot." Mrs. Mudge sounded a trifle wistful. "But you'll tell me all about it when you come back?" I rather carelessly promised that I would.

Mrs. Mudge looked up and pushed back some straggling grey locks with the back of her wrist. I caught sight of her face and then suddenly realized that I had received a very special assignment. I got the feeling that Sunday picture supplements might come and go; Mr. Mudge might read what he liked out of the morning paper propped up against the teapot, but that Mrs. Mudge would be waiting to hear from her specially appointed eyewitness, and from then on Mrs. Mudge frequently haunted my wanderings.

FOUR OF US had been walking the deck for two hours in the early sunlight before we really saw the white cliffs of England through the fine off-shore mist. The boy from Alberta who was fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall, rangy and quite evidently excited, immediately decided something should be done about it, and burst into "Land of Hope and Glory." He had never been "home" before, though his baggy tweeds were from Savile Row, as his father sent his measurements in regularly from the farm in Alberta. Now he was on his way to stay with his "people" for the Jubilee. The little Chinese girl, a Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Michigan, was Oxford bound and asked a perpetual stream of questions which the rather cocky young English bank clerk from Toronto usually answered.

As the energetic little train galloped up to London we were quiet and watched the bright green fields with the darker green hedges, and the primroses and violets that covered the banks by the tracks and passed in a vivid blur of color. There were flags waving from cottage windows, set on the iron railings by the tracks, flying from clotheslines in tiny backyards.

Almost before we were aware of it, and suddenly, smoothly, we were in London, looking over the chimney pots to see the spires of Westminster. I followed my baggage as it rumbled along on a truck through the shadowy tunnel of the station, out into a city that seemed a mass of flowers, a forest of waving pennants, festoons and fairy lights.

As my taxi sped under garlands and flags through crowded streets, all I could see were the top hats and the flowers. I had forgotten that top hats can be treated as ordinary head gear, and flowers massed on street corners and on barrows. Where I had come from, both appear in exclusive quantities at weddings and funerals. To see small boys in top hats, messengers with gold-buttoned frock coats in top hats and even draymen in top hats, and to notice women selling bunches of roses for sixpence, set my head in even a greater whirr than the traffic which went to the left instead of to the right.

Down through the Mall my obliging taximan went so that I might see the crowds outside Buckingham Palace, the scarlet and white decorations and the long lines of stands that lined the roadway. We



RENE BUTLER

"They're pretty squashed—but they taste o'l right."

turned out through the brilliant greenery of Hyde Park and arrived at last at a little house in Kensington where, when I asked for lemon with my tea, a whole lemon appeared in a little glass dish as the shy maid "did not know whether to squeeze it into the teapot or the cup."

Then came a breathing space, for I had two whole days before the procession, two whole days to sightsee and visit. First of all, I went to tea in Sussex. I was seized by a cousin in tweeds.

"Of course I'm not staying in London for the Jubilee; we are having our own celebration and you must come out for the week-end," she boomed. A polite refusal was on the tip of my tongue, when suddenly I remembered Mrs. Mudge. After all, Mrs. Mudge came from Sussex and so that is where the cousin in tweeds took me.

We dashed along hedge-bordered country roads in one of those diminutive cars which, like their long-legged tweed-clad owners, seem to go anywhere on almost nothing and into a country where great houses stand on hilltops in kindly surveillance over villages nestling in the hollows, and coast houses shelter the hop crop under medieval conical turrets.

Under a flowering apple tree the tea table was set, and without moving my chair I watched pompous yellow and black bees grumbling over beds of golden and bronze wall-flowers, purple violets and irises, and blue forget-me-nots. Then, just to make it perfect, the curate came to tea.

He was a tall, earnest young man in the throes of arranging a local Jubilee programme. Out of the corner of his eye as he talked, he scanned my worldly and very sheer silk stockings. I was about to interrupt and explain that in Canada they only cost fifty-nine cents, when I realized that it might be a shame to disillusion him, so we went on discussing the Jubilee tea party for the children and the games in the schoolhouse in the afternoon, the special buns and tea for the old people over sixty-five, the garden party for everyone on the Commons which had been provided by the Beer Baron, the bonfire and torchlight procession in the evening. His old Lordship might be at the bonfire, someone said. His Lordship who lost every son in the war is the last of his line. He is dignified and gruff, but the country folk rather like his manner; they say he is showing how the aristocracy should behave.

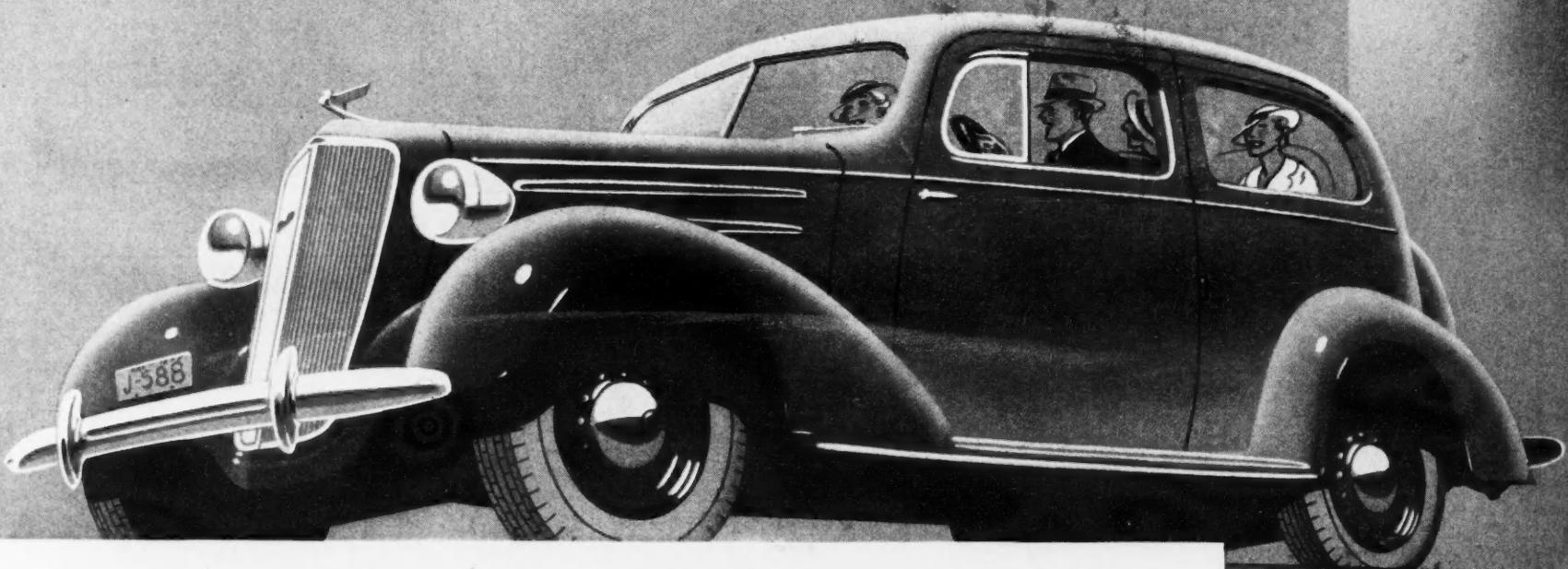
"ON SUNDAY we'll do the decorations," announced the young Canadian from Toronto, who is busy during the week sewing in Molyneux's workroom. So off we set on a No. 73 bus bound for Oxford Street and the eighty-foot gold statue of Britannia that was just getting its final coat of paint up on top of Selfridge's huge store. But the green park with its vivid flowers lured us from the top of the bus and we sauntered along in the sunshine till we found ourselves in the crowd listening to the speakers who stand on ladderlike platforms expressing their views at Marble Arch.

We stood beside two turbanned Hindus and heard a woman rail against the English marriage and divorce laws. We heard a Socialist speaker carefully explain to his audience that "His Most Gracious [Continued on page 57]

ILLUSTRATED BY RENE BUTLER

AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

IN ALL WAYS SAFER... SMARTER...SUPERIOR



OUTSTANDING in all ways, the new Master Chevrolet reveals its great value most impressively in the way it combines *quality* with *low prices*.

You find this quality expressed in the *safety* of Chevrolet's new Turret Top of solid steel . . . in the smart *beauty* of its Bodies by Fisher . . . in the *superiority* of its Knee-Action ride and its Blue Flame Engine performance and economy.

No other car in Chevrolet's low price class can offer you even one of these famous quality features. And no other gives you Cable-Controlled Brakes—Fisher no-draft Ventilation—Shockless Steering—

to mention three more Chevrolet advancements. You get everything you want in a motor car when you choose a Master Chevrolet—and you get these advantages at prices that save you money, with the very lowest operating costs for a car of comparable size and power in the bargain.

A look—a ride—a drive will make it clear to you that to own a Master Chevrolet is to own the aristocrat of the low price field . . . the *smartest, safest, most luxurious* low-priced car ever built!

Chevrolet offers a wide range of models . . . ready at your dealer's for immediate delivery. Low delivered prices and easy GMAC terms. See the new Standard Chevrolet, Canada's lowest-priced fully equipped car.

CHEVROLET

"AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

We Engineer EVERY
SAFETY FACTOR *into our Cars*
Except Two - ROAD and DRIVER



OVER the blueprints, along the assembly lines, on the Proving Ground, the engineers of General Motors strive to make not only better but *safer* cars.

What a magnificent array of improvements now testifies to the success of this humane and ceaseless endeavor!

There is the self-starter; there is multi-beam lighting and the tilt-beam headlamp, for safer night-driving.

There is the sloping windshield, to avert blinding reflections from behind; sun visors, to prevent eye-dazzle; and safety-glass. Fisher No-Draft Ventilation keeps the inside of windshields and windows from fogging in cold weather or rain.

When we build 80 horsepower into an engine, we engineer 500 horsepower into the brakes.

Knee-Action not only increases the comfort of driving—but, in case of emergency, assures safety and control.

Newest of all safety developments is the "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, which puts over your head a protective roof of solid seamless steel.

Each year adds to the safeguards, but one thing no motor car builder can supply—a pair of capable hands on the steering wheel and an alert and reasonable brain to govern what they do. Won't you remember that when you're driving—and meet us half-way in helping to make your motoring safe?

GENERAL MOTORS
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A PUBLIC-MINDED INSTITUTION

WITHERED APPLES



The loiterers glanced absently at Lottie; the nice boy hurried from sight and Lottie followed the aunts. They were volubly cheerful and unconscious of wrongdoing, but Lottie seethed with passionate rebellion. In the darkness of the homeward way her face was hot with anger. The aunts forging ahead together noticed her silence. Aunt Hannah said to Aunt Sarah:

"Perhaps the meeting touched her; perhaps she might give her young life to China."

Lottie heard her and an unreasoning hatred of all things Chinese took possession of her. At that moment she made her first conscious resolve to escape from Lebanon. Anywhere! Anyhow! Country, town, city, desert, so long as the place was neither Lebanon nor China.

The aunts kept her; Lottie was fair enough to admit that. But they also kept her in a path so straight and narrow that, as the years passed, the feeling of smothering grew almost insupportable. Life must be taken while it passed; there could be no second chances, no round-trip tickets. Lottie often felt there would be more satisfaction in a life of wild mistakes, of tremendous regrets, of turbulent struggles than in the exasperating calm of lives as lived by Aunt Hannah and Aunt Sarah. They would float on and on down their placid streams until their lives would end without their ever having lived.

A generation or two ago the village of Lebanon had surrendered its last hope of growth and progress. In summer it buried itself in trees, and in winter it was almost blotted from sight under the heaping snows. In more prosperous towns the name of Lebanon became a byword. When citizens of New Concord or Blanchard or Haskill came to Lebanon they simulated an exaggerated surprise that they should still find inhabitants moving along its streets.

Over the Lebanites themselves the spirit of apathy settled. In the spring the gardens were planted behind the houses and in the flower-beds bloomed the unchanging pinks and mignonette, hollyhocks and bachelor buttons. Summer was the season of interminable pickling, of jelly-making and the putting down of countless jars and crocks and firkins. It was all part of the slow preparation for the long hibernating season. Then came the months when men sat with feet on stoves and the needles of the women clicked through the short days. It was the time when a new calf, an unexpected letter, or a double-yolked egg stirred ripples of interest in the snow-banked cottages.

This was the village whose dust or snow Lottie had resolved to shake from her feet for ever. She had a small store of money left by her mother. This precious hoard had been kept by old Andrew MacPhail, the postmaster, in his office safe. With that strange intuition by which age sometimes understands youth, he had advised Lottie to keep it intact "against the time of your setting forth," as he explained. Lottie did not understand this when he said it but she did now.

IN THE early spring when Lottie was nineteen, she fled from Lebanon. A small, whimsical discovery brought to pass this tremendous step. She had been spring-cleaning in the damp cellar of the Whifflestone cottage. From a dark corner she brought two withered, overlooked apples and placed them side by side on the window ledge. She looked at them absently for a moment. The apples were half their former size, shrunken and twisted into deep lines and convolutions. Suddenly they took on absurd resemblances to human countenances, grotesque, gnomelike creatures of a forgotten past. Then, as Lottie gazed, the larger apple became Aunt Hannah, and the small one, Aunt Sarah. In a burst of dreadful recklessness Lottie found two fruit jar labels. On one she wrote: "Aunt Hannah" and on the other: "Aunt Sarah." She pinned a label to each apple. There they sat, side by side, unwanted, forgotten, shrivelled. All their plumpness and color vanished; their bright promises unfulfilled.

And then, as the years fled, she herself, Lottie Crawford, would come hard after them—unneeded, unused, forgotten like the apples. It was a revelation; a clear, unlovely revelation. Lottie went upstairs and made a bundle of her clothes. The aunts were in the backyard behind the Lawton cottage engrossed in the rites of spring soap boiling. No need to involve them in long and needless bickering.

Lottie walked from the Whifflestone door without a backward glance. Old Andrew produced her money just as she had left it with him. He agreed to explain everything to Aunt Hannah and Aunt Sarah, but not before noon. Then Lottie would have walked to New Concord through which a great highway ran. She would have stepped into a long, grey stage-coach, headed west. . .

High Bluff sprawled on the flat prairie, a new, raw town, unlovely but alive. Here Lottie climbed out of the motor coach. This was as far west as she dare go. She had a return ticket and enough money to keep her in High Bluff for a month. On this single month she felt her entire future might easily turn.

Ma Connor's boarding-house was of the rough and ready kind. Across the front of the building when it first opened for business, had appeared an ambitious sign: "Metropolitan Hotel." But no one had ever called the place by its long name. It was known as "The Connor House" and as its owner, Ma was properly concerned over the present comfort and future prospects of her guests.

"You'll be lookin' for a man, no doubt?" she questioned Lottie on her second morning at breakfast.

"No," Lottie said. "I'm not looking for anybody. I don't know anybody."

"But you soon will," beamed Ma. "You're from the east, I reckon. Full o' women back there, I've heard. Well, this is a man's country, bachelors mostly—bachelor farmers. You'll land one like the eastern girls always does." Ma liked to encourage her guests.

"I hadn't thought about it, Mrs. Connor," Lottie defended herself. "I've never thought of such a thing." She felt herself foolishly blushing.

"It's something to think on," advised Ma as she left for the kitchen.

It was. Lottie had never consciously thought of such a thing. But whenever she considered the possibilities of the return part of her ticket, the vision of the two withered apples became so strong the thought of Lebanon was impossible. There was also the great probability that Aunt Hannah and Aunt Sarah would not allow the return of a prodigal.

Lottie canvassed the prospects for work in High Bluff. There was nothing. The new shops and offices seemed overflowing with work-hungry relatives of the various owners. Lottie began to consider the necessity of Ma Connor's suggestion. The idea of marriage was easy enough to consider but hard to make practical. How did a girl undertake the first steps in such a matter? The men who took their meals at the Connor House glanced at Lottie and then continued the important business of eating.

"Well, how's everything?" Ma asked one evening.

"There's just nothing, Mrs. Connor," Lottie could not suppress the hopeless note.

"These young sheiks give me a turn," complained Ma. "Always lookin' for something flashy. You'll be maybe goin' back, Lottie?"

"Yes, I guess so." Suddenly she saw again the two apples.

"No! No! I can't. I can't go back!"

"Oh, you can't?" Ma was curious. "Well, that's bad,

now. You can't stay and you can't go; that's awful bad."

Several days later Ma said again: "There's a queer critter lives out west o' town a few miles. Gus Crane's his name."

"What's he—like?" Lottie felt like a bold hussy asking such a question.

"He's not like anything. Seldom talks; just a terrible worker. He married Cillie Stork from Grandview; that's why we call his place the Bird's Nest. Foolish, ain't it? Crane and Stork!" Ma laughed and then went on: "Anyway, she didn't last so very long working for Gus. We think she was his second. Guess the first must o' petered out, too. Gus sets a terrible pace." Ma was not holding anything back. It was only fair to tell everything. She went on:

"Doesn't sound much like you was dreamin' about, maybe, Lottie; but Gus has a big place. It's worth money. He's so drove with work in spring and summer he's no time to look around and nobody to keep his house. If you'd like me to sort of bring you around to his notice, Lottie, he might take a real shine to you."

ONE LATE spring afternoon Lottie sat beside Gus Crane on the trail out from High Bluff. Ma Connor and the minister's wife had been the only witnesses of the short marriage service. It was done. Lottie had closed her mind to everything but the picture of two withered apples on a window ledge and she had been able to go through her part. She kept repeating to herself: "I've done it! I've done it! I can't go back!" It was a momentous thought.

They drove on over the flat miles of prairie. Vast squares of buffalo grass alternated with other squares of springing grain. The grain was almost high enough to wave in the wind, and cloud shadows swept across the endless fields.

"It's beautiful!" Lottie said impulsively.

Gus looked at her curiously.

"It's valuable," he corrected briefly.

"Maybe it could be both," Lottie ventured.

"Maybe," he agreed dryly.

Farther on Lottie said: "Will there be anybody at your house?"

"I got three men—two Swedes and a Belgian." He looked into the distance as if trying to discover if they still labored in his absence. He added almost to himself: "There'll be two more at harvest."

Later they met a gaunt woman in a buckboard with a buckskin pony. The woman stared at Lottie.

"Is that somebody lives near?" Lottie asked politely.

"Mrs. Svenson, the nearest," Gus answered. Then he added for good measure: "Bout three miles."

"Three miles to the nearest neighbor!" Lottie thought almost in alarm. What if she needed someone—perhaps some kind of help or protection on a vast farm alone with four men? Four strange men! But one of these men was now her husband; the minister had said so. Lottie looked at him timidly. He sat gazing ahead as if he looked into a future rather than at the fields around them. His face was not unkind but obsessed by a curious remoteness that weighed heavily upon him. There seemed to be almost visible effort in his brief comments as they drove along.

"That's the Anderson place." "That field's flax." "There's Williamses."

When they stopped before a small unpainted house Gus said: "This is Crane's house." Lottie looked absently. Suddenly the significance swept her as if for the first time: "Why that's—me!" They climbed to the ground.

When they were in the house Gus pointed to a door opening from the kitchen and said: "In there!" Lottie started at the sudden sound of his voice in the silent house. She went in. There was a stale, unused air as in a room long uninhabited. Somewhere there should be a window to open. Lottie sat on a chair at the head of the narrow bed. What was the next step? What should she expect? What would he expect of her? He had said nothing about that. There was no sound in the house. No doubt.

[Continued on page 25]

by ALLEN ROY EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY KAY AVERY

THE THRILLING STORY OF WHAT THE DRAMA OF
THE WHEAT CYCLE MEANT IN THE LIFE OF ONE GIRL
WHO WAS NOT AFRAID TO LIVE RECKLESSLY



THE

UNDoubtedly the minister was coming to pray. Lottie heard the gate click; she saw the man of God moving slowly along the long walk. He loitered as if reluctant to leave the spring sunshine for the musty front parlor where Aunt Hannah Whifflestone would bring in weak tea. She would be followed by Aunt Sarah Whifflestone carrying seed cakes and currant loaf. Lottie knew how it felt to sit solemnly on the horse-hairs, slippery and prickly, nibbling at bits of food and listening politely to the harmless news items of Lebanon.

Then, after a decorous interval following the last cup of tea, the minister would lift the great family Bible from its place on the centre table. It was always interesting to hear his strange change of voice from ordinary conversation to the droning intonation which he affected for scriptural purposes and for prayer. Lottie could not understand why God must be talked about, or talked to, in such sepulchral tones. She wondered about this as she knelt on the worn carpet and began counting the faded roses in the pattern of wallpaper. When the mournful voice halted and they all arose, Lottie was free to go out into the fresh air again.

There was a dearth of young life about the house. Lottie herself was not noticeably well-favored, but she was bright and eager. She often longed for the thrill of talking to a boy in the twilight as he hung over the gate, or of leaving church socials and even prayer meeting in the delightful pairing off, as the young people of Lottie's acquaintance were accomplishing in such delightful and romantic fashion.

Lottie's one near-experience held painful memories. A returned missionary from China had been speaking in the church; a "live" missionary, as the people of Lebanon said, almost in awe. The missionary told of the great hardships of life in China, of her winter house and her summer house, and her eight servants.

Lottie's attention began to wander. She noticed the new boy who had come to clerk in the drugstore. He seemed to be watching her in a pleasant, friendly sort of way. They had exchanged brief words when Lottie had renewed Aunt Hannah's cough medicine, and again when she bought yellow, powdered sulphur for the yearly spring tonic.

When the missionary had made an end of speaking and people began to drift doorward, Lottie assumed an intense preoccupation in various small preparations for departure. All the time she could see the drugstore boy edging nearer and nearer. There could be little doubt now that he meant to walk home with her. Lottie palpitated with a delicious fear; this was her first direct attention from the unknown male world.

Then a terrible thing happened. Aunt Sarah suddenly remembered Lottie and turning about she saw her standing among the rapidly thinning groups. Aunt Sarah lifted her shrill voice:

"Lottie! Lottie!" She made an authoritative gesture with her long arm. "Come, Lottie! We're ready now."

Lottie slid to the floor clasping her arms about him. Utter annihilation might come at any moment.

"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—

1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under tissues* grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this condition, the nutrition of the *under tissues* must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within the skin*. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip of this clogging matter dries, darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the *under tissues* will prevent further clogging of the pores.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under tissues* and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Do Coarse Pores come from Neglect?

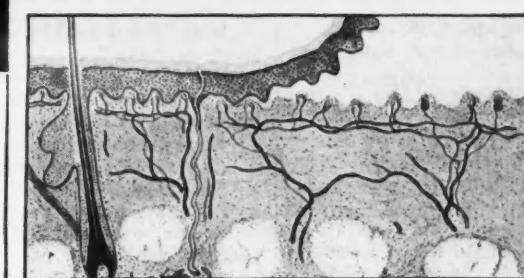
Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within the skin*. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 Is Dry Skin a Sign of Age?

All skin, as it grows older, becomes thin and dry, as the *underskin* loses vigor and the glands produce less oil. Dry skin is helped by the use of penetrating oils and by restoring the oil glands to normal activity. Excessive dryness demands medical care.

6 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Rarely before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, failing nutrition of the *underskin*. To avoid sagging, keep the *under tissues* toned.



The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your *underskin*, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—wrinkles!

Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."



Keep Under Skin Active to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers above, skin faults do have one thing in common—they practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under tissues* vigorous and the skin clean.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world—for Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under layers* of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse again, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING and in the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

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KATHLEEN
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Creator of more leading roles than any other living tenor, Edward Johnson, C.B.E. was born in Guelph, Ontario.

EDWARD JOHNSON

THEY CALL HIM THE "MAN WITH THE DOUBLE PROFILE"
THIS CANADIAN SINGER WHO IS NOW MANAGER OF
THE WORLD-FAMOUS METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE . . .

WHEN the curtain rises next season at the Metropolitan Opera House, the controlling force behind its destinies will be a Canadian—Edward Johnson.

He is the first singer to become manager of the New York Opera House. They are calling him "the man with the double profile," and there is a portentous excitement about it all. Not a portentous silence as in the days past when that house was more like a cold cave than any place that isn't. Now there is a great stir of interest in which the whole American public is joining. We, as Canadians are sharing it, because we know him as Eddie Johnson, of Guelph, Ontario.

A well-known critic and editorial writer in New York follows in line with the many congratulatory messages to Mr. Johnson, when he says: "It is true that Edward Johnson has never managed a great opera house. Perhaps that is to his advantage. He will have no bad habits to unlearn, no hampering traditions to surmount, no deadening background of compromise and routine from which to cut loose. He knows the difference between good artists and poor ones; he knows what makes a performance coherent and dynamic, and what makes it perfunctory and inert; and he loves and respects great music."

The secret of his success has probably been his youthful approach to his work, and his eagerness to learn more of the subjects of which he already seems to be the master. In talking to younger singers of their careers, he tells them that they must be willing to give up everything for their work—and like it. Otherwise they gain nothing.

"No country in the world," he says, "has richer voices than America, but artists must learn to give up all superficial life and make a career a career, not a colorful background."

He has made these ideas his ideals, and proved them in his own life with a sense of joy. He believes young singers can do the same on this continent and proposes to give them their chance in the coming seasons. No Latin with an unpronounceable name, but Richard Crooks, the American tenor, was the first to be given a contract at the Metropolitan by Mr. Johnson.

EVERYTHING ABOUT him has an aura of romance. He is vibrant and magnetic, not emotional. These qualities give him a universal appeal. He does not want his personality invaded. He neither struts nor talks about himself.

When singing, he prefers to keep a romantic glamor about

himself. He said: "It is Romeo the public wants, not Edward Johnson." He did not wish to disillusion them or have them sap his strength, for, as he explained, all his love and enthusiasm and strength he brought to his art.

Mr. Johnson has certain precise bachelor qualities, despite his beautiful marriage of many years ago—and despite being the father of the demure-looking Florenza.

He always liked to go quietly home to his modest apartment after an opera to relax and read. He also derives great enjoyment from his etchings. There are landscapes in his drawing-room as well as a group of signed studies of great artists. Indeed, Mr. Johnson is a connoisseur of art. He has made for himself an oriental background in the treasures he has brought back from China, Japan and Russia. He has also a passion for elephants of every description—carved jade and ivory, ebony, china, glass and soapstone.

He has the great Caruso's stage wardrobe and uses a brown and red costume coat as a throw over his piano with exquisite Oriental rugs. There is indeed a romantic air to the whole apartment in its rich colorings of red and green. His bed is covered with a priceless spread of deep brownish red velvet—very old and very, very beautiful. Yet tucked away in odd corners of the apartment are a cobbler's bench, used for flowers and books, and two spinets. One, in the music room, which can be played, and one a writing desk. And beyond all price are Caruso's letters, given to Mr. Johnson by Lombardi, his teacher.

"Music is a joyous art," he says, and that remark is probably the keynote of his character [Continued on page 56]

"She was your sister," said Bun's mother. "Let's forget it. Sweet. They're all right now. Here comes Bun!"

On the first Sunday in August when Bun had been presented with a bicycle for his eighth birthday he marched into Sunday school.

He looked as happy as a sandboy.

It had been a fantastic but charming gesture of Val and her husband. It was some return for all the hospitality they had received.

Because every gleaming inch of nickel represented genuine sacrifice, was bright with it in fact, they were emotionally happy to make the gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Browne, who guessed just how much self-denial that splendid gesture had entailed, were touched and gratified.

The Sunday school class, the last before the holidays, acknowledged Bun's advent by dramatic but embarrassing silence.

Miss Melody looked at the elf-like face of that really enchanting creature, Bun Browne, and her gentle heart melted.

"Well, Bun," she said. "What brings you here?"

"Today's my birthday and I got a real bicycle."

"How much?" enquired young Morgan Jones.

"It cost a lot," said Bun proudly. "It has a white mudguard for when I ride at night."

"You won't be allowed to," Morgan Jones told him gloomily. "I'm not, and I'm nine."

"Did you come here to tell us you had a bicycle, Bun? Is that all?" Miss Melody reproved.

"No, Miss Melody. I came here to say I'm going to be cremated."

"My grandmother was that," said Morgan Jones. "It's more expensive than the other."

"Quiet, children!" ordered Miss Melody.

"Bun, do you remember what you said last time you were here?"

"Yes," said Bun. "And I take it all back. Every word."

"You believe—"

"Everything," said Bun serenely. "You see, it did the trick."

"What did?"

"Prayers. They're grand, prayers," he beamed joyously round the class. "They work!" he said. "You should try 'em. They work like anything! Honest!"

Miss Melody, though rejoicing, cut short the testimony lest it should degenerate to commonplaces.

"And what is all this about cremation, dear?" she said gently. "Bun—you don't mean cremation."

"It comes next to christening," said Bun. "It's the thing they do next to you."

"Confirmation." Miss Melody was happy now. "Quiet, children! There is nothing to laugh at! Anyone can make a mistake."

With a mist in her gentle, myopic eyes she gazed at the ewe lamb so richly restored to the fold.

"You can't be confirmed yet, Bun, dear," she said. "You are not old enough."

"I don't mind waiting," said Bun. "I've got to wait before I can drive a car, too."

"Did you tell the vicar you wished to be confirmed, Bun?"

Her heart beat a little quickly. Sometimes she thought the dear vicar did not quite appreciate just how delicately, how faithfully, how lovingly she tilled the soil.

She would have liked him to have acknowledged this little harvest.

She gazed at Bun Browne earnestly. Bun beamed back.

"No," he said. "I haven't had time yet, Miss Melody; but I told God and the angels yesterday. I think," said Bun modestly, "they were all quite pleased."

the clearing of the table. When she had finished there was still a dull glow in the barn door. There seemed to be no limit for farm workers. Lottie wondered if Gus remembered he had been married a few hours ago. There had been no word from him, no sign that he would come back later. But of course he must; men—husbands—always came to their homes at night.

He came in, a lantern dangling from his arm. He found a pail and partly filled it with warm water from the stove. He started out but turned and looked at her a moment.

"We got a sick horse," he explained. "Pretty bad. Might take a long time."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Could I help? Keep on a fire or something?" Lottie offered.

"No. Don't wait. It'll be late," Gus said again. He moved away but turned to call back: "Don't worry about morning till you get broke in. We start kinda early." The lantern bobbed into the darkness.

Lottie sat quietly. Didn't Gus remember he had been married today? Didn't she mean anything at all to him except as a possession? Of course he had been married before. It might no longer be a novelty to him. But people always said marriage meant everything to a woman. Well, she was a married woman, wasn't she? Yet so far it seemed to mean—nothing. Tears brimmed and could not be kept back.

Then Lottie quieted herself. Undoubtedly on a farm a sick horse was a serious matter. Sickness was something vital, immediate; talking, becoming acquainted—that could be a business for next day or next week. People always said farmers were sensible; farmers' wives must be sensible, too.

Hadn't Gus told her not to wait up and not to worry about next morning. What more could he have said? Hadn't he remembered her even in the midst of his troubles?

It was almost impossible to carry on under the tension. What were these men thinking about her? Had Gus told them of the wedding? Did they wonder why she had come?

When their tremendous meal had been gulped, they stumbled out. Gus lighted a lantern and followed them to the barns where endless "chores" always awaited.

Lottie knew her particular "chore" was

LOTTIE AWAKENED only to the rattle of the kitchen stove. Without doubt it must be morning—a grey before-sunrise morning. She sprang up. She must carry on as other farm wives carried on. When the men had gone out to a new day, Lottie discovered that Gus had a kind of "cubby-hole" room at the back of the house nearest the barn.

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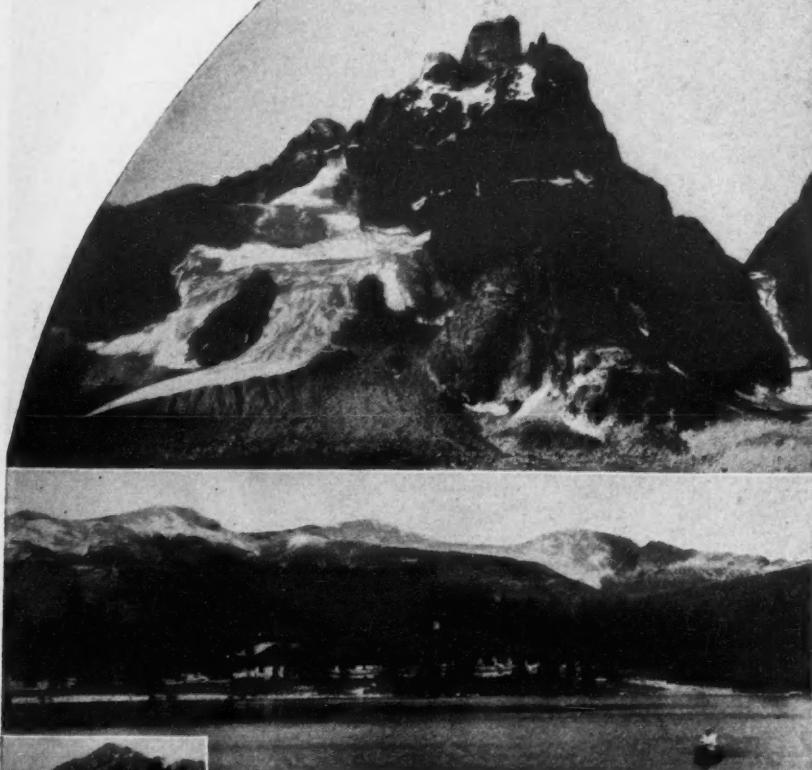
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**CANADIAN
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RAILWAYS**

Prayer for Happiness

(Continued from page 9)

little—but something comforting, if vague, remained.

"That accounts for the sacking on the angel!" he exclaimed.

"I am afraid I do not follow you, Mr. Browne." Really! these people were impossible. Obviously the boy had no real home life, no standards to go by. "The sacking of what angel?"

"A few weeks ago we dug up a small stone angel in the garden, a thing of no value. It may even have been a Cupid originally. Bun was particularly attracted to this and spent hours messing about with it, cleaning it up—I noticed today that it was covered up with old sacks. When I asked Bun about this, he said the angel was no good. It's symptomatic."

"Whatever it is," Miss Melody was austere, "this is not Russia. I ask you, Mr. Browne, what effect you think a public avowal of atheism has on a class of earnest little Christians?"

"I should think," said Rupert Browne with candor, "they'd get a frightful kick out of it and forget all about it five minutes after."

"Meanwhile you realize that I cannot and will not have Bun back in my class until he has publicly repudiated the statement he made in my class today."

"Children will be children, Miss Melody."

"And that is all I ask of them," Miss Melody assured him with asperity.

A tactful, worried interview with Bun later in bed failed to elicit any information on the reason for his changed religious beliefs, but his father was unhappily impressed by his bitterness.

"A gentleman should speak the truth, daddie?"

"Surely, son."

"Well, I did. I don't believe in God or his angels any more."

"But why?"

"They haven't done anything I asked them."

"Have you given them a chance?"

"Chance after chance," said Bun darkly.

"Something or somebody has failed him," said Rupert Browne to his spouse later. "There's a core to all this business—but I can't get at it."

Aunt Val, faced with two genuinely worried parents and a stab at child psychology, said unexpectedly:

"Why anybody living in this house lately should believe in God and angels beats me!"

Yet it was she who, going quietly upstairs an hour later, leaving her husband and the parents drawn momentarily genuinely together by affection and concern for one small boy, stumbled on the explanation.

"I've prayed and prayed for happiness in this house and you all know I have!" Bun's voice was saying. "What do they do but row and row, and mummie cries, and Aunt Val cries. I've given you all every chance. You know I have. Get uncle a job, but let them leave here and things be like they used to be before they came." There was a pause. "If you'll please let me go to sleep quietly now, I'll give you one more chance," said the tired voice.

Val went quietly downstairs and opened the drawing-room door.

"Faith matters terribly at that age," her brother was saying uncertainly. "It's a code. It's a trellis to climb by."

"Well," said Val. "We've sent Bun's trellis sprawling with all our pretty ways. I've just been listening in to him. I was passing his room and he was having a slight argument with heaven," the lightness went from her voice. Her eyes filled with tears. "We've been lousy for any child to live with—and that's the truth," she said.

They sat very quietly while she talked; hard, brittle, pretty Val.

"I didn't marry to work," she said. "I married to quit work—and then work quit you, Robert. I suppose I never adjusted myself. I thought if I went back to the old grind you'd just let me. So many girls I know are keeping their husbands and the husbands don't seem to do much about it. I was afraid of that if I went back, I'll go and see Madame tomorrow. I don't want to spend the rest of my life slapping cream on a lot of crumbling female faces, but it's better than upsetting the apple cart for everyone here."

Val could be valiant once she had faced up.

"I can't go back tomorrow looking like something the cat's brought in," she said. "I'm going upstairs to have a good go at the old face—meanwhile we've got to behave prettily to each other for the sake of the kid. We've got to give him back his faith and his angels and all the rest of the doings."

Bun's mother rose and kissed Val.

"I haven't minded having you here," she said.

"Oh, yes, you have, my sweet," said the stark and uncompromising Val. "You've loathed it, and so should I have done."

THE VICAR came to see daddie, sent by Miss Melody, who had Bun on her oversensitive conscience.

He was an untidy old man with immense humanity. To him daddie gave an unvarnished version of the whole affair.

"Butter," said Rupert Browne, "won't melt in our mouths these days."

"It's a curious thing," the vicar said. "Self discipline is its own immediate reward."

"My sister has a tiny room in town and only comes to us week-ends; and my brother-in-law is making phenomenal efforts to secure work."

"What is he?"

"A chartered accountant," said Rupert Browne.

"Then I take it I may tell our Miss Melody that Bun has never really left the fold. The little lady was very genuinely distressed."

"All the old sacking has come off the stone angel and it is wearing a fireman's helmet," said daddie.

"I gather," said the vicar simply, "that the helmet is equivalent to the jewels of the Madonna?"

"It is Bun's most cherished possession."

"Quite," said the vicar, gently.

He liked the Browne family. Healthy, normal, plucky proletarians. He went away smiling, to tea with a local magnate who was shortly opening a new factory. Subsequently he bullied and coaxed him into giving the accounts for this new venture into the hands of an unknown but qualified chartered accountant.

"It will be worth only a thousand dollars a year. My usual people might as well have it."

The vicar beamed at the rich man.

"You know," he said, "you people lose your sense of proportion completely. A thousand a year is a great deal of money to some people. Besides," he added shrewdly, "this will lead to other things."

So an uncle joined an aunt in two rooms in a cheap neighborhood, and the strange but lovable adventure of life and marriage began for them all over again, and they found new values in it.

The beauty specialist where Aunt Val earned twelve dollars a week took a partner, who was dissatisfied with the manner in which the books had been kept. Val secured the quarterly auditing for her husband at \$300 a year.

Nothing sensational, nothing miraculous. Slow building in a difficult economic world.

There were stings and roughnesses to ease away with tenderness between Bun's parents. There were resentments that clung, and bitterness that would not evaporate all at once. Four people's nerves, disappointments, dismays crowded into a tiny house. Two people without money and with nothing to do all day but chip each other and resent fate.

Beauty Culture

STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY



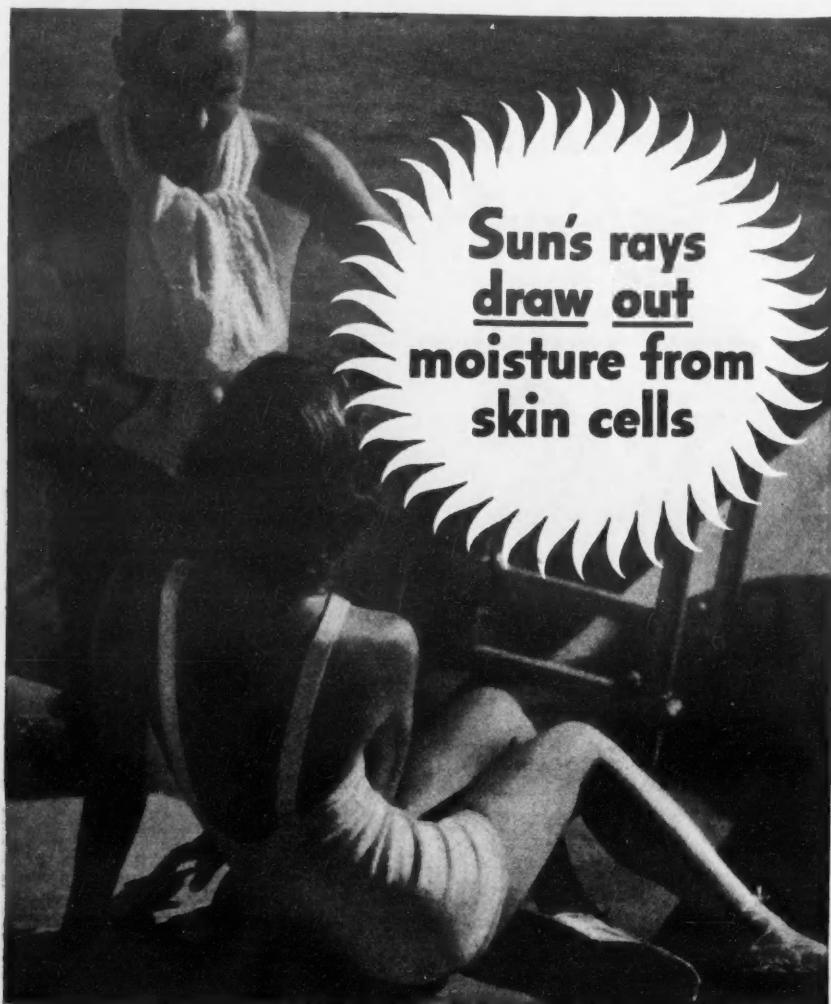
IT THRILLS her to know, as she saunters shoreward, that not all the beachcombing she can do this summer will make her dishevelled or overheated. Not all the indolent, lazy hours will destroy the strong assurance that in the sun or out of it, she's a radiantly lovely young woman.

Watch her as the wind whips the turquoise cape close to her lithe young form. She's a colorful, vibrant figure—skin already shaded to honey—and as smooth; corn-colored hair loosened fearlessly, for hasn't a summer permanent taught it how to curl? She swings a huge, varicolored beach hat from one hand, and with the other carries her "beachcomber's special," without which no trip to the beach is complete to ensure full benefit of the sunshine.

For the "special" is a neat waterproof kit containing her favorite sun-tanning oil of the type which permits tanning but prevents burning; a jar of cleansing cream and tissues; a tube of the protective cream which she likes to use as a foundation but which also aids a gentle, non-burning tan; dusky peach-toned powder, and glowing orange-tinged rouge and lipstick. Thus equipped, she can lounge for hours without fear of sunburn or premature wrinkles. And so that the pale honey of her skin will not deepen too rashly, there's a tremendous towel to fling across her legs; and to protect her eyes from the flashing glitter of sun on sand and water, there are tinted goggles. Thus goes beauty to the beach fully equipped for any eventuality.

Had she been a brunette, she might have chosen to smooth a darker, coffee-colored oil on her skin—one that would give the illusion of smooth, even tan while inducing the natural effect. She might have been content to carry with her a huge flask of this same oil, cased in an elegant, waterproof, carryable box.

Or had she been a Dresden-fair, sun-timid dryad, she'd have worn beach pyjamas and hat; she'd have protected her skin with a make-up cream that defies the sun to darken her creamy delicacy. And the bronzed young sun god beside her would have carried like a lance, a colorful, voluminous umbrella. Had she worn shorts, she'd have adopted a synthetic tan, that washes off for gay nights.



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She spent a long time with broom and cloths and hot water bringing the unlovely room into something more habitable.

The hours of work on the Crane farm lengthened with days. The master of hundreds of acres of flat prairie land was not unkind. He was infinitely remote in a world of endless, driving frenzy that held him beyond thoughts of food or sleep or leisure; perhaps even beyond thoughts of the woman in his house. He spoke briefly, absent-mindedly, as if already his thoughts were far away in the distant fields. But sometimes Lottie felt for a moment a strange expectancy in his tone as if in some future, quieter season he hoped to know what manner of wife he had.

His aloofness Lottie could not understand. She did not yet know the peculiar wheat madness that sometimes gripped and held the pioneer prairie farmer. He was driven on and on, restless and unyielding, like an old gold prospector wandering endlessly in the hills. He was caught in the circle of a relentless ambition; he produced great mounds of hard, red wheat so that he might extend his kingdom to wider and yet wider acres of wild prairie grasses. He was unhappy until these new acres were subdued and brought to their ultimate destiny of production. Just beyond there were always new conquests into which his Alexandrian frenzy drove him without end. Wheat became a tyrant possessing utterly the mind and body which produced it.

Only in the long summer months did a vague understanding of this nameless malady come to Lottie. The old villagers of Lebanon also had had their endless round of tasks, but they had been done ploddingly, patiently, in all their slow detail. But on the vast plains there was tumultuous activity as if the spirit of stampeding buffaloes still pulsed through the shimmering air, or the ghosts of Indian warriors rode wildly on the great winds.

But these were forces which failed to touch Lottie. She went about her endless labors methodically, forcing herself to lonely work which no one noticed either to praise or blame. Only her feeling of fairness kept her to the work; as long as she lived on the great farm and was supported by it, she must share in its prodigious toil.

In a flap of her old handbag Lottie still kept her return ticket. Enough money remained in the bag to pay for a ticket extension: Aunt Hannah and Aunt Sarah might yet be reached. Lottie wondered if they had found the apples and the label she had pinned to each. By this time the apples would be weazened and withered almost to the vanishing point. The apple memory always strengthened her will to carry on. She might perish suddenly; she might toil to an early grave as the wives before her had toiled, but she must never wither!

There was the possibility of returning part way, of trying some other place along the route. When the work of cooking for the hired men seemed unusually overwhelming and disagreeable, Lottie considered this possibility. If only she and Gus might quarrel, perhaps even violently—to be followed by reconciliations! What if they did become enemies part of the time, there would at least be compensating friendly periods. Now she was but a small cog in the vast mechanism of wheat production. Her work allowed him to toil in the fields a little earlier in the morning, a little later at night.

Flares of resentment swept her. Why should she toil without either wages or appreciation? It was not to be endured. Her pent anger surged. Soon it would be strong enough to goad her into action.

Then one morning Mrs. Svenson from Nordville way brought her seven small turkeys. The illness of a sister forced the turkey owner to sudden departure. The tender young turkeys, if left to the forgetful ways of men, would perish one by one. If Lottie would like to have them, care for them, chop onions and boiled eggs for them, guard them from rain and dew—well, she might rear some of them.

Before Lottie could protest the Svenson buckboard was lost in its own dust and seven speckled mites were left looking at her

from the depths of an old basket. How frail and helpless they were! Lottie carried them out in the sun. When she fed them they nestled in the palms of her hands as they pecked up the crumbs. Their utter dependence did something strange to Lottie. They needed her; their very existence was entirely in her keeping. Her going must be delayed until these creatures of fluff could fend for themselves.

Out from the farmyard the vast fields spread in every direction. The tall wheat billowed before the winds like green seas stretching to meet blue skies. The wheat was "in the milk" now, a tender stage when slight frost or searing wind might cause untold loss. Lottie saw Gus continually examining wheat stocks, pulling back the green leaves and holding the partly formed head to the light, rolling and feeling it between his fingers. It was his life.

One clear, cool night Lottie heard Gus moving and opening doors. He went out and came in, only to go out again and again. She had heard the men after supper talking of frost. Just before daylight she heard Gus go out again. She watched from the window and saw his lighted lantern bobbing as he walked. He moved from place to place along the edge of the field. No doubt he was gazing at the low spots and the high spots for any trace of frost.

For the first time Lottie began to feel the great drama of the wheat cycle. This mystery of production was epic in its sweep, titanic in its grip of men and nations. A whim of nature, a caprice of weather could bring not only disaster across the endless plains, but want and misery to unknown cities far away on the other side of the world. And she, Lottie Crawford, or Lottie Crane really, was a small part of this great play. She felt her throat tighten as the meaning and power of the vast panorama of wheat dawned on her. In her new excitement she unconsciously stepped into the kitchen as she heard Gus come in.

"Oh, is it all right? Is the wheat safe?" she questioned almost in a whisper as one asks of a doctor after an operation.

Gus stared at her a moment; he seemed to gaze at her like a sleep-walker. He appeared to marvel that a woman could interest herself in wheat, could understand its tremendous significance.

"Yes, it's all right . . . so far." He seemed almost reluctant to admit the wheat's safety, as if by so doing he might tempt reprisals for his daring.

"Was it . . . close?" Lottie ventured.

"Pretty close . . . just afore daylight." He was worn with the strain of his vigil, his face grey in the first light. "Might as well stay up now." He turned to go.

"Wait! I'll make the coffee. You're cold." Lottie jerked into action.

"I'll feed the critters first," he told her. "We got to start the haying."

THE SUMMER heat came again and the tall stalks pushed the wheat heads up through their green sheaths. As men and horses moved along the narrow ribbon left for roads, they seemed to wade, neck deep, through a green water. They went to toil on unplowed lands where the wild prairie grass was made into hay. The men set off at sunrise and Lottie heard their loaded wagons creaking over the trail as they came home with the darkness. When they came in, their faces were gaunt and red in the lamp light. They ate wearily and without comment and staggered again into the night.

The full heat of summer shimmered over the plains. At night heat lightning played in wide flashes along the distant horizon. Sometimes a storm gathered at midnight when the small house trembled and the loose windows rattled to the crash of thunder. These sharp prairie storms terrified Lottie; she buried her head, shutting out the glare of lightning which filled the house. Long after she could hear the distant storm rolling on across the plains, she lay exhausted. In the morning she was unrested but she must force herself to the day's work.

Days of withering wind came out of the southwest. The men would not take the

[Continued on page 40]

THE MIDDLE YEARS

NOSE AND MOUTH LINE

YOU WHO read this have no doubt discovered that as a woman matures her skin loses its youthful elasticity. Its oils dwindle and the natural color fades. For these reasons it is necessary to pay much more attention to the care of your skin than you have done before. Massage is one way in which you can retain smoothness, combat lines and supply needed nourishment to your skin. Use a rich nourishing cream when you follow the massage movements shown here, and use sufficient to let your fingers slip easily over the skin.

The movements illustrated above keep away those ageing lines which are apt to run from nose to mouth. Smooth your cream on the face, then dip the fingers again in nourishing cream and draw them firmly in a curve from chin to nose, and again from nose to temples, using a lifting, kneading movement. Exercise helps, too. While your cream is still on, blow out your cheeks like a rude little boy and expel air through your pursed-up lips, at the same time revolving your head on your shoulders. It's good for both cheek and chin contours. And then there are stimulating creams and lotions to arouse the circulation of your blood, combat "sagging," and restore your lost color. Or try honey, patted on the face and throat for fifteen minutes, on top of a thin layer of nourishing cream. Remove with a warm, wet towel, and finish by patting on a skin tonic.

by
ANNABELLE
LEE

CLEAR YOUNG EYES

MASSAGE FOR the eyes is quite a different matter from massage elsewhere. It must be gentle, so that the fingers flutter affectionately round the eyes—no kneading here, for the skin is very thin. Dip your fingers in your pot of nourishing cream and place the second fingers at the inside corner of the upper eyelids. Move them across the eyelids, around and underneath the eyes, toward the nose, pressing ever so slightly at the outside corners. If crow's-feet or crêpey lids are already pronounced, you should use a rich muscle oil, which is applied over a film of nourishing cream. A daily eye-bath which may consist of a weak solution of boracic and boiled water is an important part of your routine. Get into the habit, when you take your afternoon siesta, of darkening the room, smoothing a film of nourishing cream around your eyes, and placing two pads soaked in skin tonic over them. Leave them on while you lie down, and you'll feel twice as refreshed when you rise. Even the eyes can be exercised.

If you are much in the house, without the opportunity of looking at broad vistas and far horizons, exercise will help to clarify your vision and keep the lids firm and taut. Look straight ahead; then cast your eyes up without moving your head, and bring them back to centre; lower them, and back to centre; obliquely up to the right and down to the left, then back to centre; then obliquely up to left and down to right, and back to centre. Under normal circumstances there's no reason why any woman cannot have clear, youthful eyes at fifty.



KEEPING THROATS YOUNG

ALL THIS patting and massage, which may seem unnecessary to you who have hitherto been content to wash your face and hastily slap on some cream before retiring, do just this. They bring the blood close to the surface—and the blood feeds your skin. Then, too, the creams you use keep the skin from becoming dried out, and as you know, a dry skin is just another invitation to wrinkles. The throat is too often overlooked in a woman's zeal for the welfare of her face. Yet it is definitely age-telling unless cared for properly. The massage movements should begin from the base, using the hands alternately as you stroke firmly to the chin. Repeat from the base of the neck until you have massaged all the way round. Double chins are slapped away with an astringent to help, but exercise and posture are even more important. Head up and shoulders back! Straighten up, and

see if that doesn't affect the thickness at the back of your shoulders, too. Avoid large pillows and practise the puffing exercise given above. Another foe for the "dowager's hump" is this: You sit erect in a straight-backed chair, then throw your head back and chew an imaginary something. You must be certain that the bump touches the top of your chair-back for this.



HOW TO KEEP A YOUTHFUL SKIN



SMOOTH FOREHEADS

MOST WOMEN are too sporadic in their personal beauty treatments. At a peak of enthusiasm they invest in the necessary creams and lotions, and then fail to use them properly. To get full value from your preparations you must spend a little time with them each day. It isn't enough merely to smooth on a nourishing cream. When lines appear they must be stroked firmly lest they deepen and become wrinkles. Exercise can't help a wrinkled forehead. Try consciously to avoid using it to express your feelings, and each night dip your fingers in your nourishing cream or anti-wrinkle cream and place them under the inner edge of your eyebrows. Give a lifting, pressing movement, and sweep the fingers up to the hairline and out to the sides of the temple, finishing with another lifting, pressing movement.



"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"

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IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love —even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

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RUBY KEELER

WARNER BROTHERS STAR



LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I
USE ROUGE AND POWDER,
BUT THANKS TO **LUX**
TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER
HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

P.S. Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for your skin, too, whether it is dry, oily or just "in-between." And now it's so economical you can easily afford to use it for the bath.



FASHION SHORTS



The bathing suits are very pert, and go in more and more for the "Maillot" or halter neck-line.

And beach-wear is more exciting than ever. Saw some grand candlewick beach wear that did things to me. Made of the old-fashioned candlewick cloth, with hand-tuftings in bright colors forming quaint designs.

And you will never face the summer successfully without at least one play suit. The kind that has the extra skirt to slip around the shorts; if you want to run into the village for some eggs.

These are showing up in plaids, checks, stripes and plain shades, with Iris a very smart color.

So many June brides are going in for the new cotton nighties that really could be worn as a lounging garment. Dilkusha started the fad, more power to her! One I went for in a big way was of star-printed dimity in navy blue, trimmed with white lace, with slit-flowing skirt, and perky bows at the short sleeves, the nape of the neck and at the back of the low decolletage.

And the new Pigtail petticoats are killing. Made of gingham, with rows of lace on the wide hem. Terribly chic to wear under a taffeta dress, or one of the new net frocks.

They're matching up bags and scarfs down this way, and many smart little gals are making up their own bag covers with those stunning Taj Mahal—really from India!—prints, and cutting themselves a neck-square.

And the newest bag idea has just appeared, with a tiny watch set in the corner. Keeps you on time.

One of the cunningest summer styles is the new printed satin shirt-maker dress. Simple enough to stand-by at a tennis game, yet smart enough to go to the Club for dinner afterward.

If you're going a holidaying early, do take along one of those plaid "Bobby" coats. They swing wide and handsome from the shoulders and fall barely thirty-two inches from the neck.

They're still mindin' their knittin' in these parts. Now the ladies of the Kneedles are busy making lacy-knitted beach capes that are warm enough for sunless days, and some are even knitting beach socks to match—so loose that even if you can't turn a heel in an elegant manner, it really doesn't matter so much.

Illustrated is one of the new cotton nighties in star-printed dimity, trimmed with white lace. The "Ladder" dress, a new idea for summer grandeur. The "pigtail" petticoat of gingham. The new bag that wears a watch—and a bag and scarf set anyone can make.

Blonde or Brunette



Your skin needs this *Germ-Free* care!

CAN you have a lovely tan this summer without paying a toll in dry, parched, peeling skin and blemishes?

Yes! Skin scientists provide the answer in a wonderful new kind of cold cream that guards against blemishes, and prevents dryness.

Germs cannot live in Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream. Most skin blemishes are tiny germ-infections. So when you apply this cream you instantly end the chief cause of horrid little spots and rashes that mar many sensitive skins.

The other vitally important protection is Element 576. This exclusive, tonic ingredient increases and restores the youthful vitality which alone keeps the

skin young, and free from the withering effects of dryness. It stimulates the skin glands—renews the normal lubricating action which the skin needs and must have to be clear, smooth and flexible.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream several times a day for a clear, lovely complexion, free from blemishes and dryness. Jars, 50c, 25c, 15c. Tubes, 25c, 10c.

PROOF THAT THEY ARE GERM-FREE

Ordinary Face Creams (A) — Microscope shows infectious germs, used in tests (see black spots). Note that they live in ordinary cream (light area). Woodbury's (B) — No infectious germs can live in Woodbury's Germ-free Creams (see clear white area).

Thus your skin is kept germ-free.

Woodbury's GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS



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Enclosed find 10c. Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the 6 fashionable shades.

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MEET YOUR BIG MOMENT WITH "THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

*Now with certainty you can have skin Loveliness
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IT'S NO accident that most brides have radiantly lovely complexions. For a beautiful skin is one feminine charm no man can resist. And now you can acquire this precious possession—in 30 days or less. It has been scientifically proved by skin specialists in 9 countries—in the International Half-face Beauty Tests.

968 women submitted their faces to a 30-day test! 151 different beauty soaps, creams, and lotions competed! Under the direction of skin specialists, each woman daily cleansed one-half of her face with her favorite beauty aid. On the other half Woodbury's Facial Soap was used exclusively.



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... KAY MURPHY'S

GO DOWN to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time. Go down to Kew in lilac time; it isn't far from London."

So says Alfred Noyes in his "Barrel Organ," and that may be one reason why all New York has gone simply wild over the new lilac shade that is called "Iris." You see it in linen dresses, bathing suits, felt hats, evening chiffons and even nighties. It is a very soft lilac shade and wears well on blondes or brunettes; so add on a touch of lavender, if you want to be in style.

Another gorgeous color is "Dubonnet"—and looks just like it's called. They're combining this luscious wine shade with pale pink, pale blue and Eggnog (a lovely soft yellow shade) as well as white.

And, of course, Fifth Avenue has gone in for "Jubilee" colors in a big way. "The smart world looks to London," is the theme down here, and on all sides are seen Margaret Rose, Elizabeth Blue, Mary Mauve and a revival of Marina Green.

Oh, yes! We are very Jubilee-conscious along the Avenues, and folks do say that the new fall silks and wools are now being made up in "Royal Family" colors.

I think the summer styles are prettier than I have ever seen them; so many crisp linen suits—and they're putting a silk thread in with the linen so they won't "muss" up every time a gal sits down.

The smartest linen outfit is a short jacket suit in natural color, with which we don colored hat, gilet and gloves—preferably Iris, Dubonnet or a gorgeous bright yellow shade.

Swagger length coats of cotton lace, pique, linen, angora wool or double-taffeta are swinging all over the place, and while white is the favored shade, you see some dashing affairs in bright rose, bright blue, Dubonnet and vanilla (another yellow color, rather deep).

Net dresses for afternoon wear (and all the street dresses are a trifle shorter than usual—about ten inches from the ground) are very striking, and are coming forth in dots, prints as well as plain shades.

Saw some adorable ginghams for street wear: they are cutting them on the bias, which brings them into a higher-style class.

Saw a lovely batiste dress in palest pink, with the "ladder" treatment down the front—pleats and pleats of self-material that start at the neck and finish at the hem.

The sketches on this page show the Halter neck bathing suit—the all-popular "Action Togs" with the skirt that may be added or deducted, and the candlewick beach wear.



"Oh, trouble's a thing you can always expect," said the Commissioner lightly. "It's a question of knowing how to deal with it. I'd put up a show of force to scare Mofalaba; and as for these gin-and-gum fellows, Farini and Smith, if you can lay hands on them and send them down in irons, you'll be doing more for the Rivers than even putting Mofalaba out of commission. They're poison, those lads!"

Poison they were, these two, and as they sat in a canoe coming down-river, their talk betrayed it. A couple of degenerate whites, they were potentially more dangerous than an enemy army corps.

"We'll be in Mofalaba's country tomorrow," Farini was saying.

"Uh-huh!" Smith grunted. "Let me get in there, without Sanders to butt in, and I'll build a still big enough to get the whole of Africa drunk."

Farini, a trifle less cocksure, fingered his lip. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I'd certainly like to teach Sanders's black children a thing or two, while he's away billing and cooing in London. All the same, some of these black children have got pretty civilized lately—"

"Think so?" from Smith.

Farini smiled. "Yes, but I've got a *juju* that'll handle them all right. Listen!"

He picked up a spoon and began to hammer on a box among the baggage—an imitation of the roll and rattle of the *lokali*, the signal drums that spoke from village to village up and down the Rivers.

"Sandi—Sandi is dead!" he said, as if interpreting the sounds. "There-is-no-law-any-more! How's that?"

Smith looked at him. "Gad, you're a genius!" he said solemnly.

Genius or not, Farini's plans went into operation. The drums began to take up their song. "Sandi—Sandi is dead! There-is-no-law-any-more." And again the savage war-dances began among the tribes.

At Headquarters Ferguson sat listening. "Again and again and again!" he muttered. "Still the same thing, Hamilton?"

The tall Haussa captain, anxious-faced now, nodded.

"Sandi—Sandi is dead!" he read. "There-is-no-law-any-more!"

Ferguson threw himself back in his chair. "The devil—" he began, but stopped as a figure stood in the doorway. It was Father O'Leary, one of the missionaries from up the river, and he was travel-stained and worn with fatigue.

"They've fired my church, gentlemen," he said hurriedly. "They've done the same for the Baptist church at the Isisi. My colleagues up yonder are in deadly danger—and those two white men are selling liquor and firearms openly. You must be quick and strong now, sir, as Mr. Sanders would have been, or blood will flow in torrents."

Ferguson sat frowning, and a murmur came irresistibly from Hamilton, a bitter, angry murmur.

"Sanders's lifework—destroyed in a week!"

The Acting-Commissioner may or may not have heard him, but he jumped up.

"Hamilton," he said, "you'll stay here as my deputy. I'm going to wire the Governor, telling him the situation. Tibbets, you will embark half a company and come upstream with me. You'll stay at the Isisi city—I'm taking ten men and going on to the old king's country. That's where the trouble's starting—"

Hamilton interrupted. "You can't do that, sir!"

"Wouldn't Sanders have gone?"

"I don't know—"

"Well, I do. He'd have gone, and I'm going."

"Ferguson, listen to me, please—"

But the Assistant-Commissioner cut him short. "Captain Hamilton," he said formally, "you have your orders. Obey them, please. Tibbets, parade your men!"

DOWN AT the Coast, at Government House, there was a dance in progress. Sanders, awaiting the liner to take him to England, was in attendance, when an A.D.C.



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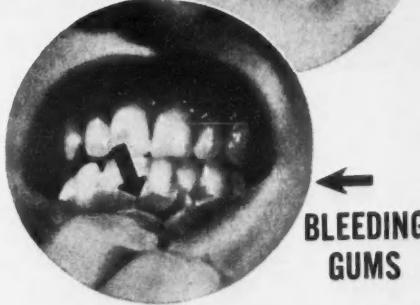
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**DELONG
DELNAPS**

Sanders of the River

(Continued from page 15)

dead, and Bosambo's men closed in with a rush. War on the Rivers has little use for parley or quarter.

Bosambo, proudly surveying the field, strode across to where the captured slaves crouched among the bushes. Most of them were girls, and their courage and light-heartedness returned as Bosambo grinned and postured before them. One, a little being with the figure of a Tanagra statuette, caught his eye and he went over to her.

"What is your name, girl?" he asked.

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Lilongo, chief!"

"Lilongo?" Bosambo spoke half to himself, still considering her appreciatively. "That is the sound of a little stream running over stones. And whence come you, Lilongo?"

She continued to glance at him, half-shy, half-impudent. "From the coast, chief—a land you know not."

Bosambo reached out a long arm and tapped her on the shoulder. "O ko!" he said boisterously. "Now you and I, woman, should have many things to speak together, for I also am from the coast and sailed many moons upon a steamer, being captain of the ship and giving orders to all men!"

It was a typically Bosambo piece of bluster, but it worked, or the girl chose to pretend it worked. She shrank back, wide-eyed and hand to mouth in astonishment. Bosambo allowed her to stare her fill for a moment; then he laughed and strode rapidly away into the trees.

MR. COMMISSIONER SANDERS, about a day's sail away down river, sat with Hamilton and Tibbets under the awning of the *Zaire*—the battered stern-wheel steamer that was his only means of communication up and down the forest-bordered stream. A thin man in rags was standing before him—Ahmed, one of his spies.

"You took my word to Mofalaba—to come to palaver in the field by the pass, this side of the mountains?" Sanders asked.

Ahmed touched his brow. "Ay, lord," he said. "He comes."

"In what manner?" Sanders's mouth twitched, for there was obviously more behind Ahmed's reticence. "He is angry?"

The spy smiled thinly. "Yes, lord—but he fears you, and therefore I live."

Indeed, King Mofalaba, as seen at the rendezvous, was no reassuring sight. Immensely fat, with a heavy, cruel face lit with bestial little red-rimmed eyes, he was borne swaying in his litter to where Sanders sat, the impassive Haussas with their gleaming bayonets behind him. The Commissioner looked at him coldly—and still more coldly at the menacing throng of spearmen.

"King," he said, "I called you to palaver, but your warriors I did not call. How is this?"

Mofalaba was glaring at Bosambo at Sanders's side. "Lord Sandi," he said thickly, "a dog of a little chief chopped my captain!"

Sanders nodded unconcernedly. "Your captain heard my words, king, and laughed. To such men death comes quickly!"

Mofalaba thought this over for a moment. "Lord Sandi," he said, taking another tack, "it is our custom to buy women—"

"If the father and mother consent." Sanders completed the sentence for him. "Hear me now, Mofalaba; this is slavery, and such matters I will not endure in the Rivers."

"I am the greatest king in these lands—" Mofalaba began, but once again Sanders cut him short.

"My king," he said crisply, "is the greatest king upon earth, and if little kings or chiefs disobey him, I plow them into the

ground. You shall take these spears back to your own country, Mofalaba; and as for the blood of your captain, for that I send back your men that are in my fine prison."

The king was still devouring Bosambo with the red-rimmed eyes. "This I will do, Sandi," he said slowly, "but I have nine war-drums, each of the skin of a little chief who offended me. And I know the skin, Sandi, that will be stretched on the tenth."

"Touch one servant of the government," said Sanders, "be it so little as a pigeon, Mofalaba, and your people will have another king, I think. The palaver is finished."

In ominous silence the king withdrew. Lieutenant Tibbets looked after him. "I'd like to break his neck!" he observed.

"The British taxpayer wouldn't be so pleased, Bones," said Sanders. "It'd only cost him about a million pounds. Wars are expensive things. And now about these girls. You'd better take ten men and get them over the border, will you?"

But Lieutenant Tibbets found the task no easy one, since one and all of the ten had one desire only—to become the wife of the colorful Bosambo. Sanders threw up his hands in helpless amusement. It took all his tact and imperiousness to get them to agree to return to their villages, except one—Lilongo. She faced up to the Commissioner.

"He has five wives in another village, Lilongo," he said. "And they are old and fierce and will beat you."

She shook her head. "Nay, lord," she said. "He has no wives, since always he wanted other men's wives. But now he swears that if I marry him he will take no one else to his house."

Sanders looked at her. "Oh, well," he said. "I suppose I can't object. D'you think you can hold him?"

The girl smiled, and Bosambo grinned sheepishly. For once the big man had met his match. Sanders turned away.

"Well, settle it between you," he said. "I've other things to think about just now. I'll give you a writing of marriage, Lilongo—and remember, chief: One writing, one woman!"

Five years later, Mr. Commissioner Sanders, a little leaner, a little more sallow, sat once again in his bare office in the Residency. In those five years many things had happened—the Ochori under Bosambo had grown rich and fat, men walked softly and peacefully in the Rivers, the fields were tilled, and the old stormy days seemed forgotten.

But there was one that did not forget—King Mofalaba, up there behind his mountains and the narrow pass. He sat, biding his time and nursing his wrath, until chance should give him his opening to head that tenth war-drum of his with the skin of the Ochori chief. In time, he reflected sullenly, all things might happen.

And now fortune was being kind to him, it seemed, for Sandi was going away. Two years previously Hamilton's sister, Patricia, had come to the Rivers on a visit, and the silent Commissioner had fallen victim to her quiet charm. He was on his way for a year's leave now to marry her, and the *Zaire* at the landing-place had steam up ready to take him down to the coast on the first leg of his journey. Meanwhile he was handing over to his successor, Acting-commissioner Ferguson, like himself lean and hard-bitten with long service under African suns.

"Well, there it is!" he said, pointing to the desk. "That's about the lot, I think."

Ferguson nodded ruefully. "Yes," he said. "I suppose it's all right. You know how I feel about taking your place, Sanders—rotten!"

"You needn't tell me," Sanders laughed. "I was just the same when I came here first. But one gets over it, somehow. Hard work's the recipe, and there's plenty of that. Lord knows—hard work, and seeing it's not all wasted. There's the secret, I think. There's not much to it, really." He lit a cigarette. "All the same, there are one or two things—Mofalaba, for instance, and the gin-and-rifles business."

"Expecting trouble there?" Ferguson queried.

Chatelaine, July, 1935



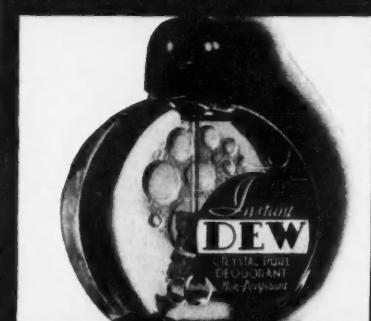
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ine swooped to a landing on the river by the Residency, Sanders's ear caught the drums, and his face hardened at their sound. "Sandi-is-dead! Sandi-is-dead! There-is-no-law-any-more."

He landed, to confront an anxious Hamilton. "Well?" he said. "Steam up in the *Zaire*?"

The Haussa nodded. "Yes," he said. "I suppose you're going straight on, sir?"

"At once," said Sanders. "This'll need handling. I'll take Bones and a company, and pick Bosambo up at the Ochori. I suppose he's all right?"

"Perfectly," said Hamilton. "I think he's thirsting for Mofalaba's blood—Farini's and Smith's, too. He doesn't approve of this wild stuff, sir. Rather cramps his style as the father of his people."

Sanders assented thoughtfully. "Yes," he said. "I can understand that, somehow. Well, come along, Bones—we'll get a move on, and see if we can't snaffle that V. C. of yours."

At the Ochori village Bosambo came aboard. Sanders was smiling now, for the drums had changed their note. "Sandi-is-not-dead!" they sang now. "Sandi-is-not-dead! The-law-is-back-again-on-the-river."

"Lord," said Bosambo importantly, "this is my doing, for I think, now that you have returned, there will be many sorrowful people in this land."

"There certainly will," remarked Sanders. "Very sorrowful, Bosambo. Now send, and call the chiefs to me to palaver. We shall see who is for me, and who for Mofalaba—"

They met the *Zaire* farther up-river, and Sanders's face was enough. His blistering words sent them away with their knees knocking together—and still the drums hammered out their altered refrain.

"Sandi-is-not-dead! The-law-is-back-on-the-river-again."

Black men heard it and trembled. Mofalaba heard it in his city beyond the mountains, and his hideous visage was distorted into a mask of fury.

"Bring me the white men!" he snarled.

Farini came, blushing desperately, and Mofalaba blinked at him.

"Listen!" he said, indicating the relentless drums. "White man, what do you say? Is Sandi dead?"

"I—I don't know," Farini stammered, and that was his last coherent word. The rest was shrieks, as Mofalaba's skinners went to him. Smith heard those awful screams and made a run for it to the water's edge; but spears and arrows pursued him, caught and slew him, even as he dived for a canoe. Mofalaba grinned and rose.

"All people listen!" he said. "Who chopped Ferguson? Farini and Smith chopped Ferguson—therefore I chopped them!"

In a great murmur they repeated after him: "Farini and Smith chopped Ferguson—therefore the great king chopped them!" "And this," said Mofalaba comfortably, "will we tell Sandi."

He sat down again, to await certain happenings in the matter of a leopard of the Ochori, and a trap that was set.

SANDERS, ON the *Zaire* above the Ochori villages, was down with the periodic river fever, weak and just out of a day of delirium,

when he heard the little vessel stopped and someone board her. In a few moments there was a tap at his cabin door, and Tibbets appeared, looking flustered, and followed by an old native carrying a little boy.

"H-hello!" said Sanders. "That's Bosambo's kid, isn't it?"

Tibbets held out a paper. "Yes, sir," he said. "And here's a note from him. Mofalaba's got Lilongo—kidnapped her."

Sanders was reading the scrawled missive, and his face was grim. "Listen to this, Bones," he said. "Lord Sandi, even you could not go over the mountains before spring. Therefore I go alone. Take my children, that they may live in the shadow of your house, and be brought up with the money I have from the Government, as the Government's children."

"The little girl's outside—" said Bones.

Sanders was still staring at the message. "Just give me my coat, Bones, will you?" he said in a distant voice. "Thanks—and now call Yoka—"

"What are you going to do, sir? You can't—you're not fit. . . ."

The Commissioner waved him down. "That'll do, Bones!" he said. "Now look here. I'm going to take the *Zaire* in to Mofalaba's country. I want you to take a canoe and take the children back to the Residency. Hand them over to Hamilton there—"

"No, sir!" Lieutenant Tibbets clicked his heels together and saluted. Upon his honest but unbeautiful face there was an expression of mulish obstinacy. Sanders stopped dressing.

"Eh? I beg your pardon, Bones?"

"I said—no, sir!"

"That's an order, Tibbets."

"I don't give a — I'm coming with you, sir."

Sanders looked at him for a long minute. Then his face softened, and he nodded. "Oh, all right, Bones," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it—"

YOKA, THE *Zaire*'s engineer, looked doubtfully at his steam-gauge. Bones, in the doorway of the engine-room, scowled furiously at him.

"More speed, son of a fish!" he said elegantly.

Yoka took up a bundle of wood firing. "It may be, lord," he said, "that the boiler will burst, and we fly in pieces—"

"Makezu ma nZambi—All things are with God, Yoka," observed Bones piously. "More speed, I say!"

Yoka stoked furiously, and the *Zaire*, trembling all over, churned her way through the muddy waters. Sanders, on the tiny bridge, stared straight ahead of him. He said little, but there was an expression on his face that did not encourage light conversation. He was thinking of Bosambo, the ex-crook he had made into a chief, of the native girl who had stood at his side and borne him children; of Ferguson, of Farini and Smith, and finally, of Mofalaba somewhere ahead there—

"Faster, Bones, please!" he said over his shoulder, and Lieutenant Tibbets returned to the engine-room door once more. There was a look of doom about him, too, and even Sergeant Abiboo, methodically cleaning a Maxim, had dispensed with his wide grin.

The *Zaire* was a grim little ship and in a hurry.

Mofalaba sat on his throne, looking at a post driven into the ground in front of him. Tied to it was Lilongo, drooping but defiant.

"There was a little, little chief," said the king, "that brought shame upon me. I waited very long, woman—but soon he will die. And before he dies, he will see you die. So men will know what it is to bring shame upon Mofalaba."

Lilongo threw back her head. "King, he is not yours to do these things. He is too great for you—and too cunning!"

"Oh, ho, ho!" Mofalaba burst into a great bellow of laughter. "He is not mine! Listen! The drum!"

Somewhere close at hand it had started, sending its sinister note echoing among the trees. Lilongo's face altered at the sound, for all her courage.

"He comes, woman!" Mofalaba sneered.

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tapped him on the shoulder, with the message that the Governor wished to see him at once. He found the white-haired Sir John in his office, looking at a wire.

"Sorry, Sanders," he said, "but this is serious. D'you know a man named Farini?"

"Certainly, sir," said Sanders. "Gun-runner and so on. Ten years ago I caught him and sent him down here in irons; but he's been back in Portuguese territory since that."

"Humph!" said the Governor. "He's in Mofalaba's country now—"

"Gin and rifles, naturally," said Sanders, and the Governor nodded. "That's bad, sir."

"Bad! The whole territory's aflame. Father O'Leary—and he knows what he's talking about, too—puts it this way: Send four battalions—or Sanders! What about it?"

"I'm on leave, sir. And anyhow, I should be too late."

"I'll give you a plane."

"I'm sorry, Sir John, but it wouldn't be fair to my fiancée."

Sir John was silent for a minute, stroking his mustache. "H'm'm'm!" he said at last. "Yes—I get your point, of course. Let's see, Hamilton's sister, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Hamilton's all right; so far, from what we hear, but the rest of them—Tibbets went into the Isisi, but they're out of hand and he just got clear after losing a dozen men. Ferguson's gone over the mountains—"

Sanders jumped. "What! Into Mofalaba's country? Alone?"

"Yes."

"What's happened to him?"

"There's no news—"

But Mofalaba's city could have given news of Ferguson. He was strapped to a post, dead, with Mofalaba's own spear through his heart. Farini and Smith, the gun-runners, sat in their hut, Smith more than a little subdued and nervous.

"I'm—I'm getting out of this!" he said, biting his fingers.

Farini swore. "You confounded fool, if the old man sees us on the run he'll know we lied about Sanders, and we wouldn't have a chance in a million! Did we kill Ferguson?"

A warrior stood in the doorway. "White men," he said, "Lord King call!"

"Pull yourself together," said Farini, "and come on. It's all right, I tell you!"

They went to where Mofalaba sat, Ferguson's ghastly relics before him. The king indicated them with his spear-butt.

"This man lied, saying that Sandi will come back. Can Sandi come back?"

"No, king!" said Farini brazenly. "Sandi is dead!"

Mofalaba swelled with satisfaction. "Your voice is beautiful to me speaking thus, white man—but if there is a devil in your heart and you have lied as this man, then my skinning people shall know you."

He glowered unpleasantly, so that even Farini blenched a little. "Sandi is dead, I tell you," he muttered.

The king chuckled. "Then my blood is hot for the skin of a certain leopard—a leopard of the Ochori. I will set me a trap for such a leopard, and bait it with. . ." He turned aside to one of his grisly counsellors. "Go bring me the bait for that trap," he said, and whispered lengthily in his ear. The man nodded and slipped away, while Farini and Smith were permitted to withdraw to their hut. Farini was still arrogant, but Smith shivered.

"We'll be lucky to get out of this—" he groaned.

HIGH IN the sky, tearing back from the coast, his leave, even his marriage forgotten, Mr. Commissioner Sanders looked grimly down upon the country he had given his life to. Tree and stream and plain, fleeting by underneath, their wild inhabitants flitting or scurrying away at sight and sound of the racing plane—it was all his. He had made it possible, brought peace and settled government to it. And now, short days after he had left it, it was ablaze again with all the fires he had sought to quench. As the mach-

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Murphy was busy behind the screen that belongs to bachelor women and their lives. She called, "Will you help me fix this?"

He said, "Will I?" Now all constraint was gone. It was nice to help her. The dinner smelled great. "Two burners," she said, when he had rounded the screen, "and you wait till you see what I can do on them. I hope you like onions."

"Baby," he murmured, "do I like onions?"

He remembered, with a pull of mental check-rein, that he had vowed to keep the friendship from slipping to the least of intimacy.

But she was so pleased over his liking onions that her pleasure made the moment difficult. She laid a hand on his arm. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said warmly. "I want to please you."

He realized, eating dinner, that she did please him. It was a wonderful dinner. He ate so and said so.

He had a swell time.

At twelve he got a room at the St. James; he puttered around this, smiling and reviewing the evening. He thought suddenly, that it would be rather funny to call Sandra.

It took a while to reach her. When he did, he said; "Hey, Sandra, this is the erstwhile boy-friend. Just called, to tell you to keep the home fires burning and that you'll have to order oil, and Sandra, give my love to Harold."

He realized cheerfully, hanging up, that she was mad as a wet hen. "That got her!" he muttered and chuckled. "That got her!" Life wasn't so bad. He was not an analyst; he did not know that life was not so bad for him while he could hurt her, or what the wish to hurt her, meant. He undressed slowly, still smiling, thinking of the evening, and that darned good dinner and Miss Murphy. She slung a mean soufflé with enough cheese in it to call all the dock rats. Gosh, it had been good! And God bless her, she liked to cook!

Baked potatoes, soufflé, those onions, cheese and crackers and strong coffee. He stood, a tie dangling from slack fingers, remembering each item on the menu. She said she buttered and salted the jackets of the potatoes before she baked them, and it certainly made a difference. She was a good manager; she knew her stuff and did it. Two gas burners and that result! (He took off his collar). Boiled the onions ahead and, in their cream sauce, slammed them in the oven and made the coffee. Darn it, that was efficiency. He muttered. "Admire that!"

Sandra, always saying she couldn't compass certain cuisine matters because of the limitations of the kitchen. It is a poor workman who complains of his tools and—something in that saying. Um hum. Gosh, had she been mad when he telephoned!

He grimmed, unbuttoning his shirt.

Somehow he had not, he realized, got around to talking with Miss Murphy of the Ames's house and the problem it made for him, and he'd intended to. Now he paused, and rumpling his fine, reddish-sandy hair with an uncertain hand, he stared at the telephone.

He looked up her number. She had kept saying he said the cleverest things, he remembered. Well, he guessed, come to it, he had got off some lines that weren't too bad. And Sandra seemed to think him dumb. "All right, lady! All right!"

It took a little while to put the call through, from relaying number from office to central, and during this interlude he began to wonder why he had called Miss Murphy and to question the wisdom of his move. But when she answered his call, doubt fled.

He heard her voice, warm, grateful. "Why, Mr. Hewlett, you dear thing! Aren't you sweet? I was thinking of you; wasn't it funny you called? I was thinking of you so much."

He coughed. "Just wanted to tell you I had a swell time," he said. He was smiling somewhat fatuously.

"Did I have a wonderful time?" she asked.

"Did I?" he asked in turn.

"Did I, Mr. Hewlett? Honestly I had a wonderful time. Really I enjoyed every minute of it."

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"The cunning one, the great one—into my trap."

Minutes passed, slow, anxious minutes, and then Bosambo appeared. He was streaked with blood and half-dropping with fatigue, but he carried his spears and shield still. Without a word he went to Lilongo and put his arms about her. Then he turned to Mofalaba.

"Lord," he said, "I come in peace."

The king chuckled. "Bosambo," he said scornfully, "little chief, now I think that your cunning is surely small, for I have brought you here without a spear behind you, only by taking your woman. Is it not so?"

Bosambo drew himself up to his full height. "Lord," he said, "this woman is life itself to me. Her you shall let go, and she will send you two thousand gold pieces. And me you shall chop if you will."

Again Mofalaba broke into his roar of laughter. "Bosambo," he said, "I do not seek gold pieces, but your skin for my fine drum. And I will doubtless chop you—but before you die a slow death, chief, you shall see this woman die."

He made a gesture and his warriors closed in. Bosambo fought like a lion, but little by little he was dragged down and tied to a post next his wife. Mofalaba sat immobile, while his witch-doctors, vile creatures adorned with skulls and ring-striped with colored clay, began their cruel rites. Bosambo strained and tore at his bonds, and Lilongo closed her eyes.

"O ko!" said Mofalaba softly. "A leopard—a little, little leopard for my fine drum."

He came waddling forward to Lilongo, spear raised to strike; and the horrible, fantastic chatter of a Maxim broke out from the river. Again and again it stammered, and the nickel-coated bullets whistled and thudded among Mofalaba's warriors. The king stood paralyzed, while the *Zaire* slid gravely in to the bank, and down her gangplank, walking stick in hand, marched Mr. Commissioner Sanders.

He advanced straight to his victim. "Mofalaba," he said gently, "it is in my mind that long ago I said to you that if you touched one servant of the government, be it so little as a pigeon, you died."

"Lord Sandi," Mofalaba gulped, "I have touched no servant of the government."

"Who chopped the lord Ferguson?"

Mofalaba turned to his shuddering people with something like a sigh of relief. "Who chopped the lord Ferguson?" he demanded.

"Farini and Smith chopped Ferguson!"

Child Wife

(Continued from page 13)

that might make her think he was the dallying sort, and if she got a little out of hand, as she might, he'd laugh it off. "She always has been attracted to me," he thought, and without knowing anything of the association of this thought and gesture, one hand sought his tie to see that it was straight.

She was a nice girl; she hadn't looked at any of the other men. "She seems to have a lot of sense," he reflected.

Hum. Potato chips and cold ham—behind him. And was he going into mourning? No!

Some day Sandra would realize a few things. She'd see him somewhere, looking man-about-townish, and perhaps know, too late, that he wasn't such a wet-wash out on the line. And if she came to him to say, "Jim, I'd like another chance," he'd say, "Sorry, Sandra, sorry, these days are gone for ever," or something like that.

The hour's drive was done; he had reached the city; he had now to concentrate more upon driving. But *sub rosa* thought went on.

came the chorus. "Therefore the great king chopped Farini and Smith."

Sanders smiled, so that Mofalaba's knees began to quake. "That is a lie," he said passionately. "Abiboo, the irons!"

The sergeant stepped forward to the glowing Mofalaba. "Move—and you die, king!" said Sanders.

The man sat perfectly motionless until Abiboo's hands were almost touching him. Then he snatched his spear and lunged violently at Sanders. There was a swift movement over the Commissioner's shoulder, and Bosambo's blade hissed through the air. It took Mofalaba full in the chest, and he fell forward prone into the dust.

"And now, O people," said Sanders, "who am I?"

A voice came: "Sandi, the tiger. Sandi, the eater of kings!"

"I am Sandi, who gives you the law. Who chopped Ferguson, O people?"

"Mofalaba chopped Ferguson!"

"And where is Mofalaba now?" He pointed at the ground before him. "Hear, O people! In the name of my king, I give you a new king. A king who is wise and cunning, who will make you rich and fat, who will keep the peace and treat all men as equals—Bosambo!"

He gestured to the big black, who came forward with Lilongo following at his heels.

"King," he said, "will you swear to obey my king, and to rule these folk justly?"

"Lord, I swear!" For once Bosambo's bluster seemed to have deserted him. He was subdued, almost penitent. Sanders turned to the crowd again.

"Chief and people, will you obey your king, Bosambo?"

A muttered chorus of approval welled rapidly into a throaty roar. Someone began to sing—one of the deep-chested, improvised chants of the African people. It was snatched up, to the accompaniment of a thousand spear-hafts rapping on shields.

"Sandi the strong,
Sandi the wise,
Righter of wrong,
Hater of lies.
Who laughed as he fought,
Who worked as he played,
As he has taught,
So let it be made!"

It roared and reverberated through the trees. Sanders stood listening to it for a moment. Then he turned, and with Tibbets walked slowly back to river and the waiting *Zaire*.

He'd write that article frankly and he'd sign it. He saw the first line: "I'm a man of thirty-three and I've tried marriage."

"Why, hang it," he mused, "there's nothing to writing. I'll do it, and—sell it."

It was seven. Miss Murphy had said dinner would be ready at seven, but that nothing in food would be spoiled by waiting and that if he were a little late, it wouldn't matter at all. "All I ask is that you come," she'd ended. He'd remembered that line.

She lived near the hospital in one of those houses that have been converted, and not too artfully, to apartments; hers was the first-floor apartment, she'd said.

She'd told him that on a near-by side street there was no parking limit. She was the kind who looked after you and liked doing it, he realized, and it had touched him deeply. Now he parked his car, locked it, left it, turned the corner, and a moment later he was climbing the outside steps.

He read on the board, "Miss Murphy, Miss Hillyer," and rang their bell. Miss Murphy opened the door to him; she had an apron over her pretty dress and wore a smile of welcome. "Come in!" she said; he felt his heart going hard. He hadn't expected that. For a short time that, and a slight wild-oats feeling, left him constrained. He hadn't, for years, been out with any woman but Sandra.

IT WAS a pleasant room; one of the old, big ones with the high ceiling that told of a more formal life. The table was set in one corner and candles were lit on it. Miss

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Chatelaine, July, 1935

hurried luncheon. He'd give her a good dinner somewhere after considerable time had passed. A good dinner was coming to her. But he would be careful. "Any night!" The feeling, intensity in it, showed him the way the wind blew, and for him it was a south wind and those were not to be trusted. With a few others he had saved and scrimped to buy that lot by the lake and then the big blow and the taxes and—no, sir, he mustn't be thawed by her, that promise of warmth that blew from her.

The roads were dry that night and he drove homeward swiftly and without noticing the span of time. He had had every experience in talking with Sandra, but he was still naive enough to plan what he would say.

"A man has to have help at home, Sandra; good meals, comfort."

"I don't ask much, but just this—and on."

"And after all, what could this acting get you? There are thousands of professionals out of work, and you're too old to break in even if there was room for newcomers."

Once and again his lips were moved by words he planned to say. The house, ahead; she was home; it was lit. He ran his car into the garage; closed and locked it; he thought again as he dealt with the swollen door, "Maybe Saturday afternoon," and after that followed the ill-spaced flag-stones to the side door to open it.

He bawled, "Sandra!"

She answered from the living room; he shed his outer wear to move toward her. The room had been cleaned, he saw; she sat deep in a big chair, staring at him coldly; eyebrows high.

He settled, saying, "Well?"

In a moment he would state his case; telling her what he desired; what she must do. His chin hardened.

She drew the deep breath that he had learned to fear; "Your casual return is rather—interesting," she murmured. "Are you stopping long?"

"That depends on you, Sandra."

Now, quickly, shortly, from her: "Where were you?"

"At the St. James. If the delicacy of your mind permits doubt, you can have my presence there confirmed."

"Jim, I think I have . . . the right to know. Were you there all evening?"

"No."

"Where were you?"

"What has that got to do with this? I

went where I had a good time and a good dinner."

"A good dinner!" she echoed; her smile sneered.

"Yes, a good dinner. And, Sandra, I want you to listen to this. If you want to go on with me, you're going to cut out this little theatre stuff and come down to earth to do your job."

Now she sat erect. "Really?" she questioned in that way.

"Yes, really." (He saw Tilden's face.) "I'm giving you a big chance, Sandra," he went on, "and, if you want to know it, it's darned decent of me to do it."

"Delicious!" she lay back again, relaxed.

"I have—I have to have help, Sandra. I've got to have food, rest—help. Can't you see, I can't go on—"

"I am not going to give up the work," she stated too calmly and as she smiled; now, head thrown back, her eyes were fixed on the ceiling. "It means . . . too much to me. Life is quite too . . . humdrum without it. What else . . . have I?"

"A husband, a house, those make you work," he stated in turn, but hotly.

"Oh, how enticing!"

"And I've made my ultimatum, Sandra; you've got to do your part."

"I've failed . . . heretofore?"

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed."

Again she sat erect; anger now marked her cheeks with discs of hot color.

He said, "Why, you know you have!"

"EXACTLY, JIM, if you will be so good, how have I failed?" she began. He knew from the measure and control of her words that she was as mad as they were made. Her smile, too, was a danger signal.

"I'll be glad to tell you," he assured her.

"I shall be charmed to hear," she drawled, still smiling.

"Oh, right; you asked for it." He began: "In the first place, when I get in here at night the decks are never scraped; you have to scratch away ashes, cigarette stubs to get down to virgin metal anywhere. The sink's always full of dishes, the beds are not made half the time; when you call 'Dinner, Jim'—in that *Down East* tone you've got since you fell for Harold Griggs and his hams who have to strut their stuff—why, when I get to that dinner it's a gastronomic insult. Potato chips and—"

"Never mind," she said; she breathed deeply. "I have some things to say. To

[Continued on page 61]



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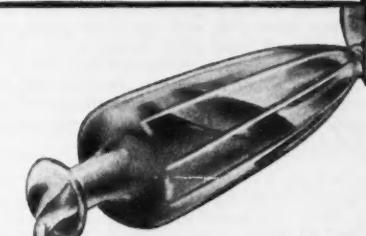
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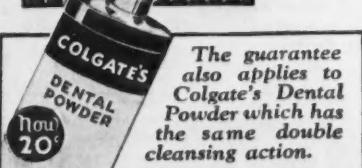
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"I had a swell time," he said seriously. "I mean that; I really mean that, Miss Murphy. I had a swell time."

The theme wore well. After a few more minutes of antiphonal chant that concerned the topic of a swell time, he asked her whether he'd got her out of bed.

He heard her giggle; she said no. ("Maybe that wasn't so good," he thought.) "I was just ready for bed," he heard.

"Oh, I see," he said, feeling quick on the uptake. "Just ready for bed. Well, now you go to bed."

"I'd rather talk to you."

"No, you go to bed."

"But, Mr. Hewlett, I'd ever so much rather talk to you."

When he at length hung up and she was, presumably, taking his oft-repeated advice and was going to bed, he became aware of a stark truth. She was going somewhere to dinner with him on the following evening. He hadn't meant to ask her so soon. He frowned down at the telephone. Taking her to dinner was in order, but he had decided that he would let a week pass before he did it. "How the dickens did that happen?" he muttered aloud. The rest of his disrobing was slowed by this unanswered query.

At length he found some manner of adjustment by a murmured, "Can't change it; just have to go through with it, and I'll be pret-ty careful to keep the thing in control."

For some reason the lofty decision brought him ease. He smiled, lying prone in the dark. "God bless her!" he thought. Those potatoes with their jackets, crisp from butter, bristling with salt. Gosh, they'd been good. He yawned deeply, noisily, stretched, slept.

THE MORNING brought to Jim Hewlett a calmer, far less comfortable viewpoint. Unaccustomed noises woke him early, and as his mind cleared, he began to think it all through. The sweeping gestures of freedom that he had enjoyed so much the night before had been easy to make. Now he realized that one night in the small room was going to cost him five good smackers. Five of 'em. Further figures danced before his eyes; he frowned. He disentangled himself from sheets and blankets preparatory to getting up, but deep thought chained him to the edge of the bed, where he sat, forearms on knees, still busy, slowed physically by thinking it out.

This was not the first foundation-shaking row he'd had with Sandra; no, sir, not by a good sight. He ran one hand through his hair. His absently roving eyes came to rest upon the telephone; he looked on it as a Judas. Of course he could get out of his dinner date with Miss Murphy, he reasoned. Put it off a little while. She'd be nice about it, and it was the course of wisdom. You couldn't rush a thing like that without falling into trouble and taking the girl with you. "Don't want to do that," he thought. She was a nice kid.

If Sandra would just face facts, admit she was wrong, promise to keep house, cook—why, he wouldn't have a thing to say. "Maybe we can talk it out," he thought slowly. Even though he was sick of marriage he didn't want divorce. "I'd rather see it through," he thought with a tightening of chin.

He sighed deeply, bathed and dressed.

The morning was grey, he found, stepping to the open, and surprisingly cold. It had rained in the night and pavements were wet and this wet was in the air. Breakfast at the automat cost him fifteen cents, and the withdrawal left in his pocket, thirty cents. And suitably; he felt like that, he realized.

He'd done a foolish thing the night before, and by gum, he'd say so, like a man; he'd say, "Sandra, I was cock-eyed to kite off like that."

He was early at the office and without the diversion that is made by humans, shabbiness was stark; a jagged, wandering crack on one grey wall announced itself with unusual assertiveness; he saw a crookedly run-up window shade that leaked daylight that was beyond it, and a calendar hung on the bias. And everywhere the soil that prints itself from city air.

He wandered to his table to survey the Ames's house plans with distaste. He knew they were rotten, but not why. He frowned down on the plans, thinking. He'd excuse himself to Miss Murphy; go home that night and talk it out. He'd simply say, "Sandra, we don't want divorce. We've both had some disappointments, but after all, what would divorce get us?"

Not much, he reasoned, still frowning, jiggling two dimes, two nickels in his pocket. They would, perhaps, each take another shy at it, marriage, and get a little more of discipline, a new dose of disappointment. And after all, they had learned one another and that things, life, just didn't work out as you thought it was going to.

A sweep of his old feeling for Sandra came back to him; that, in spite of change, would live at moments, he realized; because they once had cared so much. Nothing thought, felt, ever quite ends. Vibrations travel to the farthest stars and return.

It was a healthy mood and health is healing, but Tilden stalked in. He had been stiffened by something in the immediate past and his knees bore testimony to the fact. He strode toward Jim. "Listen," he said, "you've heard me bragging. I had the perfect example, didn't I? Well, not this morning! That's—women. Can't live without 'em and can't live with 'em."

"Original with you, that last?" Jim asked. "Go to blazes!" Tilden advised. He bore down on his desk. Jim followed him a moment later. He said, "I didn't mean to be cutting: I'm in a mess myself."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Tilden, mollified.

"I've got one who wants to do something counting."

"Last night's dishes in the sink," said Tilden.

"You said it."

"How's it taking her now?" asked Tilden. "Theatricals. I had a row last evening and came in and slept in town."

"Listen, Jim, tell her to cut it out and you'll come home. See? You've got to take a firm stand. Otherwise you're licked."

Jim said, slowly: "Maybe so."

"I know so!" grimly. "I know 'em."

Jim moved back to his table. Tilden bawled across the room to him: "Tell me how it turns out."

"Aw right!" Jim called, promising.

Tilden spoke again across the room, his voice seemed louder than ever from its certainty. "If you use the iron mitt, tell her what she's going to do, with no if's and maybe's, you'll win this round."

Jim said doubtfully: "Think so?"

Tilden bawled, after a snort of air through nostrils: "Know so!"

In private life as behind footlights there are few players who are not influenced by the audience. Tilden's expectations influenced Jim and ultimatums hardened within him. "Sandra, this much has got to be understood now . . . and . . . for . . . all . . . time!"

He called her at noon to find her at home. Would she be home at six? He was coming out and wanted to talk with her.

Her "I shall be at home" was too well spaced and frayed.

"I want you to be. I want to talk to you. I want you to understand, Sandra, I have a few things to say."

"I have a few things I wish to say myself, Jim," he heard in turn.

She was obviously injured. She . . . injured. That was good. Under the circumstances it was pretty good. He'd have to go out to luncheon, he realized, and shrank from the motion; passing Miss Murphy's desk meant explaining that he had to go home that night.

"Miss Murphy—"

"Oh, Mr. Hewlett! And how are you?"

"Pretty good. But, Miss Murphy, about tonight, I'm sorry as I can be but I have to run out home."

"Oh," her face was changed by disappointment plainly charted.

"I'm sorry as can be."

"Oh, that's all right."

"If you'd dine with me some other night?"

"Any night," she said, warmly, eagerly.

He kept remembering that as he ate his

Chatelaine, July, 1935

Then the great day came. The reapers were drawn out late in the afternoon. They were driven several times around the first field to prove that their complicated machinery was in order, the reels set right, the sheaves all tied. Then the next morning, without vexatious delays, the machines might begin their long whirring through the stout grain. Ah, what a crop it was!

The sun set in a mass of clouds. The men came in for their late supper. Even in their silence there was a subdued eagerness, an expectancy. Tomorrow the harvest! When they finished and went out into the yard the clouds had piled higher. Hot puffs of wind sent spirals of dust to their eyes. They moved on through the darkness to the bunkhouse where they slept.

When the kitchen was in order Lottie stepped out for a breath of air but the air was motionless, heavy and warm and lifeless, almost as oppressive as midday. The small night sounds of birds and insects were strangely missing. The sudden stamping of a horse in its stall was loud and startling. She could hear Gus tapping a piece of metal with his hammer.

Lottie sat in the doorway and watched the distant play of lightning. Swift tongues flickered upward from below the horizon to defy other tongues that darted earthward. Invisible serpent monsters threatened each other across a black jungle of sky. The tremendous display was both fearful and fascinating, but at last Lottie went to bed.

In a few minutes or a few hours she sat up suddenly wide awake. The room was vivid with incessant lightning and splitting thunder shook the windows. Lottie gasped, amazed and terrified. Violent storms had awakened her before, but none like this. The frail house could hardly stand another moment. Then behind the crackling of thunder grew a new volume of sound. It gathered and came on with a steady roaring menace more terrifying than the familiar thunder. Lottie leaped from her bed and darted to the kitchen. She must find Gus—anybody, any human being, before the unknown terror reached her.

But Gus was already at the window, his face flat against the glass. He was peering with unwavering intensity into the roaring night. Lottie clutched him, pulled, struggled to draw him back from the danger that might rush hurtling through the window. She felt herself calling, screaming, but she heard no sound of her own cries drowned in the hollow roar. She made not the least impression upon Gus. He seemed to be held against the window by some hypnotic power.

A sharpened crashing volume lifted the roar to a higher key. Huge hail stones snapped against the window pane. The glass cracked, splintered, blew inward and ice pellets slithered across the floor. Gus stood motionless. Lottie slid to the floor clasping her arms about his ankles. Utter annihilation might come at any moment.

Lottie was conscious that Gus stumbled and struggled to release his feet from her grasp. It seemed strange that there was neither wind nor hail. When Gus freed himself he lighted the lantern. Lottie watched him wonderingly and when he rushed into the night she followed him.

Far to the east she heard the storm roaring its way across the plains. She followed the lantern through the yard and out to the trail leading into the fields. When Lottie came up with him, Gus stood at the edge of the nearest field. He held the lantern out from him and gazed as if he could not believe

what he saw. She saw the circle of light shining on the wheat, all the tall, splendid ranks of grain beaten down, a sad, flat mass, soggy and tangled with drifts of melting hail.

Not at once could the man admit the completeness of the ruin. Then, with a wide swing of his arm, he flung the lantern far into the beaten field. With such a cry as Lottie had never heard, he cast himself face down into the tortured wheat.

Weak and trembling she groped her way back through the darkness. She pulled the quilts around her shivering shoulders. It seemed a long time ago that she had sought a breath of cool air. She pondered on the strange manner of man lying prone in the ruined field. How desperately he had been wounded! No doubt he felt that his very life had been snatched from him just as he had been about to grasp it. A strange pity filled her, an unreasoning sympathy for the man who suffered so greatly.

WHEN THE first grey light filled the room Lottie dressed and lit the fire. The hail on the floor had melted and a cool breeze came through the broken window. She made a pot of coffee and wrapping the pot in a blanket she carried it out to the field.

The man lay just where he had cast himself; in each great hand he clutched a mass of stalks. Lottie unwrapped her pot and put it down beside him. She lifted his head and slipped the blanket beneath. Slowly he lifted himself on his elbow and looked at her. He kept on looking, wonderingly as if he saw her for the first time. His face was grey and lined. Lottie held the pot while he drank; his hands were stiff with the long dampness. She put the blanket around his shoulders, and between long draughts he turned his face from the flattened fields to gaze at her again.

When the coffee was finished he struggled to stand. Lottie steadied him until feeling came back into his limbs. He looked down at her as if doubting what he saw. She heard him murmur almost like a question:

"Lettie? Lettie?"

It was not exactly her name but that did not matter. Nothing mattered. He looked at her as he had never looked before. He had the same weather-worn face, but the restless urge had gone from his eyes.

As they set off for the house the sun rose. The four turkeys flew to the barn ridge and perched dark against the sun glow. He touched her awkwardly to show that he saw and appreciated her sturdy birds.

"They're good birds." It was not easy at first.

"Yes, aren't they big!" She must not let her voice be too cheerful with the fields all ruined. They must talk about common things, little things, at first, until they grew accustomed to their strange new relation.

They came into the kitchen with the first sunbeams. From old habit Lottie went to her room. She felt self-conscious as if she met Gus now for the first time. But she must not hide away—she must go out and think of something natural to say. Undoubtedly it was awkward for him, too. She must help him. She stood in her door just as he came from his own room.

"Oh, Gus, the window's all broken in here!" Did that sound natural? She tried to laugh. What would he say?

He was coming toward her. He was smiling. He said:

"Guess I'm just plain lucky this time; there's not a pane broke in mine." He held his arms toward her. "Not a single pane!"

AN AIR OF SUMMER

by ELIZABETH HASTINGS

Up from the purple swoon of hills
That mark their music on the south,
An air of summer blows and spills
Its blossoms on the morning's mouth.

Beside the field and in the tree
The morning blooms in mist and gleam,
And I, at peace with all I see,
Hold in my heart a happy dream.

And where the fluted shadows lie
Lapped in a wave of wind and grass,
The silks of sun from out the sky
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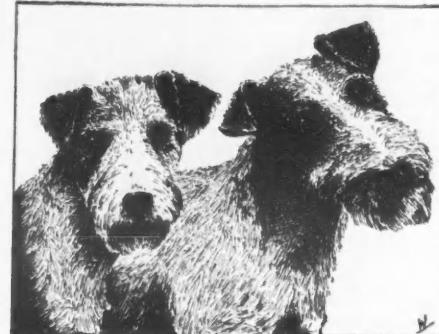
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The Withered Apples

(Continued from page 26)

horses out into the furnace blast. The animals were damp and listless even in their stalls and the men kept to the shade, fixing harness and neck yokes and sharpening mower knives. The hardy weeds around the buildings hung limp and forlorn as, hour after hour, the hot breath played over them. On the paths where the grass had been worn away Lottie felt the heat of the sand come up through the soles of her shoes. The cook stove was a monster adding its useless burden of heat to the general misery. But the men seemed to eat no less than when they worked in the field, and the labor of the kitchen went on in its drugged sameness.

On the third day of scorching wind Lottie noticed Gus inspecting his fields. He pulled stalks by the root and brought them back for long examination in the shade. The grains of wheat in the heads were not yet fully grown. A premature ripening under the terrific sun would cause a shrinkage of the soft grains to half their normal size. On the fourth day of the heat wave Gus almost lived along the edges of his green fields. Lottie saw him scanning the sky and then gaze over the drooping acres. He stood motionless for so long it seemed the sun must smite him down. Lottie wondered how he could stand like that, and why he did it. Perhaps he felt that his shadow protected even an infinitesimal area of precious wheat from the sun. The wheat held him with a great obsession; it might be that he was unconscious of the heat.

But Lottie was worn and thin with the dragging days. With the physical discomfort the old resentment flared again. Gus, her husband, spending his days in miserly distraction over his wheat without a questioning word of how she bore up under the crushing heat! Very well! When the heat wave passed she would leave. No treatment anywhere could be quite so cruel as indifference. The turkeys were large now, at least the four that had survived. They followed grasshoppers all day and no longer needed her. She would leave.

At sunset, to escape the shut-in heat of the frame house, Lottie walked out along the trail. She moved between walls of wheat, following the trail until it dipped into a narrow gulley, a dried creek bottom. Here were stunted poplars and willow bushes following the windings of the depression. Lottie turned from the trail and pushed through the wild growth. Against her hot face it was pleasant to feel the brushing of green leaves. She moved on through the long summer twilight.

There were berries. She felt them against her hands. Ripe clusters of blueberries hiding themselves so carefully on the vast prairies. They were drooping with the heat but there were many left. Ah, the cool berries! After the hot potatoes and meat, after the hot tea and fried cakes, were there ever such berries as these!

Later, at home, Lottie continued to think about the blueberries. Mingled with her plans for leaving were the thoughts of blueberries. Standing on shelves in the woodshed, she remembered seeing rows and rows of empty glass jars. Some former housewife must have filled those jars. Yet it was a foolish impulse for her to regret the wasting of the berries on the creek bottom. What difference could it make to her? Let them go on wasting year after year. Ah, but what a sin to waste anything! Her early training in small thrift, the training so thoroughly imposed by the aunts, was still strong upon her. The precious berries must be saved.

The wind changed and the heat passed. A heavy, rainlike dew drenched the fields; leaves and stems were straight and crisp with renewed life. It was uncanny how the empire of wheat escaped each impending destruction; the fields led a charmed life and flourished on toward the harvest.

Each afternoon Lottie gathered her berries and in the cool of the next morning poured the hot, purple kettles into waiting jars. A strange feeling of satisfaction and security rested upon her as she stored away the provisions against a long winter. Some age-old instinct seemed to rise more powerful even than the knowledge that soon she must leave it all behind. Perhaps not for herself, the individual, did she thus gather the fruits of the great Mother Earth, but other children of the great Mother would live through her labor—what mattered it just who they were?

One morning as she finished sealing the last of the berries, Gus rushed into the shed looking for tools. He darted about searching under his workbench and under the table where Lottie worked. His men were waiting for him. He paused for an instant; he seemed to see the jars of fruit; she could easily have believed he smiled.

"That much safe!" he murmured and was gone. He had noticed her work. He had spoken about it. Certainly he had looked his approval. If only the endless, driving force would release him, he could easily become human, friendly. The impulse was there, buried and smothered with wheat. Some day the obsession might roll away and he would come to himself.

The vast acres of green were shot through with streaks of faint yellow. On slight rises of ground the wheat was beginning to ripen first. All day the men worked on the reapers, cleaning and oiling, adjusting the canvases, threading the needles with bright, new twine. The master of the fields tramped uncounted miles; he seemed almost unable to wait for the taking of the harvest. He plucked heads of wheat everywhere, shelling out the kernels on his hard palm and gazing at their color and plumpness. The heads were long and heavy with promise.

WITH A curious detachment Lottie watched the last act of the great play. Her berries were all sealed and set away but still she lingered. This was the time she had set for her going. But she had caught a look of interest; she had heard a word of approval. Like a prospector who finds the smallest trace of gold, Lottie hoped for more. At least she must see the beginning of the harvest.

The days were hot again. The brassy sun glared down on the rapidly ripening fields and the fields gave back the yellow glare.

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Chatelaine, July, 1935

Question—The variola vesicle increases in size as it ages and becomes a chalky or pearly color. It feels like a buckshot under the finger and the umbilication disappears.

THE QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby girl, 7 months old and weighing 17 pounds 3 ounces, for the last two weeks has been on a bottle diet of milk 28 oz., water 4 oz., and corn syrup. She is well and thriving in every way but has a rash on her buttocks, which is not due to the urine as she is kept dry. I think it is due to the sugar. Please send Baby Book.—(Mrs.) K.R.M., Ottawa.

Answer—The formula is too strong in milk. At 6 to 9 months it should be: Milk 30 oz., water 4 oz., white sugar, 3 level tablespoonfuls or equivalent of corn syrup, at 4-hour intervals. Also cod liver oil, 1 teaspoonful before each of four feedings, and 1 oz. orange juice diluted with equal water at 9 a.m. If hungry, well-cooked cereal may be given once or twice a day.

The rash may be due to the food. You may protect the buttocks by spraying them with a solution of tannic acid, grs. 48 to 1 oz. of alcohol. This will smart for a few seconds when first applied. A tan soon appears which is protective. Stop the use of oil to the rash.

Please write and tell me how you get on. Baby Book is sent.

Question—My baby, two years old, is healthy and well and has not had any laxative since he was a month or two old. Some days the movement is hard and in others loose. He has piles. The other day I noticed one the size of a pea, and also a little blood.—(Mrs.) A.W., Crystal Springs, Sask.

Answer—Your boy has an external pile or haemorrhoid, due probably to straining at the bowel movement. Give him a teaspoonful or two of milk of magnesia daily to loosen the bowels. The blood may come from a small crack or fissure, which will probably disappear under the treatment.

Question—My boy, 4 years old, is very defiant. No amount of talking, coaxing or thrashing has any effect on him. He is soaked every night and I am unable to anticipate this, though he can go for hours in the daytime. He has had several attacks of tonsilitis and has canker sores in the mouth. How can I cure him of nail-biting?—(Mrs.) W.C.M., Brantford, Ont.

Answer—Your boy has got into bad habits and with his apparent strong will, he may not be easily cured. I should at once have his tonsils out. That may work wonders and will prevent the occurrence of rheumatism and heart affections. It may also stop the cankers.

I should take him to the doctor again. The dosage of the medicine for the bed-wetting should be increased, but this can only be done by a doctor on the spot. There is no use in punishing the boy, and the less attention paid to nail-biting the better. Never appear to notice it. In addition to the medicine used, endeavor to anticipate the wetting, and fluids of all kinds should be lessened in the evening. These measures, with increasing age, will probably cure his defects. I send Baby Book.

Question—Please advise me for a diet for my baby boy, 17 months old, weighing 21 1/4 pounds. He is very active and healthy. He is not a hearty eater. How long should cereals be cooked in the double boiler? A what age may corn flakes, etc., be given? He is constipated.—(Mrs.) B.C.P., Alberton, P.E.I.

Answer—Cereals should be cooked from one to three hours in the double boiler. The coarse cereals require longer. Corn flakes are expensive and not as nourishing as the commoner cereals. They may be used after nine months. Constipation will probably disappear with the use of coarser foods. Train to regular times for the toilet and if necessary give one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia or maple syrup. Details of feeding will be found in the Baby Book sent.

Question—Please advise how I can make my baby, 1 year old, sleep better. He is healthy and thriving and sleeps soundly from midnight until 7:30 a.m., never has more than two hours sleep in the daytime, but he wakes frequently in the early night. He always has to be rocked to sleep. Please send Baby Book.—(Mrs.) C.B., Listowel, Ont.

Answer—You have got your boy into a bad habit by rocking him. Sleep in the early night will be improved by avoiding all excitement of play, etc., before bedtime. He should be put out of doors as much as possible in the daytime, and have plenty of play and exercise. There is nothing to worry about in such a well baby.

Question—Please send Baby Book and advise me as to the diet of my boy now 5 1/2 months old and weighing 17 1/2. He is getting straight cow's milk and cereal, prunes and strained vegetable, and orange juice, and cod liver oil.—(Mrs.) S.A.T., Chilliwack, B.C.

Answer—The ordinary formula for a 4 to 6 months baby is: Milk 25 oz., water 15 oz., Granulated white sugar, three level tablespoonfuls, given in five feedings at four-hour intervals, with cod liver oil, one teaspoonful before each of four feedings and one ounce of orange juice with equal water at 9 a.m. The Baby Book sent will give you details about feeding.

Question—My baby, 4 months old and weighing 14 1/2 pounds, was fed on a milk and water formula but now the water is omitted. Corn syrup is used instead of sugar. He is fed every four hours and appears hungry. He sleeps all night. In addition he gets orange or prune juice and milk of magnesia for constipation. Please send Baby Book.—(Mrs.) W.A.S., Ottawa.

Answer—You should have a regular toilet time. Place the baby in your lap over a small vessel and support him with your arms and chest. As he gets older use the toilet chair.

The proper formula at 4 to 6 months is: Milk 25 oz., water 15 oz., granulated sugar (or equal of corn syrup), 3 level tablespoonfuls in five feedings, with one teaspoonful cod liver oil before each of four feedings, also 1 oz. orange, tomato or prune juice diluted with equal water at 9 a.m. The Baby Book sent will give further details.

Coming! Prairie Wives in Revolt!

The August issue brings some of the comments received from hundreds of prairie wives, fiercely denying the picture painted in the recent article by one of them. Here is a bird's-eye view of life as prairie women are living it today that will enthrall you with its reality and sincerity.

IN THE AUGUST CHATELAINE





"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah . . . that's the trick!"



"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking glass! (I'm looking very well to-day.) . . . And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that! . . . Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder. Auntie . . . and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie like me!"

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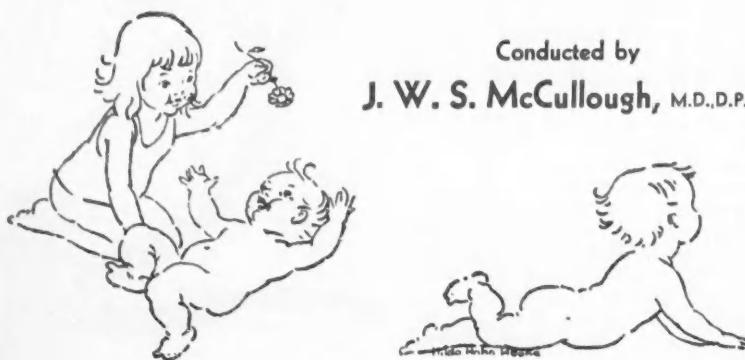
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Conducted by

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THE COMMONER ERUPTIVE DISEASES. No. 2.

Varicella or Chicken Pox

IN CHILDREN chicken pox is usually a mild disease; in adults it may be a very serious one. The chief difficulty with chicken pox is to distinguish it from smallpox. In this regard one must always keep in mind: (1) the character of the onset; (2) the distribution of the rash; (3) certain peculiarities of the rash.

(1) In the child the onset is mild, the patient being hardly ill at all. In an adult there is high fever, headache and backache, vomiting and the patient feels miserable. After twenty-four hours the rash begins to appear, and it is here that the difference from smallpox appears.

(2) The rash in chicken pox appears first on the back and the lesions are most numerous on the trunk, especially over the region of the scapulae. The rash on the face is moderate and chiefly on the upper half. It avoids the borders of the lips. It is sparse on the limbs and is rarely found on the backs of the hands, but may appear on the palms and soles.

(3) The rash comes in crops, usually for three successive days. It is not hard or shotty like that of smallpox; there is a strong tendency for the lesion to abort, but if it goes on, the initial macule or spot becomes a vesicle or blister. Some of these rupture and form a scab, others change to pustules which soon dry up and form ugly irregular scabs. The strange tendency of the chicken-pox lesion to come out in crops usually on three successive days should be noted. Fresh lesions appear alongside older ones all over the body, giving the skin a very disorderly appearance. With the development of the last crop of lesions there is a rapid degeneration of the rash. All its freshness disappears in four or five days after the onset. At this stage the smallpox rash would still be progressing and developing. There is one characteristic of the chicken-pox vesicle worth observing. If its walls are pricked with a needle, its contents promptly drain out and the structure collapses, or you can wipe off the entire vesicle and contents with the slightest pressure of the fingertip. A few of the vesicles, as they become old, show a depression in the centre—umbilication like that seen in smallpox—with the difference that in smallpox umbilication is a sign of development; in chicken pox it is a sign of degeneration.

The vesicle develops in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the macule or first rash appears. There is first a papule, and in the early stage the vesicle is small and cone-shaped or flat-topped. It looks translucent, it is multilocular, it cannot be broken down with the finger, nor will it drain or collapse like the chicken-pox vesicle when punctured.

Umbilication occurs in many of the vesicles. It looks like a tiny dimple on the top, or occasionally on the side of the vesicle near the top. It is a manifestation which is the accompaniment of a developing and not, as in chicken pox, of a retrograde lesion.



Smallpox or Variola

THE ONSET of smallpox is always stormy. There is a chill, high fever, headache and backache. Often there is vomiting and great prostration. These signs last for three days and then with amazing suddenness the temperature drops while headache and backache vanish. Then comes the rash. A severe prodromal stage is by no means always followed by a severe rash. There is nothing in the entire range of the eruptive fevers which shows such spectacular qualities as the onset of smallpox, with its three days of ceaseless suffering replaced by a heavenly remission.

The rash, in tiny spots or macules, invariably appears on the exposed parts of the body, the side of the forehead, the wrists and places pressed upon, such as the site of wrist-watch, garter or band. The rash spreads over the face, the arms, trunk, legs, the palms and soles. The pocks are thickest on face and hands. Certain places show a marked attraction for the rash. These are the muco-cutaneous borders of lips and eyelids. The pocks bunch themselves about the mouth and lower part of face. They are very thick and shotty on the backs of the hands. The lesion of smallpox, in contradistinction to that of variola, proceeds through its line of development in a very definite manner. It shows no tendency to abort, rupture or collapse; the individual lesion is shotty and hard to the touch, and it runs through a regular succession of stages. These are macule, papule, vesicle, pustule and scab, the whole taking about two weeks, after which there is desquamation or clearing up of the scab. Lesions of the same age, and not of different ages, as in chicken pox, are invariably found grouped together.

The vesicle develops in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the macule or first rash appears. There is first a papule, and in the early stage the vesicle is small and cone-shaped or flat-topped. It looks translucent, it is multilocular, it cannot be broken down with the finger, nor will it drain or collapse like the chicken-pox vesicle when punctured.

Umbilication occurs in many of the vesicles. It looks like a tiny dimple on the top, or occasionally on the side of the vesicle near the top. It is a manifestation which is the accompaniment of a developing and not, as in chicken pox, of a retrograde lesion.

SUMMER DIARRHOEA

A Danger to Babies

SUMMER heat is always likely to upset a baby's digestion. It may also partially spoil or affect foods fed to the baby or taken by the mother, in which case mother's milk may become unsafe. Dreaded summer diarrhoea is a natural outcome.

A wise precaution is to give Baby's Own Tablets regularly during the summer months. By stimulating the liver and cleansing the intestines, these tablets prevent poisons from undigested food accumulating in the child's system.

And if diarrhoea does occur, Baby's Own Tablets are effective in correcting this condition. Each tablet contains the right amount of a simple substance given by children's specialists for summer diarrhoea. To quote an eminent authority "As to the youngest and most delicate child this substance in small doses should gently stimulate liver, gall bladder and intestines safely. Nothing is better in summer diarrhoea."

A Toronto mother proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets last summer. She says: "Last summer while at a camp a child of four got summer complaint. I gave her some Baby's Own Tablets and they improved her right away. I have used them during teething and have found them unequalled. My children call them little candies and will take no other. I have used them for sixteen years and would not be without them in the house."

These sweet-tasting, harmless little Baby's Own Tablets are safe for even the most delicate baby and they are so inexpensive that it is an economy to give them to older children, too. Complete directions are given with each package, showing the correct number of tablets for different ages, from infancy to 12 years of age.

Buy a box of Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist today. Use them to help keep your children in good health as well as in the treatment of diarrhoea, constipation, upset stomach, teething troubles, sleeplessness, colds, croup and simple fevers.

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felt for a cigarette, and when he could find none, swore.

"You couldn't have smoked anyway," she tried to console him. "Your lips—"

"When that big oaf comes with food this evening, I'll slug him with a hunk of wood and we'll try to get away."

"We'd better wait. I—sent this note to Ken."

Joan smiled in tribute to the queer balance of events. Barney was staring at her in the same way she had stared at him when he explained his note.

"Ken?"

"When he starts, he finishes," she said with sudden sharpness.

"And I suppose," Barney mumbled, "you told him exactly where to find us."

"I—I was so upset, I—forgot."

Waiting for reproaches, she heard him laugh. "I'm glad you're not one of these efficient females, darling. Maybe Ken will send a squad of marines with copper cash strung on their bayonets."

"What's that?" Joan clutched his arm as a deep steady drone came from overhead.

"An airplane!" Barney jumped to his feet, both lifting their gaze to the only light in the room, the narrow vents near the ceiling. "Someone," he said, "is looking for us."

Joan's heart beat quickly but she was afraid to hope. "It may be only Chinese soldiers."

The throb of the plane receded, then came

again. Someone was flying, not too hastily, over this ancient valley.

"No one could pick out our location with a dozen old tombs scattered around here," said Joan. "If we only had some way to signal—"

They waited tensely during the hours while dusk gathered, listening, hoping, for the sound of the plane. But it did not come again. Finally, they heard the rattle of bolts which announced the coming of the evening rice.

The giant bore no food. He addressed Joan in an urgent flood of words, his stolid calm broken up.

"He says," Joan told Barney breathlessly, "that Ying is alarmed by the airplane. That he's planning to take us away, or—or—"

"Or what?"

"He doesn't explain. He only says, 'The tiger has become a wolf.' And, because we saved his first-born, the door is now wide. Ying isn't ready yet—we have a little time while everyone is in the outer court. We can hide in the brush in the rear court and he'll bring some horses outside the wall—"

They hurried down the marble steps into a windy dimness that promised a moon. "Careful—don't fall." They reached the bottom. Barney's fingers tightened on her arm. "Listen!" The quick patter of heeled boots was coming close.

They fled into the gloom before the giant's

[Continued on page 46]

THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE

Two fascinating home-craft ideas suggested by

FLORENCE M. JURY

THE HUMBLE bean pot makes a proud entry into the living room. A ginger jar, vinegar crock or any large, oddly-shaped bottle or jar will make an equally charming lamp. If the surface is not smooth, it should

first be sandpapered, then two coats of flat white paint are applied; after which two coats of enamel in the color desired, are added. The jar should be thoroughly dried and then sandpapered, between coats. The shade is plain white parchment, but any light color would make a suitable background.

First, you should choose a pretty design—the bird and cherry blossoms shown were cut from magazine advertisements. Hold the design firmly inside the shade, under a strong light, and trace the design lightly in pencil, then copy the colors as nearly as possible. To paint on parchment you use oil paint, thinned with linseed oil; no other paint or enamel will do. For the light connection you will need a pull-chain or push socket, whichever you prefer, and the part that screws on to this and fits either in or over the top of your jar. The bulb, of course, screws into the socket and the shade rests on the bulb; but if you find this allows your shade to drop too low over the jar, you can buy lengths of brass which fit in between the socket and the part you are fitting over your jar. You will also have to buy the little nipple that holds this extra length in place. If you cannot buy the part that fits over the top of your jar in the exact size required, buy one a little smaller and bed it into the jar with plaster of Paris, and after the plaster of Paris is thoroughly dry, enamel it to match your jar.

A PLAIN glass doorplate may be converted into a very beautiful and artistic one by adding a suitable design in enamel or oil paint, in colors to match your room. Lay the design you have chosen on the table, then place the glass over this, wrong side up, and copy the design in the desired colors. It is advisable to make your colors a little darker than you would ordinarily choose, as they look less bright through the glass. When the paint is thoroughly dry, attach to the door, and the plate may then be washed without any fear of spoiling the design. For a nursery or a blue kitchen, little Dutch figures are very quaint.



Doorplates may be decorated in colors to match your room.

The humble bean pot converted into an attractive lamp.

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Compound Wall

(Continued from page 7)

allowed outside in their own courtyard where the giant and his family occupied a low building that formed an ell with the decayed splendor of their own. Occasionally the barred gate was open which led into the great outer enclosure, but the rear compound of the Tiger's domain was always closed.

Joan made friends with the giant's young wife who brought a yellow cherub of two birthdays to lie on a mat in the bright sunshine. It did not need the mother's "Yo ping" to tell Joan that the child was ill. When she saw a whitish blister on the baby's plump leg, she recognized infection.

To Joan's suggestion of treatment, the woman was shrilly averse, but the father had more faith in foreign ways. He heated water on an open charcoal stove and accepted the torn-out sleeve of Joan's white riding shirt to make a pad as nearly sterile as boiling water alone could accomplish. While Joan bound the leg and gave directions about keeping the pad wet, the mother went into her house and returned with a handful of firecrackers.

"She's not taking any chances," Joan told Barney. "She's going to scare the evil spirits away."

The father brought a red balloon, trying to rouse the child from drowsiness. When the black eyes in the plump little face showed momentary interest, the mother darted to their doorway and fetched a small bottle and box. The giant knelt beside the sick baby and uttered a cajoling "K'an-i-k'an—look-see." Dropping bits of zinc from the box into the bottle of acid, he allowed the gas which formed to swell the balloon to monster size.

"Imagine these old races knowing crude chemistry," said Barney.

Joan was intent on the disappointment in the stolid native's face as the baby's eyes closed again.

He had bought the magic fluid and the balloon at a wayside fair, he told Joan, and even they had failed to interest. His son must be very ill.

"Your son will be better soon," she told him, and sat down on a grass-tufted marble step beside Barney.

"I'm worried Barney," she said. "We should have heard from Peking by now. Surely the Legation wouldn't delay—"

"The Legation is probably following my instructions. Do you—remember that last line I added?"

"When you tried to give our location?"

"It wasn't exactly that." His eyes were those of a roguish boy who knows he will be forgiven. "I told them to stall a bit."

Joan stared. "To stall?"

"We didn't want to spoil our adventure before it got started, darling. But now that we've seen it all, I'll write them to send the money on."

Joan looked into the smiling bearded face. And she had suspected him of acting—like herself. She had thought his gay nonsense assumed to keep up her flagging spirits, to present a proud front to their captors. Every bone in her body ached from contact with hard stone. She was grimy and untidy and dishevelled. But Barney didn't mind. He was as indifferent to bodily discomforts as he was to the presence of danger which Joan felt coiling about them like a slowly tightening rope.

And his note—Joan heard the buzz on the club verandah, over the bridge tables. "Bit of a cad, this fellow Pryde. D'you suppose he intends to marry her?" or "Lacey can't take her back after this." She didn't mind gossip, but this sort of thing . . .

Cool grey eyes turned to blue fire. "You would never have written that . . . if I had known," she said.

"I was only burning a bridge for you," he said cajolingly. "You're going to be my wife, Joan."

"How? When? We may never get out of here—now."

"Of course we'll get out." He put an arm around her stiff shoulders. "You don't know what a lucky guy I am. Everything always comes right for me. But because you're cross, I'll write another note. Right now. Hi!"

The giant paid no attention to his call. He was plodding toward the outer court where a thunderous knocking could be heard at the great red gate. It was mid-afternoon, hours later, before he returned bearing a significant message. Ying, the Tiger, commanded their presence, at once.

He marshalled them into the rear court, along a flagged path between pine trees knee-deep in yellow-leaved underbrush. When they passed under the padded hanging into Ying's chamber of state and Joan saw the crowd of armed bandits ranged around the walls, her fingers grew stiff within Barney's.

The great hall was crowded with loot, but it was only in after years that Joan recalled the teakwood tables jostling foreign sofas of imitation leather, the stately celadon vase by the side of the nickel-plated alarm clock. Her gaze centred on Ying who sat at the far end of the big room in a red plush chair, his small booted feet on a silken rug of Imperial yellow.

Barney's voice, easy and assured, scattered words into the brooding silence which greeted them. "If you're worrying about your ransom, Captain Kidd, I'll write again today." They were puny words. Futile words. Joan knew. They were as valueless as grains of millet tossed against the black omen of approaching storm.

The Tiger rose and advanced. He broke the silence with a sharp command, and a knot of brigands sprang forward and dragged Barney from her side. The giant gripped Joan's arm. Fear contracted her throat; she tried to scream, but merely gasped. She heard a soft ominous swishing in the tight circle of which Barney and Ying were the centre; a moan, horrible and indescribable. The ring parted a little. Barney, trussed like a fowl, lay palely on the stone floor. Blood ran from his crushed lips.

Fear, with a definite outline before it, became articulate. Joan's scream broke through. She wrenched forward, caught the Tiger's uplifted arm with the stave in its grasp. "Ko la!" she gasped. "Enough! I will write. I promise you, the money will come."

He looked down at her hand on his grey cotton sleeve. He appeared to consider. "So be it," he said in Chinese. "My patience shall endure a little longer. The lady has pretty white fingers. The female missionary had ugly ones."

So it had been Ying. Joan felt a sharp wave of nausea. With fingers that trembled in spite of her effort at calmness, she took the grubby paper and ornate fountain pen he tendered her and scrawled a brief urgent note—to Ken. He would not fail her if she appealed to him. He would have no delusions as to their safety. Safe! The word mocked, a jeering echo that flung back the memory of a grey-walled compound where sun slanted on pomegranate leaves.

Joan held Barney's arm as their jailer marshalled them back to their quarters. "I never thought they'd dare," he mumbled from swelling lips.

AGAIN IN the familiar courtyard, Joan saw the giant's wife slithering toward them. Prostrating herself in a *kowtow*, she chanted, "Our miserable son improves. The heat fades from his blood." Even the giant dipped a knee in deferential salute as his stolid face lit up. Joan felt something pushed into her fingers, and looking down, perceived that the woman had made her a present of a cluster of firecrackers.

The native motioned them up the marble steps. Today he must lock them inside. It was not his wish, but the great Ying was a Tiger—

Barney dropped upon an arc of the altar,

Chatelaine, July, 1935



THE galaxy of educational and recreational attractions of the 1935 "Show Window of the Nations" will eclipse even those of its illustrious past . . . music by matchless masters of melody, Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, and the world famous band of His Majesty's Irish Guards . . . profuse displays of the products of master craftsmen from all the world . . . a pageant unprecedented for its brilliance and color . . . livestock and pet stock shows . . . universal progress in art, science, horticulture, travel, electricity, sport, engineering, industry, agriculture, music and fashions . . . mile-long midway. There's enthralling interest for every member of every family at your Exhibition.

COLONEL F. H. DEACON
President

ELWOOD A. HUGHES
General Manager

Canadian National
EXHIBITION
TORONTO
Aug. 23 to Sept. 7, 1935

Store Up Health In Summer

SUMMER'S coming! The time of glorious holidays, picnics, sports and pastimes in the sunshine of outdoors. These are the days to store up health and energy for the short, dark winter days that follow.

To get the very best from summer, don't neglect your diet. Stick to Roman Meal, Lishus, Bekus Puddy and Kofy Sub. Also eat lots of fresh fruit, vegetables, nuts and milk. Select 80% of your food volume from these foods and your blood and your entire system will be able to resist even the hottest, sultriest days of summer. There are many ways of preparing Roman Meal for delicious cold and frozen dishes. Recipes are printed on the packages. Or cook porridge of any of these foods, cooking only one or two minutes the night before. Let stand off fire until cool, then set in refrigerator or cool place over night and serve for breakfast with fruit jelly or preserves and cream, or honey, or honey and cream, or berries, sliced peaches or ripe bananas and cream. All are very, very delicious and cold as you can desire food to be and very healthful. Send for free booklet, "How to Keep Well," and other literature—address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

Robt. Jackson M.D.

HOUSEKEEPING

Chatelaine's Department of Home Management

Conducted by Chatelaine Institute

Design for Summer Living

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL,

Director Chatelaine Institute



YOU MIGHT almost call us a nation of sunworshippers, so ardently do we take to the out-of-doors in July. Lucky folks move, bag and baggage, to the beach or the country and even not so fortunate stay-at-homes have their own design for summer living in the open.

Those of us with a porch, a bit of garden or nice backyard use it for all it's worth. We even furnish it as luxuriously and attractively as we can afford with chairs, tables, settees and all the little appointments which bring the maximum of convenience and charm.

Speaking of summer furniture reminds me of the "news" in it, for new materials and new styles are appearing every season. You may have your choice of wood, stained or painted to give a hard, durable finish, wicker, twisted wire, chromium tubing or flat bands, iron and other metals in a range of prices to suit every purse. Coverings are waterproof and sunfast in all the gay colors of an old-fashioned flower bed, so your outdoors can be as individual as the inside of

your house. Springs are super-comfortable, built to give and take and to last for years. Should it be that storage space is at a premium and you're wondering what you'll do with outdoor furnishings when the season for them is over, the collapsible kind would suit you to a tee, as they fold into surprisingly small packages and take up very little room.

There is work to be done even in the very hottest weather, but it's the really smart housekeeper who carries some of it out to the shady side of the house, where she may sit comfortably, sewing, knitting, pitting cherries, shelling peas or planning menus. It may take a little management to serve meals on the porch or verandah not too open to the public view, if you're lucky enough to have one. But you'll find it's worth it. Begin with breakfast, usually a simple meal, and work up to the three-course dinner as you get a good system of service going.

This is one case where position is everything, for if the porch is right next door to the kitchen it's no trouble at all to serve there, but if it's away off at the other end of the

house it may be out of the running as a dining room except for the pass-around supper. So you have to take location into consideration and plan accordingly.

Enjoyment of the outdoor meal depends a good deal on well-laid plans—a well-chosen menu and carefully thought-out service. It won't do to have dishes that will "fall" the instant a cool breeze strikes them, things which will melt on the way or which require a lot of last minute fussing. And though that may rule out some of your favorites there are plenty more left and it is quite possible to avoid monotony—that old bugbear.

SIMPLICITY—that's the main thing, but keep up interest by getting variety into the menus. For breakfast, there is an almost unlimited choice of fresh fruit through the season—berries, currants, peaches, pears, chilled rhubarb, grapes and the ever popular oranges and grapefruit—which may be served *au naturel*, in different combinations or as a juicy appetizer. Cereals are equally [Continued on page 52]

*Here's what to look for
IN CHOOSING A WASHER*

EFFICIENCY BEAUTY VALUE

*You get Everything
IN THIS NEW
WESTINGHOUSE WASHER*

Efficiency—That's what you want above all else in the Washer you buy?—That's what you get in a Westinghouse! Actual competitive tests have proven that Westinghouse Washers remove more dirt in less time with minimum wear on clothes. Its long-life mechanism never requires oiling. The exclusive Sentinel Safety Switch provides an added protection obtainable only in the Westinghouse Washer.

★ Of course you want **Beauty** too . . . you'll certainly appreciate the permanent beauty and graceful lines of a Westinghouse Washer. It's easy to keep beautiful and will always be a "bright spot" in your home.

★ As for **Value** . . . no amount of money can buy a better Washer than a Westinghouse! Yet there is a Westinghouse priced as low as \$79.50 (other models at \$87.50 and \$94.50—all prices slightly higher in West and Maritimes.) Value like this is made possible only by the unequalled engineering and production facilities of Westinghouse . . . Value like this must be seen to be appreciated. Ask your Westinghouse dealer for a demonstration and the low terms on which it may be purchased.



CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY, LIMITED,
HAMILTON - CANADA

Vancouver • Calgary • Edmonton • Regina • Winnipeg • Fort William • Toronto • Montreal • Halifax

Westinghouse
ELECTRIC SERVANTS for MODERN HOMES

Compound Wall

(Continued from page 45)

quarters only one moment before a shadowy figure came through the gate. Joan's breath came in little noiseless gasps as the Tiger paused at the foot of the marble steps. She clutched for support at the post against which she crouched and her fingers touched something thin and soft and taut. Looking up, she saw the obscure outline of a ball. The child's balloon was tugging bloatingly at its string in the rising breeze of the night.

As Ying started up the steps, Joan broke the string and fumbled in the pocket of her riding coat. "Quick!" she whispered. "A match! Our signal—I'm going to tie the firecrackers the woman gave me to the balloon."

As the Tiger passed inside, Barney lit the fuse, and she tossed the ball into the air. A sharp puff of wind swooped down. The balloon lifted. Soared. Fanned by the breeze, a spark caught the gas-filled rubber and it burst into a vivid beacon of flame.

"Run!" cried Barney. "They'll be on us in a minute."

Thorns caught at their clothes and hands as they stumbled into the thicket of the rear court. They fell over stones and great lumps of sod. Crouching, they waited while voices, shrill and clamorous beat upon the walls. In spite of the thudding of her heart, a strange quiet descended upon Joan. As though she were facing that which she had long foreseen. Implacable, inevitable were these minutes of straining ears and clenched fingers and tautened nerves.

"He'll never bring the horses now," she said.

"Ssh! They're coming." Louder voices, the patter of feet, the swish of poles beating the surrounding brush.

AFTERWARD, out of that endless passage of time, only the dried leaf remained clearly in her memory. Scratching against her cheek, it seemed to come between her and Barney, cutting an outline of the past, sharp like a silhouette. Herself, dozing in a long wicker chair in the afternoon heat of the garden; Ken, rousing her with the light stroke of a pomegranate leaf against her cheek. A leaf that was glossy—and green. Alive. Not dead. No threat of death then. This terrible intimacy of death in which she and Barney were wrapped . . .

A sound like the popping of giant crackers broke upon her ears. Barney jumped to his feet, dragging her with him. "Rifle shots!" he said hoarsely. "Something has happened."

The beating of bamboo poles had ceased. The bandits were running. Big gates were slamming. Near at hand, Joan heard a clear steady voice calling in terse commands of vernacular.

"Ken!" she cried. "It's Ken." She ran ahead of Barney into the open, almost into her husband's arms.

"Joan!" His fingers dug into her shoulders. "It's you? You're all right?"

"Yes; oh, yes."

"Where's Pryde?"

"Here." Barney was behind her.

Ken's arms dropped to his side. He turned and called to the black mass which was surging over the outer walls. "The *waikuo-jen* are found. Go ahead."

"A bunch of troops General Li gave me," he explained.

"They mustn't harm the giant and his family." Joan gave brief particulars.

"Wait!" shouted Ken, and issued orders to the young Chinese captain in charge.

The officer bowed. "A friend is sacred, even among bandit vermin," he assured them, and gave sharp commands to his troops. The brightening moonlight glinted

on bayonets and rifle barrels moving swiftly forward, on a machine gun being set up before barricaded gates.

JOAN COULD not distinguish Ken's features but she could hear the tautness in his voice when he spoke. "I tried to get the ransom off at once," he said, "but had difficulty because Peking is in turmoil now with Li's troops camped outside the West Gate. Moreover, the Legation took your note as meaning that you had your escape all planned and only wrote to throw dust in the redbeard's eyes.

"But when the messenger slipped out of the city without the money, I knew you were in real danger and I had to act at once. General Li got word through his system of underground information that you were somewhere in this valley. He let me have one of his planes—and I flew up this afternoon. At the same time, a detachment of his troops was stealthily entering the valley.

"I intended to clean out all the tombs tonight, but didn't know where to start. When your flare went up," he addressed Barney, "we were barely a half mile away. It was invaluable. It almost makes up for the half-baked note you wrote."

"The signal wasn't planned," said Barney, facing Ken directly. "It was just my usual luck. But I did plan the note—and I take all the responsibility for it. You understand, Lacey, that Joan is going to be my wife?"

Joan could see Ken's face more clearly now. It looked white and tired in the moonlight. And although she couldn't see the expression of his eyes, she knew they were upon her.

"I wanted to make you happy, Joan," he said, his voice dry and harsh, "but I failed—all along the line. If this man can do it . . ." He stopped suddenly as though something rasped his throat.

Rat-tat-tat came the machine gun. *Rat-tat-tat . . .* Groans and shrill Chinese voices . . . Men were dying behind those walls . . . Joan's lips were seared as by a hot wind. It was difficult to speak. "Ken—" she began.

Barney interrupted, his arm falling easily around her shoulders. "Tell him, darling, that we're going to take the high roads together."

She laughed, a bit hysterically. "Are—you still talking about them?"

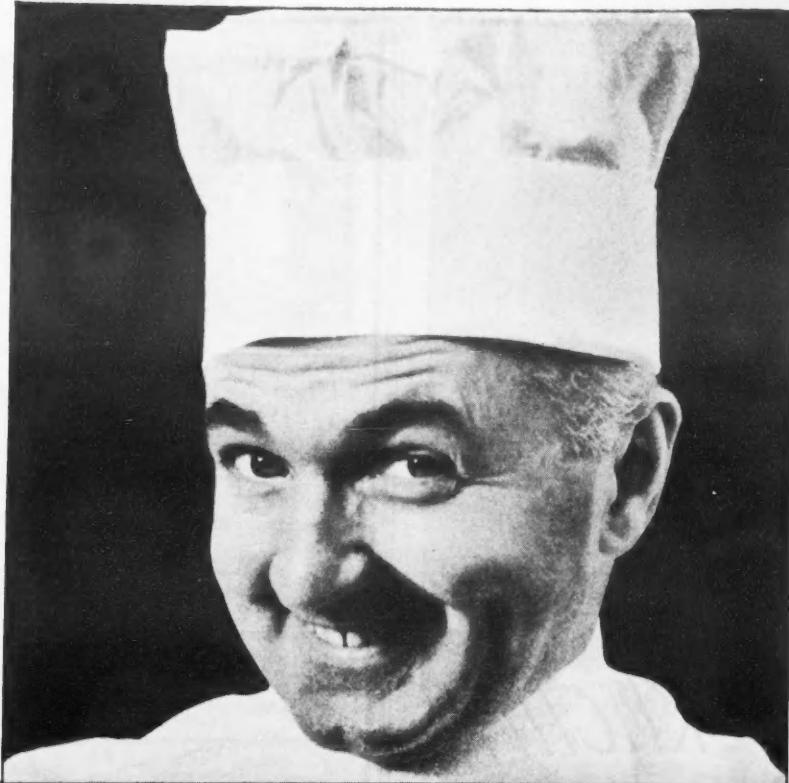
"You're unnerved for the moment," he explained. "You'll soon forget this bad hour, and be ready for something else."

She looked up at Barney's bright head, proud in the moonlight. He was like the men who started gaily across the Atlantic in faulty planes against unfavorable winds. Only when luck rode with them did they come through. More often they were never heard of again. The men who succeeded were those who understood the chances they took, and used every precaution to ensure safe landings. Practical adventurers. Men who referred to their exploits as only a part of the day's work. Men like Lindbergh. Like—Ken!

"Barney," she said, and there was sweetness in her voice, but no sadness, no regret, "you'll always find some woman to take a high road with you. But this one, on which you and I started, didn't end right. You see, I found out—back there when the dead leaf touched my cheek—that there is only one man by whose side I'm willing to face death. That's Ken. I—want him."

She took two steps forward and Ken's hands met hers. They were big and hard and strong, and they held her small ones tight. He hurt her a little but she didn't mind. "I understand," she whispered, "a lot of things—that I never understood before. You put my safety before yours because you loved me—not because you wanted to wall me in. The wall around our compound is lovely. And safe—and a beautiful—shade of grey."

Tears blurred across the corners of her eyes as he held her close against his heart. "I have you again," he said in an unsteady roughened voice. "Nothing else matters. And—whatever you want in high roads, Joan—we'll get us one or two."



The Private Life of the Heinz Tomato Family

Twenty-eight years ago, the greenhouses and gardens, and the rich soil around Leamington, Ontario, down by Lake Erie produced the first crop of tomatoes to be used by Heinz. Carefully selected seed and faithful cultivation marked this as the beginning of crop after crop of tomato aristocrats.

Every day, the delicious, vine-ripened flavour of tomatoes grown under Heinz control, makes new friends. Last season, a million bushels were required to meet the demands of the big Heinz family.

Tomatoes from these illustrious ancestors—picked, cooked and sealed the same day, to conserve every trace of natural savour—are offered you in Heinz Tomato Products. The taste is so satisfying, the colour so alluring and they are so packed with healthfulness that these aristocrats of the tomato family give you a new idea of what tomatoes should taste like in everything Heinz makes of them.

Heinz Tomato Products, famous the world over, are ready at your dealer's. And with the Heinz prices so low, the temptation to enjoy the best becomes a decided economy.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, TORONTO, Established at Leamington, Canada, 1909

HEINZ TOMATO PRODUCTS

SOME
OF
57





A two-in-one dessert—fresh berries in a sponge cake ring.

Big Hits with Small Fruits

by
M. FRANCES HUCKS,

RASPBERRY CHIFFON PIE

A delectable concoction like this deserves such an intriguing name as "Raspberry Chiffon."

1 Tablespoonful of gelatine	1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
1/4 Cupful of cold water	1 Cupful of raspberry juice and pulp
4 Egg yolks	4 Egg whites
1/2 Cupful of sugar	1/4 Cupful of sugar
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice	Baked pastry shell

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the half cupful of sugar, the lemon juice and the salt and cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture will coat a spoon. Add the softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the fruit, cool and when the mixture begins to set, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the one quarter cupful of sugar has been added. Turn this mixture into a baked pastry shell, chill until firm and serve with whipped cream if desired and a garnish of whole berries. One large pie.

RASPBERRY MARSHMALLOW CREAM

You get the same delicious frosty dessert if you put the mixture in a mold with a tightly fitting cover and bury it in ice salt for three or four hours. Two parts of ice to one part of salt.

1 1/4 Cupfuls of raspberries	16 Marshmallows
1 Tablespoonful of sugar	1/4 Cupful of water
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice	1 Cupful of whipping cream

Crush the berries, add the sugar and the lemon juice and allow to stand for half hour. Steam the marshmallows with the water in a double boiler until the marshmallows are dissolved, add the berry mixture and chill. When partly stiffened, fold in the cream which has been whipped until it will hold its shape and turn into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator. Freeze without stirring. Six servings.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

Aside from the serving strawberries "as is," this is one of the nicest ways of using these berries in a dessert.

2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine	2/3 Cupful of fine granulated or powdered sugar
4 Tablespoonfuls of cold water	1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
1/3 Cupful of boiling water	2 Cupfuls of crushed strawberries
	2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, add the boiling water and stir until dissolved. To prepare the fruit, wash and press through a coarse sieve, then add to them the sugar, lemon juice and the dissolved gelatine. Allow to cool, stirring frequently. When the mixture begins to set, beat with a dover beater and fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into a cold wet mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded with a garnish of whole berries. Eight servings.

STRAWBERRY PIE

Have you tried making strawberry pie this way? Topped with swirls of meringue it's "lovely to look at," and another reason for rejoicing that berry season is here.

1 Unbaked pastry shell	3/4 Cupful of sugar
Sifted bread crumbs	2 Egg whites
1 Quart of strawberries	1/3 Cupful of powdered sugar
2 Egg Yolks	

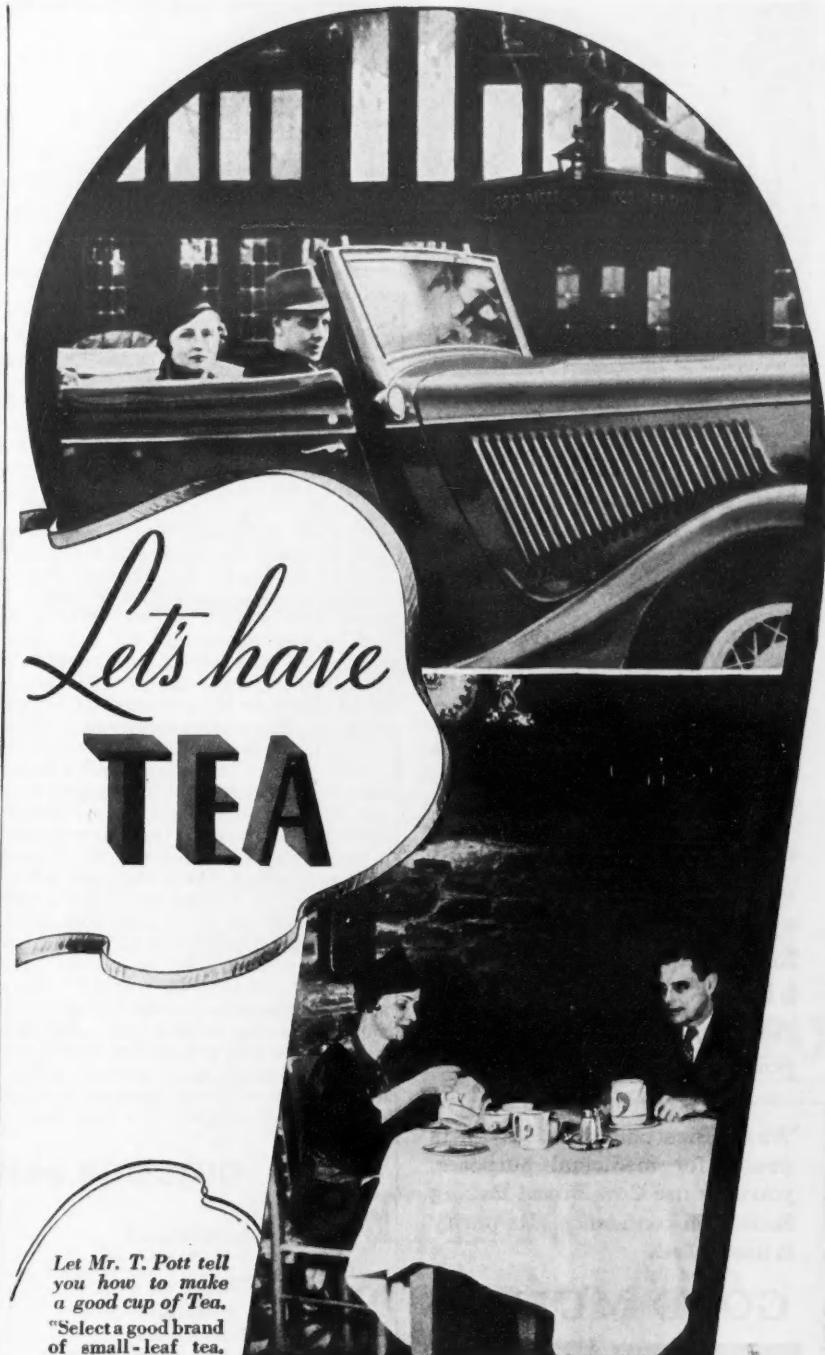
Sprinkle the bottom of the unbaked pastry shell with fine sifted bread crumbs and fill with strawberries, washed, hulled and drained. Beat the egg yolks thoroughly and add the three quarter cupful of sugar. Cover the berries with this mixture and bake in a hot oven—425 degrees Fahr.—for about twenty minutes. Cool and, before serving, cover with meringue made by beating the egg whites and adding the powdered sugar. Brown lightly in a slow oven. Six servings.

THIRTY-ONE
MENUS
FOR JULY



BREAKFAST				LUNCHEON or SUPPER				DINNER			
17	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea		Italian Spaghetti Berries and Cream Cookies Tea				Rib Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Wax Beans Gooseberry Tapioca Coffee	Tea		
18	Tomato Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Tea		Cream of Asparagus Soup Toasted Cheese Fingers Rolls Tea				Cold Roast Beef Horseradish Potato Chips Marmalade Cocoa			
19	Sugared Cherries Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Jelly Tea		Devilled Egg Salad Brown Bread and Butter Almond Junket Tea				Boiled Halibut Celery or Caper Sauce Mashed Potatoes Black Currant Roly Poly Coffee	Tea		
20	Baked Rhubarb Creamed Halibut on Toast Coffee	Tea		Ramekins of Carrots and Peas Chilled Cantaloupe Small Cakes Tea				Tomato Bouillon Breaded Veal Cutlets Boiled Potatoes Swiss Chard Baked Caramel Custard Coffee	Tea		
21 (Sunday)	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea		Vegetable Soup Assorted Sandwiches Fruit Tarts Tea				Mixed Grill (Lamb chop, kidney, sausage mushroom, tomato) Potato Balls, Watercress Salad Jellied Fruits in Ginger Ale Coffee	Tea		
22	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea		Spinach and Poached Eggs Biscuits Tea				Sirloin Steak Riced Potatoes Buttered Carrots Butterscotch Tapioca Coffee	Tea		
23	Raspberries Bacon Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea		Cold Sliced Meat Lyonnaise Potatoes Fruit Cup Cookies Tea				Julienne Soup Fried Small Fish Lemon Sections Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Quick Maple Pudding Coffee	Tea		
24	Chilled Melon Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea		Cream of Tomato Soup Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Iced Layer Cake Tea				Boiled Corned Beef New Potatoes Cabbage Sliced Oranges and Bananas Coffee	Tea		
25	Orange Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Stewed Fruit Coffee	Tea		Cheese Toast and Bacon Raspberry Trifle (use left-over cake) Tea				Corned Beef Hash Peas Broiled Tomatoes Cherry Cobbler Coffee	Tea		
26	Cereal with Berries Crisp Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee	Tea		Salmon Salad Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Wafers Tea				Cream of Celery Soup Mushroom Omelet French Fried Potatoes Spinach Apple Crisp Coffee	Tea		
27	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea		Baked Corn Custard with Green Peppers Berries and Cream Chelsea Buns Tea				Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Blanc Mange Fresh Fruit Sauce Coffee	Tea		
28 (Sunday)	Fresh Blueberries Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes Toast Coffee	Conserve Tea		Potato and Celery Salad Radishes, Cucumbers, Olives Jellied Fruits Whipped Cream Tea				Baked Ham Slices Creamed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Raspberry Tart Pie Coffee	Tea		
29	Grapefruit Bread and Milk Graham Muffins Jelly Coffee	Tea		Bean Soup Lettuce and Tomato Salad Crackers Tea				Lamb Chops Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets French Toast Cherry Sauce Coffee	Tea		
30	Green Apple Sauce Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea		Canned Corned Beef Pan Fried Potatoes Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Lime Jelly Whip Tea				Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Blueberry Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Coffee	Tea		
31	Orange Juice Coddled Eggs Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea		Baked Stuffed Peppers Brown Rolls Mixed Fruit Salad Nut Bread Tea				Broth Cold Sliced Veal Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Baked Custard Fresh Raspberries Coffee	Tea		

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



Let Mr. T. Pott tell
you how to make
a good cup of Tea.
"Select a good brand
of small-leaf tea.
Boil fresh water.
Warm up an earth-
enware tea pot. Put
in one teaspoonful
of tea for each cup
and one for the pot.
The moment the
water boils furiously,
pour it on the
tea. Let the tea brew
five minutes."



When you are motoring...
for business or pleasure... a
good cup of TEA will relieve
the tension of driving, give
you new zest for the wheel,
and keener enjoyment of the
trip. You... and your com-
panions too... will find that
you'll feel better after a good
cup of TEA.

Tea is the natural energy
restorer... available at any
time—anywhere... at the
wayside farmhouse or in the
city restaurant... inexpensive
... refreshing... satisfying.
So, when the road seems
weary, just ease up the car...
and have a good cup of TEA.



... nothing so refreshing as a good cup of TEA



LET Kellogg's do your morning cooking! Crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with milk or cream, and sliced bananas, preserved fruit or honey! Every member of your family loves such a breakfast. Nourishing. Easy to digest. And such a saving of time!

Serve Kellogg's often. Try them for a refreshing lunch, or a wholesome supper for the children. Ready in a jiffy.

There's no fussing over a hot stove with Kellogg's. No scouring of pots and pans. You'll have more hours of freedom—more time to do things you enjoy.

Insist on Kellogg's

Kellogg's Corn Flakes have become the world's largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal because women recognize superior quality and big value.

No substitute can match the flavor of Kellogg's or their oven-fresh crispness, sealed-in by the patented WAXTITE inner wrapper. The big package holds many generous servings and costs but a few cents. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's
FOR CONVENIENCE



MEALS OF THE MONTH

1	BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER (Picnic Supper)		DINNER	
	Sliced Oranges Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast Coffee	Tea	Rolls with Chicken Salad Tomatoes Ginger and Marmalade Sandwiches Watermelon Chocolate Cake Fruit Drink	Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Potato Cakes Vanilla Mousse, Strawberry Sauce Coffee	Tea
2	Strawberries Bread and Milk Bacon Coffee	Corn Muffins Tea	Welsh Rarebit Green Salad French Dressing Fruit Cup Cocoa	Tea	Veal Stew Boiled Potatoes Beet Greens Chocolate Junket Ice Box Cookies Coffee	Tea
3	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Jellied Veal Molds Grated Carrot and Green Pepper Salad Rolls Fresh Pineapple Cocoa	Tea	Bouillon (Vegetable Plate) Green Peas Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Strawberry Shortcake Coffee	Tea
4	Rhubarb French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee	Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Radishes Green Onions Jam Tarts Cocoa	Tea	Broiled Steak Mashed Potatoes Spinach Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee	Tea
5	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Stewed Fruit Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Tomato and Cheese Sandwiches Strawberries and Cream Cocoa	Tea	Fresh Steamed Salmon Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee	Tea
6	Stewed Prunes Creamed Fish (left over) Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea	Chilled Fresh Salmon Mayonnaise Potato Chips Sliced Cucumbers Ginger Cup Cakes Cocoa	Tea	Hamburger Cakes Hashed Brown Potatoes Wax Beans Banana Custard Coffee	Tea
7 (Sunday)	Chilled Watermelon Cereal Grilled Ham Coffee	Eggs Tea	Green Pea Soup Fresh Fruit Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Cocoa	Tea	Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Glazed Carrots Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee	Tea
8	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Asparagus with Cheese Sauce on Toast Canned Fruit Cake (left-over) Cocoa	Tea	Cold Roast Lamb Scalloped Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Rice Custard (Cook enough for croquettes) Coffee	Tea
9	Stewed Rhubarb Bread and Milk Graham Muffins Coffee	Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Lamb and Rice Croquettes Sweet Pickles Fruit Sherbet Wafers Cocoa	Tea	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Strawberry Tart Coffee	Tea
10	Cereal with Berries Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Tea	Cabbage, Pineapple and Nut Salad Cherry Cobbler Cocoa	Tea	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes String Beans Jellied Rhubarb Whipped Cream Coffee	Tea
11	Pineapple Sauce Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Hashed Brown Potatoes Fruit Cup Drop Cakes Cocoa	Tea	Ox-Tail Soup Sweetbreads and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Chocolate Nut Pudding Coffee	Tea
12	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea	Grilled Sardines and Tomatoes on Toast Berries and Cream Biscuits Cocoa	Tea	Pan-broiled Trout Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee	Tea
13	Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon Marmalade Coffee	Toast Tea	Chicken Broth Crackers Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Cocoa	Tea	Baked Cottage Roll Au Gratin Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Chilled Prune Whip Coffee	Tea
14 (Sunday)	Cantaloupe Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee	Tea	Sliced Cottage Roll Radishes Raspberries and Cream Fancy Cakes Cocoa	Tea	Bouillon Jellied Tongue Potato Puff Gingerbread Ice Cream Sandwich Coffee	Tea
15	Lemon Juice Cereal Scones Coffee	Honey Tea	Casserole of Vegetables with Diced Left-over Meat Green Apple Sauce Toasted Scones Cocoa	Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee	Tea
16	Stewed Gooseberries Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Tea	Scalloped Salmon Cucumber Salad Bananas in Lemon Jelly Cocoa	Tea	Spinach Soup (Vegetable Plate) Buttered Noodles Green Peas Slivered Carrots Cauliflower-Cheese Sauce Cherry Pie Coffee	Tea

BIG HITS WITH SMALL FRUITS

Continued from page 48

CHERRY FRITTERS

Fritters are so easy to make and so quickly cooked—and incidentally, so well liked—that we welcome an excuse to make them. And fresh cherries are one of the best excuses we know. Just picture a golden brown fritter, crusted with fruit sugar, light and tender and full of luscious fresh cherries and you're sure to get the fat kettle out and begin pitting cherries.

1 Cupful of pastry flour	1/3 Cupful of milk
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt	3/4 Cupful of drained, pitted cherries
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder	Powdered sugar
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter	
1 Egg	

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Beat the egg, add the melted butter and the milk and combine with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in the cherries which have been pitted, sprinkled with sugar, allowed to stand and then drained. Drop this mixture by small spoonfuls into deep hot fat—360 degrees Fahr.—or hot enough to brown a cube of bread in sixty seconds. Fry until nicely browned, turning to brown both sides (about two minutes), drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar. These may be served with a sauce made by thickening the cherry juice. Six servings.

CHERRY FRENCH TOAST

Bread has many more possibilities than most of us consider. In this case it's the basis for a very appetizing dessert—a perfect background for the fresh cherry mixture which accompanies it. But if you prefer, the cherry mixture may be used to fill freshly baked tart shells or to serve with crisp, hot waffles.

2 Eggs	1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Cupful of milk	Fine cornflake crumbs
2 Tablespoonfuls of thin honey	6 or 8 Slices of bread

Beat the eggs slightly and combine with the milk, honey and salt. Dip each slice of bread in this mixture and coat with the fine cornflake crumbs. Sauté in melted butter in a frying pan, turning to brown nicely on both sides. Serve hot with the cherry mixture:

2 Cupfuls of sour, pitted cherries	1 Cupful of sugar
1 Cupful of boiling water	1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch

Drain the juice from the cherries, combine with the boiling water and the sugar, bring to a boil and boil gently for ten minutes. Add the cornstarch which has been mixed to a paste with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and becomes clear. While hot pour over the cherries and serve hot with the French toast, or cool and use as a filling for tart shells. Six to eight servings.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE COMPOTE

The first tender, rosy stalks of rhubarb may be gone from the garden, leaving you the problem of how to tempt the family with the larger ones which are still plentiful. It would be a shame not to use them. This combination of rhubarb and orange is a bit different, can be made any time you have the oven hot, and is very, very good when served with crackers and cream cheese. You may have to use more or less sugar if your rhubarb isn't quite as tart or quite as sweet as ours.

4 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb	1 Whole clove
1 2/3 Cupfuls of sugar	1 Large orange
Dash of cinnamon	

Combine the sugar and rhubarb, add the cinnamon and whole clove. Cut the orange (unpeeled) into dice, remove the seeds and combine with the rhubarb mixture. Turn into a baking dish, cover and cook in a moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees Fahr.—until the fruit is tender and the juice syrupy. Six to eight servings.

GOOSEBERRY CUSTARD TARTS

Almost as English as a Yorkshire pudding—and every bit as good, if your tastes run that way. If the gooseberry bushes have been overworked, rhubarb makes a satisfactory and very pleasant substitute.

1 Pint of gooseberries	1/4 Cupful of sugar
3/4 Cupful of sugar	Flaky pastry
2 Egg yolks	2 Egg whites
1 Cupful of milk	1/4 Cupful of sugar

Wash the berries off and cut off the ends, then cook until very soft in as little water as possible. Press through a coarse sieve. Add the 3/4 cupful of sugar and simmer until dissolved. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the milk and the sugar and cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until the custard will coat a spoon. Cool and mix with the gooseberry pulp. Line tart tins with the flaky pastry and fill with the custard mixture. Bake in a moderately hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for about twenty minutes or until the pastry is nicely browned. Top each tart with meringue made by beating the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and adding the quarter cupful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Brown lightly in a slow oven. Eight to ten tarts.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT PRESERVE

A combination of fruits which should appeal to the most exacting connoisseur. It would be a good idea to store some of these preserves in small, fancy bottles or glasses, to be used in special Christmas baskets as a thoughtful gift for a convalescent, or a bit of something for mother-in-law to take home with her after she has spent her summer vacation at your home.

6 Pounds of red currants	8 Quarts of raspberries
6 Pounds of sugar	

Pick over, wash and drain the currants and put in a preserving kettle a few at a time, mashing each lot as it is put in. Cook gently for one hour, then strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Return the juice to the kettle, add the sugar and bring to boiling point. Boil gently for twenty minutes. Add one quart of the raspberries, bring to boiling point again and skim out the berries, transferring them to a hot sterile jar. Continue this until all the raspberries are used, then fill the jars to overflowing with the syrup and seal.



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GOOD MUFFINS



3 cups flour,
4 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons melted shortening
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon Cow Brand Soda
1 egg well beaten
1 1/2 cups sour milk

Combine the egg, melted shortening and sugar. Sift the flour once. Measure.

Sift with the soda and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the egg and shortening mixture. Stir only enough to obtain a smooth batter. Bake in an oven 425° Fahrenheit.

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Design for Summer Living

(Continued from page 47)

obliging in all their various forms and flavors, and combinations of the two—fruit and cereal—are an excellent idea for still further variety. If you have an electric outlet there, you can make toast, perk coffee, cook eggs or fry bacon on the spot, but otherwise hot foods may be brought to the table in covered containers and served while still piping. Jams, jellies and other sweets are not particular about the temperature and can be counted on to keep their "goodness" while they wait.

Lunch or supper can be easily adapted to outdoor service. Appetites are not very keen at high noon on a sultry day and a crisp, substantial salad, rolls or slices of bread and butter, fruit in some cool form and a hot or iced beverage provide all the sustenance required by most people. Or it might be a hot nourishing soup with plain biscuits, a jellied dessert or blanc mange with a fruit sauce. Perhaps you'll have this meal under a shady tree if the porch is on the sunny side?

Tea in the afternoon is one of the nicest ideas in summer entertaining—and an easy way to make your guests happy. By all means have it outside on the front verandah, in the garden or some cool corner of the yard. Offer anything you like in the way of a beverage—tea from the pot or the glass, fruit punch, ginger ale, grape juice, iced coffee, lemonade or any one of the many delightful possibilities along this line. Have your glasses tall and allow for "refills." Simple accompaniments are best, and all or nearly all of them can be prepared beforehand. Cookies keep their crispness or their chewiness according to type; sandwiches stay fresh and moist if well wrapped in waxed paper; molded salads of fish, flesh, fowl or

fruit keep their shape in the refrigerator and ice creams retain their chill. So there's nothing much to do at the time but bring them out, add a touch of garnish and serve. To cut work to a minimum keep on hand a good stock of ready-to-serve products appropriate for such an occasion, then you're prepared to offer cool refreshments and a warm welcome anytime.

IF YOU are a real enthusiast and are planning to dine *al fresco*, choose a menu with only one hot course. Place the fruit cup or the jellied consommé on the table before the meal is announced and have the next course waiting its turn on the stove, on a side table or dinner wagon according to its temperature. Platter dinners with meat and vegetable on one dish, salads in a big bowl and family sized desserts are often easier to manage than individual servings and the right idea is to simplify service and reduce dishwashing as much as possible. Trays, folding stands and pushcarts save steps and time and are among the more inexpensive conveniences available.

Propose a picnic and you get as big a following as a chain letter; everyone is willing to contribute at least a dime's worth of food, work or advice and the returns in pleasure are enormous. Its success depends on a full hamper, but it is necessary to use judgment in choosing and packing the meal. I leave you to settle your own menu but set down for your guidance a few general rules, which I consider, are important. First, have some sort of plan, even for the impromptu picnic. Make a list of the little things which are so often forgotten and check them off as you pack. Avoid dishes which do not carry well, or are hard to manage without spilling or spattering. Use plenty of waxed paper to wrap each food separately, then tie up and label your packages so you know what you are about when you come to serve. Don't work yourself to death but give everyone a share in the arrangements and the fun. If you build a fire, do not have it too big or too hot, and put it out before you leave. It's a good idea, too, to slip in a first-aid kit, as well as a cake of soap and a few paper towels.

OUTDOOR MENU SUGGESTIONS

BREAKFAST.

1. Grapefruit Juice
Ready-to-serve Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Jam
Beverage
2. Fresh Berries
Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes
On Toast
Beverage
3. Tomato Juice
Cereal with Berries
Bacon
Marmalade
Hot Muffins
Beverage

SUPPERS OR LUNCHEONS.

1. Combination Vegetable Salad
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Fruit Shortcake with Cream
Hot or Iced Beverage
2. Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms
Sliced Tomatoes
Hot Rolls or Biscuits or Cucumber Sandwiches
Berries and Cream
Cookies
Beverage
3. Cold Sliced Meat
Pickled Pears or Crabapples
Grated Raw Vegetable Salad
Bread and Butter
Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce
Wafers
Beverage

DINNER MENU

Hot Consommé
Chilled Fresh Salmon Fresh Cucumbers
Potato and Celery Salad
Marinated Asparagus
Bread Sticks
Deep Fruit Pie
Beverage

AFTERNOON TEA

1. Open-face Tomato Sandwiches
Cheese Straws
Fruit Bread
- Wafers with Cheese and Marmalade Topping
Iced Tea or Orange Drink

2.

Butter Puffs or Pastry Rounds with
Lobster Topping
Cress Rolls
Assorted Fancy Cakes

PICNICS

1. Spring Vegetable Salad
(in Thermos jug or large jar)
Thinly Sliced Cheese Sandwiches
Chopped Ham and Hard-cooked
Egg Sandwiches
Sweet Pickles
Cherries
Iced Loaf Cake
Coffee or Chocolate Milk Drink
2. Cold Chicken cut in Servings, each Serving
wrapped in waxed paper
Small Whole Tomatoes
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Olives
Cantaloupe
Fruit Punch or Hot Coffee
3. Scrambled Eggs and Sliced Sausages
(to be cooked at the picnic grounds)
Brown Rolls
Celery
Dill Pickles
Individual Cherry Pies
Crackers
Cheese
Tea or Coffee
Raspberry Vinegar

For the Spring Vegetable Salad: Combine finely shredded cabbage with diced, firm tomatoes, diced cucumbers, chopped green onions and green pepper and sliced radishes. Add French dressing and chill. Serve with additional mayonnaise if desired.

For Scrambled Eggs and Sausages: Allow two good-sized sausages and two eggs for each person. Cut the sausages into crosswise pieces and put in the frying pan with some thinly sliced onions. Cook until the sausages are partly cooked and the onions are lightly browned. Beat the eggs slightly, add salt and pepper to taste and a little milk or water. Turn into the frying pan and cook over fairly low heat, stirring constantly until the eggs are set and sausages completely cooked.

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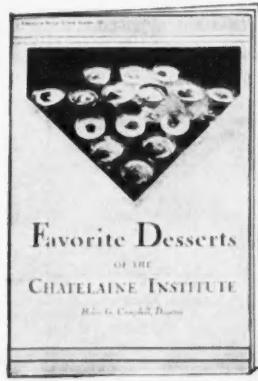
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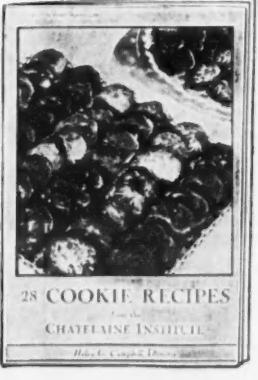
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If I Were Revising the Divorce Law

[Continued from page 11]

were such, as Paul knew to his cost, in the ancient church at Corinth. It may be that there are such today, in communities where to do such things means that one is counted respectable and perhaps put "into the swim." We cannot safeguard our Holy Communion against abuse, for the abuse lies in the hearts of those who offend.

It is exactly the same with marriage. We cannot prevent its abuse, but when it has been abused we can forbid the perpetuation, or the further degradation, of the situation. We can refuse to force those who have entered it with the highest motives to be for ever the victims of spouses who had no such deep religious or moral convictions. We can prevent the innocent children from suffering more than they must, and often, from this point of view, the insistence on the preservation of the husk of marriage, the forcing of irreconcilable parents to live together, the hypocrisy of maintaining a façade for a sham, is far worse conduct on the part of society than the frank admission that someone has profaned what to the rest of us is a sacrament, has defaced what to the rest of us is loveliness, and had broken what to the rest of us is an eternal covenant.

We profess to have got rid of the so-called Victorian habit of covering falsehood with a veneer of respectability, but those who say that forget the attitude of thousands of people toward the Divorce Law by which in the sacred names of religion and morality they place a false face on cruelty, obscenity and wrong.

I need hardly say that, after all, the real marriage is not in the least concerned in all this. One could never imagine, entirely different though they are, Viscount and Viscountess Snowden, Robert and Elizabeth

Barrett Browning, or Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, being interested in the divorce laws—except as they affected travesties of their own happy unions. Perhaps the creation of such marriages ought to engage public opinion in general, and religious opinion in particular, at least as much as the grounds on which their parodies shall come to an end.

To begin with, marriages are entered upon too easily and for insufficient motives. I have often said jestingly that "No man should marry who can remain single"—and I spoke a true word. Unless life without that other person is impossible to contemplate, then your marriage will assuredly end in disaster. Nor, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning puts it, is it well to be able to make a catalogue of the reasons for your love. Time may deal very hardly with some of them, and, if your structure rests on such foundations it will then fall. Sometimes a pretty face, or a common interest, or general boredom enthusiastically shared, brings two people to the altar—and then to the courts. One often has the uneasy feeling that people are making very light of a church ceremony, even after one has explained what it is intended to mean. Parents frequently omit the instruction of their children in the sanctities of marriage, even when they have lectured them on its incidental hygiene. Perhaps they have not always too clear a conception of these holy things themselves.

There is no substitute for the consciousness of true affinity with each other, and that true sense of partnership in the sight of God, which alone make any marriage worth the name. It may be that that becomes overclouded occasionally. I have myself effected more than one permanent reconciliation in what seemed a shattered marriage simply by bringing both parties back to their common memories, their mutual love, and their shared privileges and responsibilities. The possibility of that should, and must, always be exhausted before the decree is pronounced. On the other hand, to refuse to pronounce it, or to pronounce it only on the unpleasant grounds at present conceded, is to my mind a degradation rather than a vindication of all that marriage ought to mean.

HOT AND COLD



THE ILLUSTRATION shows custard cups in a new rôle. No doubt you know a dozen uses for them, but have you ever thought of serving creamed sweetbreads, salmon or chicken in individual oven glass dishes right on the same plate as the crisp accompaniments? Good idea! It keeps the food hot, simplifies service and dishwashing, gives a neat appearance and makes everything taste better.

You never know, when you're having cold cuts and scalloped tomatoes, whether to heat the plate for the vegetable or chill it for the meat. This way you can suit the

temperature to each of them—and everybody's happy! Indeed once you come to think about it, there are many main course combinations when custard cups would be just the right thing for one food. They might keep individual meat pies piping hot in the centre of a salad plate or hold the chill in a lightly jellied mixture even though broiled chops and baked potatoes surround it.

They are nice too, these little cups and bakers, when the creamed vegetable is pretty "runny" to serve on a flat plate with other foods. And fine when you don't want different flavors mixed.

Doesn't this whip up your Appetite?



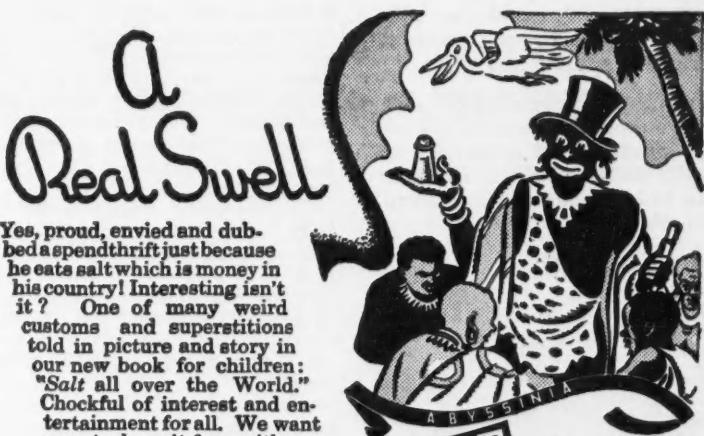
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JAMS and JELLIES AGAIN

New Recipes from Chatelaine Institute

HEIGH HO for the merry summer days! And alas and alack for the hundredweights of sugar and fruit used in sticky jam or jelly failures! Perhaps we've mentioned before that the short cut to success in cooking is the surest simplest way, but whether it's the long or short boil method that is used in jam or jelly making, the cook should know what she is trying to do and what perfect jam is like.

The definite object is a cupboard full of sparkling jams and jellies to offer the flavor of the fully ripe, fresh fruit all the year round. Each jar should be perfect, for perfection is easily and inexpensively obtained these modern days. First, of course, perfect jams and jellies should have the natural flavor and color of the freshly picked fruit. Second, there must be no sugar crystals in the jam or jelly, and if they form it means that the mixture contains too much sugar. Third, a perfect jelly should have fine texture, and when turned out should quiver as it is tapped with a knife. A knife should cut through it easily and come away clean, leaving the cut edges sparkling and sharp.

"It's all in the way you hold your mouth," they used to say. And really that's all some people knew about the "sureness" of their recipes. Some years the recipe that Mrs. Brown got from her mother-in-law's aunt at Jenny Harper's quilting bee was splendid, although it hadn't worked for Mrs. Mackintosh on the tenth line. And next year it wouldn't work for anyone!

Those cooks of long ago had to guess at the pectin or jelly-making content of their syrup. Every fruit contains a different amount of pectin, and is therefore of different jelling strength. And not only does the amount of pectin vary in each species at different stages of ripeness, but it varies from year to year. So the only way to take the gamble out of jam and jelly making is to be sure of the amount of pectin used in each recipe.

Concentrated, refined, and commercially bottled pectin is perfectly balanced, and each of the recipes given for use with it has been tested to give a perfect product at lowest cost. With the least amount of work, too. Using the pectin short boil method, any fruit may be made into fine jam or jelly because just the right amount of pectin is added to give first class results.

Raspberries will not jell, no matter how long they are boiled, unless pectin is added. But there is no waste of fruit or flavor when they are simply combined with pectin in this easy recipe.

Red Raspberry Jelly

4 Cupfuls (2 lbs.) of juice
7½ Cupfuls (3½ lbs.) of sugar
1 Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

To prepare the juice, crush thoroughly or grind about three quarts of fully ripe berries. Place in a jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out the juice. To separate the juice quickly and easily, spread a large square of double cheese-cloth or Canton flannel in a colander. Place the prepared fruit in the cloth, bring the corners together and twist. Press the juice from the bag with a potato masher. To make jellies from dripped juice, use twice the amount of the fruit called for in the recipe and drip through Canton flannel. The remaining fruit pulp may be used for jam.

Measure the sugar and juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over very strong heat and at once add the pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from the heat, skim, and pour quickly into hot jelly glasses. Cover with one-eighth inch layer of hot paraffin to protect from dust. When the glasses have cooled, add a second heavier coating of paraffin and roll each glass to make the wax run around the edges for a perfect seal. Cover with clean tin covers or with securely fastened papers.

The recipe above makes about eleven six-ounce jars of jelly and the same recipe may be used for strawberry, blackberry or loganberry jelly.

Rhubarb makes a delicious and unusual conserve, and is very inexpensive.

Rhubarb Conserve

3 Cupfuls (1½ lbs.) of prepared fruit
1 Cupful of nut meats, finely chopped
½ Pound of seeded raisins
5 Cupfuls (2½ lbs.) of sugar
½ Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

To prepare the fruit, slice fine or chop about two pounds of rhubarb. Do not peel. Red-stalked rhubarb gives the best color. If desired, add one teaspoonful of ginger to the measured rhubarb.

Measure the sugar and fruit into a large kettle, filling up the last cupful of fruit with water if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over strong heat. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from the heat, add the nuts and stir in the pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into hot glasses, and paraffin at once.

Almonds darken the mixture less than other nuts and the conserve has a more attractive color if these are used. This recipe makes about nine jars of six ounces each.

Vegetable marrow and ginger jam give an unusual flavor combination.

Marrow and Ginger Jam

3 Cupfuls (1½ lbs.) of prepared marrow
¾ Cupful (2 oz.) of water
Juice of one lemon
7½ Cupfuls (3½ lbs.) of sugar
3 Teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger
1 Cupful of bottled fruit pectin

Peel a large marrow, discarding the skin, seeds and pithy portion around seeds. Cut two pounds into small pieces, cover with water and let stand overnight. Pour off the water and chop the marrow very fine. Add one-quarter cupful of water and simmer, covered, for twenty minutes. Measure the sugar, three cupfuls of prepared marrow, the lemon juice, and powdered ginger into a large kettle. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over strong heat. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for two minutes. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin. Let stand for five minutes to cool slightly. Pour quickly into hot glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about thirteen six-ounce jars.

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"I Went to London to See the Queen"

(Continued from page 16)

Majesty King George" really cost his subjects less than a president and gave better value. We laughed with many others while a negro spoke of "blushing for shame" at conditions. We listened to freak religions, to new philosophies and old bromides, but perhaps the queerest of them all was the little sandy-haired man who stood all alone off by himself, holding aloft a magenta banner on which was inscribed: "I am the Lamb of God."

Presently policemen on motorcycles arrived in the roadway, traffic was cleared and a procession marched through the big gates. A bystander explained that it was the May 1st demonstration of the Communists postponed from a weekday to this Sunday. With scarlet banners, scarlet berets, even scarlet suits and coats they marched, men and women chanting their songs; children, with violent flags held high, followed on trucks. It was a long procession but not very impressive. Their average age seemed to be about nineteen or twenty and many of the men had long hair. On both sides walked sheepish-looking policemen paternally guarding them from the crowd which placidly watched from the sidewalks. Behind us stood a rather bedraggled woman and man with two grimy children in a dilapidated baby carriage, on which was pasted a picture of the King and Queen cut out from a full-page illustration in a Sunday paper, and brightened up by hand with colored chalks. They stood and gazed, then after a while moved off and joined the thousands on the grass. The woman sat down, took off her shoes, turned her back on the parade and gave all her attention to the music of a distant military band giving a Sunday concert.

Oxford Street was free of traffic when finally we went to sightsee. A solid mass of pedestrians crowded it from one side to the other. A slow moving, yet gay holiday crowd which smiled as it jostled under a canopy of waving flags and festoons of blue and gold lights. Every shop window bore a Jubilee message, not only on posters or pictures but in merchandise: Red hats, blue bags and white dresses; red sweaters, blue ties and white shirts; rubies, sapphires and diamonds. There seemed no other color visible: everything was red, white or blue.

We watched the darting searchlights, the illuminated planes flying high over the city, finally came the time to go home. Buses moved in a solid stream detoured down side-streets, none crowded but all full. Beside me waited a portly matron who at last pleaded with the conductor of a full bus to let her on. "Aw, please," she begged of

the man who stood with his hand on the bell cord. "Sorry, Lidy . . . yer fairly break me 'eart," said he, and the bus moved off. "Aw, g'wan," she called after him: "Yer 'eart don't 'urt like me harches."

THE PAPERS announced that the King and Queen would arrive at St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service at 11:26 a.m. Four o'clock seemed early enough to get up and breakfast, but pedestrians were hurrying along the streets when we opened the front door, and when we reached the procession route the curbstones were lined with patient sitters eating their breakfast out of paper parcels. A little nervous, we hurried down to our chosen spot near the Law Courts where the Lord Mayor was to offer his sword to the King and welcome him to the City, but we were hours too late. Dozens of people had slept there all night, the sidewalk was littered with the newspapers they had used as bedding and they were already standing four deep. Back we walked. Suddenly I spied two Canadians I knew. Strangely enough, it did not seem in the least out of place to find a broker from Ottawa and a prominent London, Ontario, business man sitting on the curb with their feet in the gutter, their pockets bulging with oranges and ham sandwiches, their chins badly needing a shave. They squeezed over an inch or two and we sat down beside them. The sun grew stronger, the festoons and flags overhead waved but slightly in the faint breeze, the crowd lined up behind us, a jolly-faced policeman arrived to stand in front.

At ten to seven the first top hat arrived to take its place in the stand opposite us and behind the church of St. Clement's. "Seats over there cost eight to twelve guineas," commented the policeman. At 7:15 the man selling periscopes appeared. "Ow's yer feet?" he enquired solicitously, adding, "Ye've four long hours to wait, but I've bin up orl night." An ex-Canadian in the crowd behind us recognized a familiar accent as we replied. "Hullo, Canucks," he called, "I'm from Winnipeg. How did Toronto do in hockey last year?"

The crowd was growing so dense along the street that all that could be seen behind the navy blue bulwark of policemen with linked arms, was a swaying mass of humanity. Among those around us the talk was mostly of the Royal family, of how the King had ordered that Hyde Park should be left open all night for homeless visitors, of how he had gone quietly last evening to lay a wreath on the Cenotaph. Taxis whizzed down the street carrying their passengers to the seats in the stands in shop windows where the plate-glass had been removed, to galleries built high in every possible spot and corner.

Scouts passed selling Jubilee programmes, among them Scottish scouts in kilts instead of shorts. Messenger boys with pill-box hats, Frontiersmen (volunteer policemen) in uniforms similar to the Northwest Mounties and dozens of St. John's Ambulance men in navy with white passed this way and that. Then the St. John's men proceeded to take their places, one between each two policemen lining the route.

At 7:45 the loud speaker in the stand by the church broadcast music and the crowd joined in. Then out of a taxi stepped a pretty little blonde and a slight dark man. "That's Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton," announced the policeman. The crowd had already given them a cheer. They took their places in the stand and soon were joined by Cecily Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert with a white carnation in his buttonhole. Each actress was in blue, white and red; blue dresses, white hats and red ornaments. The sale of programmes speeded up and there were frantic dashes over to the stand for their autographs. The policeman set his two square boots in my place to hold it for me, and I, too, went across. "Give my love to Canada," called out pretty Evelyn Laye.

The sun grew stronger and it got warmer; two policemen passing along the road collected the folded mackintosh capes from the belts of the policemen on guard. "Now it's official that it won't rain," said my friend the Bobby. [Continued on next page]

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MERCK ZINC STEARATE

Edward Johnson

(Continued from page 22)

—indeed his whole personality. He breathes music, he thinks it, he acts it, he lives it, so it naturally and inevitably follows that he looks as though music were a joyous art.

His good all-around intelligence has emerged in one driving purpose—to know and interpret music. Few people hearing a finished artist have any realization of their terrific struggle and the will-power behind that art, because it looks easy and natural. That is how it should look. The sacrifices for it are seldom apparent to the casual observer, but it is that very surmounting strength and wisdom in the character of Edward Johnson which give him great interpretative power.

As the creator of more leading rôles than any other tenor now singing on the operatic stage, the most recent being the name rôle in the great American opera "The King's Henchman," we appreciate not only his vocal technique and interpretative artistry but also his personal magnetism, spontaneity and sincerity. He looks so perfectly glamorous on the stage—and he has for thirteen years at the Metropolitan Company at New York—that he carries you along into that fair world of his statement.

In everyday life he is still a romantic figure in a cosmopolitan way, but he is also a lovable person in a mature way, who looks mellow and kindly, especially when he puts on his horn-rimmed glasses to give a few important facts about children's musical education or opera in English. Both are burning subjects to him. His enthusiasm and naturalness of manner are disarming. He likes you and you like him, for you feel instantly that he knows life from many angles and therefore makes allowances. So withal he is a cheery person, who inspires spunk and an up-and-doing spirit.

And you are drawn to him again when he is with his demure-looking daughter. She makes you a continental curtsy—no relation to the American stick-out-the-hand business—and looks much more like her Italian mother than her Scottish father. When he goes home to Guelph occasionally, he is a nice comfortable person, joining in the life and going off to the golf club; not at all beyond the reach of old friends.

One can easily imagine, seeing him at home, how he was inspired there in his early years by the late Professor Kelly, for Miss Kelly, who followed her father in music, drew many up to the organ loft—even such as I. Both had that quality that fires youth. Maybe, coming from the south, it was the haunting, intangible quality of music. However, Edward Johnson did not require much firing. He had it within himself. Later, preferring music to all else, he gave up studying law to become a singer and secured his first position as a choir boy in a Presbyterian church in New York. After a short period of success in the United States, he began his stellar operatic career in Italy, studying under Lombardi, Caruso's teacher; and since his début in Padua, Italy, he has only sung leading rôles.

Edward Johnson attributes his entire success to his wife, who died before he had really come into his own in America. He says he attributes everything to her. She helped him in learning Italian until he passed as a native; she played his accompaniments; she struggled with him when he

might have turned to easier means of livelihood, and always encouraged him.

To help us realize what we ourselves enjoy most in music, and consciously or unconsciously look for, Dr. Johnson explains that "rhythm comes first and melody second. Despite the fact that many people will argue to the contrary, I find this order without exception."

"People respond particularly to rhythm because it is a very primitive quality. It is of the body as well as of the mind; that is, in its evocation, and people have developed a growing sense of rhythm, as well as music appreciation, through listening to the radio and by attending 'mushroom opera' companies all over the country.

"Audiences are more *en rapport* and 'radio ears' are getting to know what the artist means to do, when he is interpreting, even though they do not see him. With growing appreciation of rhythm, there is also a growing appreciation for rhythmic artists. As Elbert Hubbard used to say: 'The people like the people who like the things they like.' So the public likes what it knows and hears."

"The public is responding to classical music with greater enthusiasm—more and more each day, I am glad to say." We all enjoy the work of the old masters, and much of it has a general appeal to us through its melodies, which are often used as a basis for popular songs. Dr. Johnson puts it clearly when he says: "Mozart presented elemental truths with simple clarity, as did Schubert with simple romanticism."

"These composers, like Bach, will always hold and enchant the real musician, and the masses likewise, by reason of their universal appeal to that common bond—the love of the devotional. Pure music has a great appeal by reason of its natural purity and simplicity."

"The classic is devotional and religious and people are getting more and more devotional each day. Such great composers as Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart stimulate an impulse toward the spiritual, and people who are spiritually sensitized love and understand pure music, which portrays their own *soul* qualities. Beauty, art, music, poetry, rhythm, tempo—these are all soul qualities." This statement given so easily gave me much food for thought. Dr. Johnson evidently assumes—and graciously so—that we have a developed intelligence, for it is granted that pure music requires intelligence as in mathematics, as well as emotion.

"People who are dead to art," he says, "who say they do not want or need music, are like those who say they do not want or need religion, for both art and religion are akin to each other. What these people really mean is that they have a sort of understanding of music or God that they do not need. These people must therefore be educated to know the truth about both and then they will not only need them, but actually want them and will also enjoy them. To certain people, who go so far as to insist that there is no God or real art, as many Russians are saying today, I would like to put these questions: 'Then how do you account for your being here, and how do you account for the existence of art?'"

DR. JOHNSON said when appointed: "I was tired, I wanted a vacation. I was not sure whether I should accept the immense responsibility, but at the last I made up my mind that I must. I felt it a sort of call, almost like a call to the ministry. I am still a romantic and expect much from the world."

One critic says, "There is reason to believe that Mr. Johnson is qualified for the great work that lies before him. His task is formidable but his opportunity is superb."

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The Magic of Summer Bouquets

by J. W. THOMAS

CUT FLOWERS in the home are a joy, a joy that is many times multiplied if they are cut from your own garden. There is nothing that can surpass the happy atmosphere of cheerfulness and optimism that fresh flowers attractively arranged bring into the home. A simple bouquet on the breakfast table may change the whole tenor of the day's routine. And you can enjoy your cut flowers longer if you observe a few simple rules.

The first thing to be observed in cutting flowers from your garden is concerned with the time of day. Flowers should be cut early in the morning while the stems are full of sap; as a rule before they are fully opened. The chief reason for this is that evaporation takes place then at a less rapid rate than during the day when the air is warmer.

Narcissus should be cut before the petals burst, and the gladioli when the two blooms at the bottom of the stalk have unfolded. Peonies are best cut when half opened, and will last a week or more if properly cared for. Poppies should be cut in the bud, and wild flowers when wet with dew.

Dahlias sometimes prove a disappointment, but they may be kept a long time if given a special kind of treatment. The flowers should be cut early and the stems stripped bare at the bottom, after which they should be thrust into water as hot as the hand can bear. They should be left there until the water cools, and then be placed in cold water and kept in the dark for twelve hours.

Flowers that have come from a distance and are withered, may be revived by putting the stems into water which is just under the boiling point. The Japanese boil the stems of flowers till white before putting them in cold water. When this plan is followed it is always important to protect the flowers and foliage from the steam, and it is wise to wrap all but three or four inches of the stem in tissue paper. In England as well as in Japan, burning the flower stems in order to have the blossoms last an extra long time is practised. A gas or candle flame is used, and the ends of the stems roasted until black and charred, the upper part of the stems being wrapped in a damp cloth. Mere singeing is not sufficient. Poppies treated in this fashion may be kept fresh looking and with erect stems even if cut when in blossom.

In most cases a knife is the most desirable instrument for cutting flowers. Scissors will do very well for sweet peas and a few other flowers, but for large stems or tender plants a knife is best. If you use a knife and make a slanting cut which allows the plant tube to remain open, it will function naturally in carrying water from the container to the cut flower as needed. Scissors are to be avoided for the reason that they pinch the stems and so close the water passages.

Flowers should be placed in water immediately after cutting. A splendid rule to follow is to carry a pail of water with you to the garden. As you cut the flowers, plunge them well down into the water, up to the blossom. Every other day a half inch should be cut from the stems, and at night the vases should be carefully filled with water and set on the floor of a cool room. Rain water is best for cut flowers and it must be changed every day in summer. Do not let the stems rest on the bottom of the vase, for then they do not take up water freely and if the mouth is completely filled with stems and foliage the flowers will soon perish of suffocation. When changing the water wash the stems and remove all bruised and decaying foliage. It is a good practice to hold the stems under water and cut the ends slantwise with a knife. This assures an open waterway, for the original cut may have become clogged or closed.

The hardening process that florists practise is nothing more or less than filling the cut flower to capacity with fresh water. Leave the flowers in the pail of water and set them in a cool place for twelve hours,

which is usually sufficient time for the plants to drink themselves full of water. In a cool place water evaporates slowly, and the plant has a chance to retain much of the water. Water keeps the plant turgid in the same way that air keeps the rubber tire inflated. Wilting is the result of the plant having lost so much of its water content that it has lost its original shape.

Since a cut flower lasts only so long as it can overcome the ravages of evaporation, the advantages of the flower which has been through the hardening process are apparent. These simple rules for cutting at the right time of day and in the proper way, followed by the hardening process, are all that are used by the florist.

Now for the arrangement in the containers. Do not try to crowd too much of anything into one bowl. Remember the keynote of beauty is simplicity. As much as possible arrange your flowers in the way that they grew. They have an uncanny knack of growing and associating in the most perfect manner possible, and the best we can do is to imitate their exquisite example. In all flower gatherings have plenty of green, but let it be the green of their own foliage if possible.

Florists use gypsophila, lilies of the valley and white carnations in combination with many brilliant flowers as white goes with any color. Yellow and blue go well together, but lavender and blue clash. The Japanese have a way of arranging a single spray, or at most three in a vase and the effect is charming, but the old-fashioned bouquet of all varieties is coming into vogue again.

Containers need not be expensive to be beautiful. Small, clear glass fish bowls are unequalled for nasturtiums, sweet peas and similar flowers. Holders of clear glass are unrivalled for the display of flowers which have clean smooth stems, while dull pottery vases and brass and copper bowls are able to give character and charm to flowers which otherwise would look commonplace.

Copper and bronze are delightful for marigolds, coreopsis, goldenrod and chrysanthemums in shades of yellow. Most flowers show to advantage in green pottery. Yellow daisies and dahlias are beautiful in delf blue pitchers. White flowers look well in blue vases. Vases with narrow necks are to be avoided, if one wishes to put them to actual use, as such vases shut out the oxygen and the flowers soon fade and die. Wide-mouthed and full necks are desirable when even a single flower like a great chrysanthemum or a lovely rose is to be shown. Yet the flowers would look most unhappy if allowed to hang foolishly over the edge. The Japanese get around this difficulty by cutting a twig a little longer than the diameter of the vase and splitting one end. The twig is then pushed into place across the mouth of the vase an inch or two below the flower stem thrust through the slit. This plan is also followed when several flowers are used in a wide-mouthed vase; for by the rules of the Japanese school the top of the tallest must be exactly over the centre of the holder, although the stem below may make a long and graceful curve.

A perfectly flat bowl about ten inches in diameter with sides one and one-half inches high filled with water on which float three or five full-blown roses, with stems nipped off, makes a charming centrepiece especially in winter, for most anyone can afford a few full-blown roses.

The same bowl in spring filled to just the right fullness with pansy faces, field daisies or hardy pinks is lovely. A low centrepiece is much to be preferred to a tall jungle that one has to peer through to see friends on opposite sides of the table.

By experimenting and using one's judgment, unusual and artistic effects may be obtained with flowers, and the charm you feel in the garden may be brought into the house.



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See Page 57



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GRADUALLY THE stream of taxis ceased. The stands appeared full, but we also knew that the big wooden gates completely closing off this section of the town would soon be shut to all but official cars and the congregation on the way to St. Paul's. At 8.15, the first Indian Rajah drove by in a Rolls Royce on his way to the cathedral and was cheered, although his car was merely marked with a yellow disc that denoted he was a guest, not an ambassador. In between the big cars that now passed in a continuous line worked funny little men strewing sand on the street. They wore navy-blue cocked hats, navy-blue loose coats made in a loose kimono pattern with a wide white stripe down the middle of the back and on the arms. They resembled a famous but unpopular Canadian animal and were the street cleaners; this is their uniform for traffic. Presently the soldiers arrived, territorials in khaki, bands in brilliant green or red uniforms. They formed another line along each side of the street in front of the policemen, but luckily those near us were not tall and we could easily see into the cars that now formed an unending procession.

Many of them, in accordance with the King's expressed wishes, were open so that the crowd might see the judges in their wigs and voluminous robes, Rajahs in turbans, Maharanees with draped, jewelled saris over their heads, jewels on their foreheads, in their noses and ears, British generals in scarlet with white feathers waving from their helmets, aristocratic women with wide hats and lovely furs. There were field-marshals and admirals, and even the gloomy Dean Inge who received a special cheer from the crowd.

Foreign ambassadors passed in all their glory in foreign cars—lovely low-slung models that sent the men beside me into cries of admiration I reserved for the uniforms inside. But ever so often there arrived some incongruity that gave the crowd a chance to laugh—a field marshal in a Baby Austin driven by a chauffeur. (Really a wise choice as it slipped in and out and around the corner like a clockwork mouse.) Two Rajahs in an Austin looked just as dignified as if they were seated on an elephant. We watched closely the letters pasted on each windshield; A. meant Ambassadors; B. and D. Ministers and other members of the Diplomatic Corps; C. Cabinet Ministers. Royal Household cars wore white squares with black crowns and other guests showed red, blue or yellow numbered discs. Lord Duncannon drove by in a big car with friends. I caught sight of the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Ferguson. Lady Oxford drove alone. The crowd gave Mr. Thomas and Lloyd

George a special welcome and clapped Lord Pole Carew, who looked the absolute personification of British aristocracy. He was in military scarlet.

"SMILE, SMILE, SMILE" came over the radio at 9.50 and the crowd took it up with a vim. Passing in a big open car all by herself was a little old lady with a purple parasol. Her lips moved as she whispered the words of the song and her eyes with a faraway look were gazing unseeing far over the crowd. Then came a gorgeous car with chauffeur and footmen and four elaborately uniformed officials. It slowed down, it stopped "out of gas." Policemen pushed it round the corner and the spectators roared.

It was getting very hot. Those behind us were gradually shoving us off the edge of the sidewalk, but each time my policeman firmly placed me back again. A woman to the left fainted and was carried out in a second by the St. John's Ambulance men down to their shelter in the Law Courts. They had over a hundred First Aid rooms of that variety in London for this day. Suddenly my policeman put his hand down in his pocket and fished out a small bag of candy. "Loike caramels?" he queried. With a peculiar "Gilbert and Sullivan" feeling that I really should answer in song, I agreed that I did. "They're pretty squashed but they'll taste or right," said he, as he handed them round. "That's why we don't have revolutions over here," whispered a tall Englishman who

I was growing very tired. Even the Rajahs with jewelled encrusted silver helmets with huge osprey ornaments, or the Beefeaters and red-robed choir boys who passed in great crimson charabancs, or the Siamese Prince who was taking pictures of the crowd from a seat beside the chauffeur, could not make me forget that I ached all over. Then all at once I was absolutely unconscious of my feelings. We could hear distant cheers above the chimes now ringing from the church steeple above the music of the band. "Ere they come," said my policeman.

Troops of lovely horses preceded them. Horse Guards with shining breastplates over scarlet tunics, silver helmets with flowing plumes. First came the six open carriages with the Prime Ministers, Mr. Bennett looking remarkably well in his official cocked hat. Then came the Speaker of the House of Commons in a lovely open golden coach, the Lord High Chancellor and his entourage with the gold mace poking its head out of their carriage window, then a long procession of cars with members of the Royal family. I was amazed to hear how well the crowd knew their names as they passed—

cousins, aunts and distant relatives of the reigning house. The Lord Mayor had five carriages in his group, none quite as grand as his own with its coachmen with ostrich-trimmed cocked hats.

WHEN THEY had all disappeared in the distance the crowd surged forward. Next on the programme was the Duke of York's carriage procession. More gorgeous mounted troops galloped by, then came a carriage that seemed to be filled with soft pink and blue. Two wide-eyed little girls in pink solemnly bowed their heads left and right, a smiling mother all in blue watching them. Behind their carriage in another drove a fairy princess—the Duchess of Kent in smoky beige and a wide, wide-brimmed hat. "Isn't she beautiful!" gasped the crowd. The duke beside her had the look of a man who thought she was. "Next comes the Prince of Wales," said the policeman. But I almost missed seeing him; he had on such a big busby. The Princess Royal's carriage passed while I was still gazing after her brother. There was a pause; troops again rode by, Royal Lancers, Hussars and the Dragoon Guards. Above the clatter of the hoofs and the booming of the band, I heard thunderous cheers that grew in volume till the sounds vibrated between the buildings and merged into one great roar like the long note of a deep organ chord. Soldiers passed; then a carriage driven quite slowly. I had a good view of a great lady who sat in dignity, a tender crooked little smile on her impressively strong face as she bowed to right and left. Perhaps I am a bit of a fool, for my eyes misted over and I didn't see the King.

After I had removed my arms from around my policeman's neck—I had grasped him as those behind surged forward—and he had confided that he would "give a pound for a cigarette," I noticed that the crowd was not making the slightest effort to disperse but was moving toward the stands whose occupants still remained seated. "They're broadcasting the service from St. Paul's," explained the Bobby. Reverently, quietly, the crowd that had waited for seven, eight and nine hours, and even all night on the streets, stood in the blazing sun and attended the service held in thanksgiving in the cathedral.

Dodging through a cool little street on our way to the underground Tube, we noticed a small hand-made sign, crudely lettered on what had evidently been a dress box, and nailed up over the door of every shabby little house, "God Bless Them," was all it said. Somehow or other it made me think of Mrs. Mudge, her far-away look and our rendezvous which will probably extend far into the night, after the rest of the office have gone,

INNER LIFE

by EDNA JAQUES

For we are more than just the things we seem,
More than a little waking and a dream,
This life that seems so commonplace to me
Is woven into all eternity.
The little happenings that make a day
Are born of God and shall not pass away.

The fire laid . . . the supper table spread,
Even the simple breaking of the bread,
Are symbols of diviner things that lie
Close to our inner selves and will not die,
The roots of life beneath the commonplace
Weaving its tendrils through the human race.

As long as life goes on . . there will be these,
 Warm clodded earth and blossom laden trees,
East wind and rain . . and flocks upon a hill,
 The fresh sweet wonder of a daffodil.
And over it . . and under it . . and through,
 The mind of God made manifest in you.

Child Wife

(Continued from page 39)

begin with, how many years have we been married?"

"You know as well as I do," he answered. "Six."

"Six years," she confirmed, adding, "and will you recall this, for it has importance; when I married you, your salary was two thousand. It is now thirty-two hundred. Can you say much for that?"

"I don't know what you're driving at," he flung out irritably, "that's a darned good salary for this year. Good heavens, millions of men—"

"I don't care about millions of men; it's this, Jim. How do you think I feel when I ride with Elsa Carter in a beautiful car and have over my knees—a sable robe?"

"Warm," he answered; he thought this rather good, and he made the mistake of grinning.

She said loudly: "I thought . . . you would be a success. You are—a failure."

"Oh, indeed?" he questioned.

"I'm afraid, Jim, we must both admit you are a failure. Understand, I was willing to start out in a small way with you."

"Yes, as I recollect, you were," he agreed, grimly; he nodded slowly.

"Just what do you mean by that?" she asked sharply, quickly. She was sitting erect; stiffly so; hands tightening on the arms of her chair.

"Well, you remember," he explained patiently, "I wasn't serious at first, Sandra. I just thought you were another nice girl and—"

"Will you repeat that, Jim?" she questioned.

"Why, I just thought you were another girl to kite around with."

"Oh, there were others?"

"Why, certainly there were."

"Oh, I think you did not tell me that, Jim. I told you all about Halsey Cottrell."

"Oh, gosh!" he exploded; his eyes on her were filled with a blend of impotent rage and hopelessness. She was putting him in wrong again.

"I told you about most of them," he stated.

"Oh, never mind," she said now, quaveringly. "I'm—I'm used to it. If I'd had a child—thank God, I never bore you a child—but if I'd had one I'd have told her . . . never, never *love*."

Now she began to weep. "The . . . the betrayal of love!" he heard from her thickly.

He said, "Oh, lord!"

Where were all his speeches? He couldn't remember any of his lines. The clock in the hall struck the half hour that follows six. His appetite rose from the emotional chaos. He had had only a ham sandwich, a cup of coffee and a sinker that noon and his abused, empty stomach began to remind him with gnawing, that it was empty.

He said loudly, "I'm hungry!"

"Food!" she screeched, "Food! Food! Always food. Oh . . . the . . . pain!"

He rose to go to the kitchen. On the pantry shelf he found a can of herrings; he started some coffee; he cut some bread; then found the can opener. "You never lack exercise in this house!" he murmured to it. She groped her way, stumblingly, up the stairs. After a while she'd come back without the sound of a gong, and another round would be started.

The smell of the coffee began and its promise mellowed his spirit. It is doubtful whether any of the world's great causes have been started where coming food has announced itself with gentle aroma.

He stared fixedly at the crookedly hung calendar. For some reason he was remembering the way his mother's kitchen smelled after she had baked bread. He could see the

leaves lying on their sides; golden brown, a little shiny from the butter she rubbed on them. Women of Sandra's order do not realize that food is gasoline for the human engine. His face changed a little . . . His mother had always believed in his capabilities, and more, she had been proud of his achievements. Sandra had called him a failure.

"Well, all right," he thought suddenly. The cold loneliness that filled him turned him back to the young, uncertain years.

Food, faith; you had to have them. Gosh, it hurt to have her say he was—a failure. She'd never said that before in the heat of any battle.

His motions were slowed by his being spent from the ordeal through which he had passed. Slowly he moved again to the pantry to open the refrigerator there and to hunt cream. There wasn't any. "Darn!" he thought suddenly. There was a pint bottle of sour milk; an inch, in another bottle, of betrayingly blue milk and a chocolate pudding that had rounds of greyish-green mold on it, and some hamburg steak that had obviously died the week before but had not been given a Christian burial.

Also there were pickles and some cole slaw; both in messy dishes that told of higher tide in food, and there was a shrunken patty case filled with good chicken, insulted with a lumpy cream sauce and slopped up with canned peas.

HE CLOSED the door firmly; it opened itself again if you didn't do a good, first job, and he went back to the kitchen.

Suddenly some of the words he had planned to say to Sandra came back to him. He ate his substitute for a supper and went back to the front of the house.

Here, at the foot of the stairs, he called: "Sandra, I wish you'd come down. I have to say a few more things. I'll try to be patient."

If she came down sensibly, briskly and without drama, he realized, later, the whole thing might have been different. But from the living room he saw her descent and it hardened him anew. She descended as if weakened by a long illness; she clung to the balustrade, paused, drew deep breaths, pushed on.

He had to set his lips to keep them from a curling lift. Sandra was so frightfully *false*. She was acting life; she was not living it or facing it.

She sank to a chair; she lifted her great, blue-violet eyes to him. She said, brokenly, "If you have . . . more harsh words for me, say them . . . and let me go."

Harold Griggs, with his influence, was in the room. The world sways easily to any tune.

Jim paced the room for a few minutes, then he felt he could trust himself to speak. He took from his pocket a shrunken packet of cigarettes.

"Sandra, let's try to be—well, sort of everyday about this if we can. Let's remember we're adult."

She murmured, "I think . . . I do not quite follow."

If she could be fair, he thought; if this new drama could be wiped from her spirit and mind and she could be rational. Why, then, they might have some chance to understand one another.

He settled; he lit a cigarette and began: "Sandra," he said slowly, "I don't like this new interest of yours, because to my mind it leads nowhere."

"And by that, you mean?" she put in.

"I mean, it's taking you out of the class in which my modest income has placed you. Your mention of that motor robe proves that; we don't belong with that group."

"You may not!" she admitted.

"And . . . there's not to my thinking, and I believe I'm right," he went on, "any real development in—well, activities like this racket you like so much now. I mean it's retarding when taken too seriously. It doesn't develop your mind, it just develops an unfortunate human wish to be on display, parade and to strut your stuff. If you could go anywhere with it, I wouldn't say a word. If it were a widening interest I'd back you



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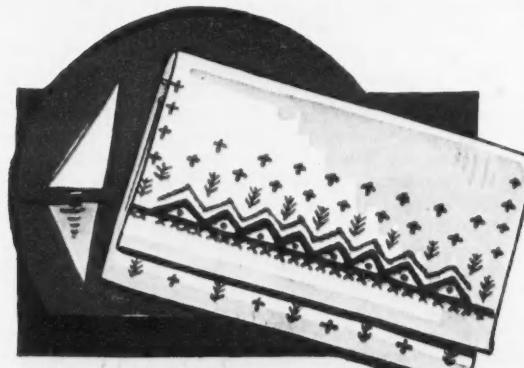


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The handicrafts on this page are available from Chatelaine's Handicraft Studio. Articles shown in previous issues may also be secured on request. Send to Marie Le Cerv, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

CAMPING ON VELVET...

by FLORENCE JURY

OUT OF THE fifty-two weeks of the year the majority of us have really only two or three weeks we can call our very own. How to spend them is surely a most intriguing question. Shall we revel in the joys of the open road, camping by the wayside? Shall we tune in with nature, get some boating and fishing, and fill our lungs with real fresh air? Surely there is no more healthful or enjoyable way to spend our own little holiday. To make camp after a day of travel, cook and eat our dinner in some nice spot and then sit in the firelight and "listen to the stillness," to smell the earth and the trees and the smoke from our wood fire, and then to turn in and sleep deeply. To waken wondering for a moment just where we are, till we hear someone splashing terrifically over a small hand bowl and exclaiming, "Oh, boy, this is the life!" and "Isn't that air grand?" And as the smell of coffee, sweater and more pungent than all the perfumes of Araby, comes to us, we scramble quickly into our clothes, anxious to make the most of every single hour.

The last time I went on a motor trip, we were unpacking our trailer and making camp when an old guide came along and just naturally stood and watched us and joined in the conversation. We opened what to him appeared to be a suitcase, and out of this we took our folding camp stools and then turned it into a most serviceable table. He appeared not to notice anything extraordinary in this. Then we set up our collapsible gasoline stove, lighted two burners and put on potatoes and a vegetable to cook. We put up our tent with screen windows and a screen door, and set up our beds with mattresses. We turned a part of our trailer into a kitchen cabinet, covered our table with a most artistic oilcloth which we were sure anyone else would mistake for damask, and set our meal. In fact, we made ourselves most comfortable and with pride surveyed the result.

The old guide did likewise, and then, looking us all over, said, "Well, now! I suppose you folks think you're campin'?" We were puzzled and thought perhaps he was a "bit queer." Anyway we chorused indignantly, "Of course we're camping!" He laughed as if we'd said something extremely funny, and grinning at us said, "Campin' on velvet, I'd say," and turned away, shaking his head and chuckling to himself. We all roared with laughter, and from then on continued to "camp on velvet."

There is really no need for one to feel constantly dirty and untidy on a motor trip, to eat scanty or makeshift meals, or to sleep on uncomfortable beds. One can pack so many conveniences into a car or trailer. Even to walk through the camp equipment department of our stores is an exciting business. We decide to make the most stringent economies all summer if we can only squeeze that wonderful tent in

our budget. Let us see now just what we really need for a successful camping trip. Of course if there are only two people going on a trip and they have a car larger than a coupé, there is no need for a trailer; but for a party of more than two a trailer is a necessity.

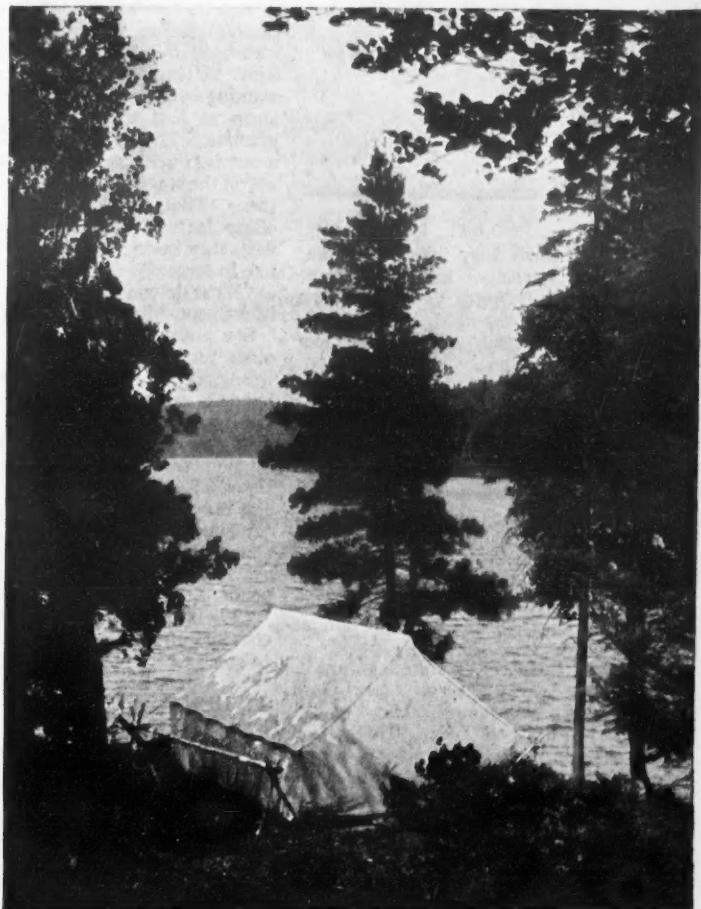
First, we will take our tent. If we have to buy one we should try to economize on other things and get a good tent while we are about it. Tents may be purchased from about fifteen dollars, but the ideal one to me is that with a floor, screen windows and a screen door, which costs about forty dollars. Before leaving on a trip it is well to put up your tent and make sure that you know the right way to do it. I once had a terrible time with an umbrella tent. It seemed so simple when the salesman demonstrated it to me, but doing it myself was a different matter. Almost any tent is simple to put up when you know how to go about it, but be sure you know how before you start out.

For beds we can get very comfortable telescope cots, which roll to a surprisingly small size, for about five dollars each, and if we wish, a rolling mattress for as little as \$2.95. For a table we can use a card table which, if we wish, we can cut in two and hinge. Two brass handles may be screwed in the sides to make it easy to carry and a hook and eye fastener to keep it together; or we can buy a folding table, which also holds four campstools, for as little as \$4.25.

For carrying endless small things which one constantly needs, there is nothing handier than a couple of shoe bags pinned to the upholstery of the car. These pockets seem to hold so much, help us to keep our camp tidy, and save endless searching for something we need in a hurry. Little hammocks which we can make from any thin material we happen to have, are also very handy, and these we can swing from the roof of the car. In making these, gather the ends into a curtain ring and just fasten them into ordinary cup hooks screwed into the frame of the car.

Always remember when choosing a spot to camp, to select high ground and after putting up your tent, dig a shallow trench around it to carry away the water in case of rain. Thus you will keep your floor dry. When breaking camp always be sure your tent is dry before rolling it up; otherwise it will smell most unpleasantly when unrolled and, if left for any time, will mold. Should you find the poles of your tent too long to carry conveniently, saw them in two, and when you wish to use them fit the two ends into a piece of metal tubing.

Always carry a good flashlight and one or two extra bulbs for it; also extra bulbs for your headlights and rear light. I might also mention here that for very little one can buy a trouble lamp which is very handy when camping. This is a small electric light on a long cord, and it can be used from



the tail light of your car. Also be sure to carry a good tow rope, an axe, a shovel and a hammer.

Of course, cooking over a wood fire on a grid is very nice, but I think a good gasoline stove is the thing to use. These are perfectly safe if the directions are followed and much quicker than either gas or electricity. There is a little oven that goes with certain of these stoves and a collapsible stand to set it on, and in these ovens one can cook quite a large roast or fowl.

Always make sure the water you are using for drinking is pure. Otherwise be sure to boil it.

One thing I certainly would not be without on a camping trip is a little refrigerator. I think this is best carried in the back of the trailer, or you can make or buy one very cheaply. To make one, get a fairly heavy wooden box and hinge the lid, using a hook and eye fastener to keep it tightly shut. Inside this, fit a box about two inches smaller all around, made either of tin or galvanized iron, with a lid, of course; and the space between the two boxes fill with sawdust for insulation. In the outside corner of these two boxes pierce a hole and insert a piece of rubber tubing to carry away the water. If you carry this box in your trailer you will have to pierce a hole in a corner of it for the tubing. If you have no trailer this box should be made to fit your running-board. You will be surprised how long the ice will last in this box, especially if kept covered with a piece of stout sack. When you are camped, be sure to keep this box in the shade, well covered with wet sack; or better still, dig a hole in the ground for it. Always be sure to replenish your ice box last thing before you leave a town.

For dishes I think it is best to take tin plates—not enamel which chips too easily. For drinking use heavy china mugs. They are easily balanced and are comfortable to drink from, whereas a tin or enamel cup becomes uncomfortably hot. If you are buying cooking utensils for your trip, be sure to choose those that fit into one another. This saves a great deal of space, which always becomes scarce no matter how much room you have to start with.

For carrying tea, coffee, baking powder, pepper salt, sugar, flour, etc., square tins which fit snugly together are the handiest; and to label them use adhesive tape and stick the labels on the lids. Thus the contents are easily identified without unpacking or lifting all your tins out. Adhesive tape seems to be the only thing that will really stick to tin for any length of time. To carry eggs, which sounds reckless, use a good big tin about three quarters full of sawdust. An old bread tin, or one that will hold several bottles, is good for carrying pickles, jam, salad dressing, a few cans of milk.

[Continued on page 64]

Was Constipated For 30 Years

Woman's Long Search for a Remedy

The trouble with most remedies for constipation, as this woman found, is that they give only temporary relief. Having at last found a permanent corrective, she writes to tell us about it:—

"For upwards of 30 years I was a victim of acute constipation. I tried practically everything that it was possible to try. I admit I was a chronic case, and every new remedy I tried helped for a day or two—after that I was just as bad as ever. Three months ago I took my first taste of Kruschen Salts, and every morning since, and every morning so long as I live, my first duty upon rising is my Kruschen. I honestly feel a different woman. My bowels act to the clock, and my friends remark how well I am looking. My only regret is that I didn't try Kruschen years ago."—(Mrs.) A. M.

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up. But it isn't. You're too old to make a real job of it, to get on the stage, and I know you; you haven't got that quality that would make it possible for you to take the hard knocks that must be endured before an amateur passes the line that makes him a professional."

"I'm—too old!" she said bitterly.

He paid no heed. "Look at Mrs. Carter," he said, "a silly, withered old woman. She lost her husband because she had to be in the spotlight, and—she had no time for him. Now she's joined the gang who haunt the schoolhouse where you rehearse. She'd be a better woman if she spent her time putting up quince jelly and she'd be a less harmful one. She gets down there and she says to you, and to a lot more poor women who ought to be hooked to their market baskets and vacuum cleaners; 'Dear child, your feeling; you're marvellous!' I've heard her. And what happens? Another good cook goes west. And another husband goes—hungry."

Sandra threw back her head, "You—you will see!" she breathed fervently.

AT EIGHT o'clock Jim Hewlett started back to the city. He was going to hunt a cheap room now; he must find a permanent place. He was going back Saturday to talk about finances with Sandra and pack all his clothes.

He realized stupidly that they had only one trunk and he frowned, as if it were a great matter.

He was so tired that he ached all over, and the life he had built lay around him in small, jagged pieces, each one of which had a sharp edge that cut cruelly.

She had said she was through and raised her declaration. Well—all right.

How he wondered, in his male simplicity, had she got out of him the fact that he had dined with Miss Murphy? Her name, the whole story.

"What led up to that?" he wondered in his spent, slow way. "Maybe I can locate a secondhand trunk," he said aloud.

Headlights, headlights, headlights; flashing into his eyes, blinding him, making him drive with trust far to his side of the road; so sick of the way and he could hear Sandra's casual chant on the subject, one she intoned with other suburban women: "Oh, it does them good to have that drive after the long day shut up in the office."

So tired he was. Aching physically from it. He shook a little. The Ames's house—that was a mess. The trunk. Was that a man at the side of the road in the shadows? What reckless drivers! That fellow just missed him. He was tense from fright. Now again slack, and slackness hurt. All over, the life he and Sandra had . . . built up. Not much of a life, but . . . something. "I, James John, take thee, Sandra, for my—" It was over.

SANDRA WAS late for the rehearsal; she tore up the stairs to stand in the doorway of the room, panting. She had once seen Frances Starr gasp convulsively, taking a curtain call. Without knowing why, Sandra remembered this. She gasped the harder, remembering.

Harold Griggs frowned, hurrying to her. "My darling," he said, "what is it?" He spoke an easy, widely aimed "darling," but for Sandra this was different and made so by the possessive pronoun.

"I'll tell you later," she gasped. "After all, it doesn't . . . matter. What matters is that . . . I must be here and that . . . I am here."

"Yes," he whispered. "Yes, you are here."

He had been putting on amateur shows all over the country for many years.

Sandra saw that Elsa Carter wasn't there. Elsa had said she might be made late by guests for dinner . . . who were, for once, her husband's friends—she called them. "Stupid dinner guests."

"But I shall be there!" Elsa had promised and Sandra had replied with a tender, hushed "Please, I depend on you."

Now Harold Griggs clapped his white hands, and he was wrapped in a manner that looked professional but that rarely attaches

itself to a real stage manager or producer. He began by saying: "We must feel this as . . . a part of life."

Sandra closed her eyes; she could feel the play thus; in the play Kitty Brown leaves her husband; there is a divorce. She thought, "Miss Murphy."

"Opening line, Mrs. Hewlett," prompted Harold Griggs.

She spoke her lines well, loudly, clearly and with feeling. There was a hush. "Oh, too marvellous!" gasped the fat woman cast for Madge Livingstone. Sandra felt her heart swell. She would not see Jim Saturday. She would leave a note; in this . . . she would write simply: "Jim, you will hear of me, not from me!"

The door was opening; Elsa Carter came in; Sandra blew a kiss to her.

Tomorrow she would go to Elsa to tell her all about . . . Jim.

The rehearsal spun on and on; voices grew more artificial. Harold Griggs broke into the rehearsal to tell a story about how he brought truth, in gesture, to the attention of the Great Zelda Sears, whom he had managed for so many years. The group for the most part listened with rapt hush; it was all so stimulating. Two of the heavier clods in males fussed during the recounting of this history. "I said, 'Zelda, you must feel that fluent body of yours as a medium through which you pour, beyond footlights, an emotion so clear that even the dullest will catch it.' We worked for several months on that break in body rhythm that shows the interrupted thought, and when we finished she had it; which was, as I think you'll all agree, my reward."

It was a beautiful story, Elsa Carter murmured to someone else who looked on from the back of the room.

Nervousness and weariness began to make some voices shrill. The women whose voices were shrill would, on the morrow, snap at the children and "just let a few things go for once!"

They might even remember how different a husband was from himself, a fiancé. There is a connection between a nervous weariness and bitter memory. It was eleven when they disbanded, an excited loud-voiced group. There was the usual round of amateur ecstasy over how so and so had said this or that line.

JIM HEWLETT at this moment, when the clock told eleven, sat staring at Mora Tilden's wife. Jim had gone to their apartment to ask advice as to where to get a room. Tilden had dragged him in. Jim found Tilden was settled pretty nicely. The room looked comfortable. Jim stared at it hungrily.

"Sit down," said Tilden, "and I'll get you a drink."

Jim sat down. Tilden went back and Jim heard voices. Tilden returned.

"Got it in the neck, hey?" he asked.

"Yes," Jim admitted, "it didn't work out—as you thought it would. It's—it's all over."

"Well, I hear the first divorce is the hardest." Tilden stood back to a mantel, hands rammed deep in his pockets. His eyes upon Jim were filled with that quizzical understanding which comes of remembering something once serious and now a joke.

He said, "I know how you feel. Kind of knocks you. It's just . . . you plan one life . . . one way and then . . . it all goes . . . zip!" he snapped his finger.

"Yeah, that's just it," said Jim.

"Have any dinner tonight?" Tilden asked.

"I had some—some herrings I found knocking around and bread . . . coffee."

"I'll get Mora to fix you a little supper."

Jim spoke quickly. "No," he objected, "I don't want to be any bother, Tilden. I don't want to make any trouble."

Tilden frowned. "Jim," he said, "she'll like doing it." He moved them to the rear of the apartment; through that dullness that comes of shock Jim heard their muted talk and the street noises. Someone went by whistling that old one: "Once in a lifetime Someone comes along . . .". It pricked the raw spot on his heart.

[Continued on page 64]



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1582

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Seersucker or ratine?

Piqué, voile, or silk crêpe?

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SILK CREPE

No. 1570 — Is an "all-occasion" evening blouse and skirt, which may be varied as shown in the small sketch. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material for blouse, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material for full-length skirt.



1570

RATINE

No. 1564 — A jacket completes this attractive frock. Notice the huge buttons at shoulder-line and pocket-flaps — get them of wood if you'd be very smart. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards for dress and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for jacket, both 39 inch material.



Child Wife

(Continued from page 62)

Tilden returned; they talked—of what Jim couldn't remember later, though he tried in the slow, dulled way of those swung from their normal selves. He tried ardently later to recall their subjects; it seemed, for some reason, important.

Why were flashes of Sandra's face printing themselves upon anything that was before him? Was this divorce? This upset? He had read of it so easily.

He rose awkwardly when Mora appeared, carrying a tray laden with food. She was a pretty woman, edging middle forties, and around her was that vague aura of the artificial that clings to those who know the smell of grease paint.

Jim rose. Tilden said: "This is Jim Hewlett, Mora. The wife has given him his walking papers."

She said, "I'm sorry." And she meant it. Jim took her hand. She had a good, hard grip that was a little intensified now.

She turned to Bryce Tilden, "He's a good boy," she said gently. Tilden nodded. She seemed now to Jim, for some vague reason, so like his mother that he almost smelled fresh bread, as it smells cooling.

She said, "Sit down, dear, and eat your supper."

It was a fine supper and he kept saying so; an omelet on the tray, a hot roll, and the butter wasn't so hard that you had to use a pick axe to persuade it to spread, and coffee and cream. The coffee was hot and strong, and of a good grade and there was, for ending, a home-brew tapioca pudding that, darn it, was good. Eggs in it, Jim thought; it looked kind of yellow, and the lumps weren't hard.

He sat back. He said: "I can't tell you, Mrs. Tilden, how good everything tasted. Honestly, everything was fine. Even that pudding—why, it was fine!"

She thought, "You poor kid." She said, "I'm so glad."

SHE SEWED as they talked; now and again she put in a few words. Nice words that helped. Jim told them his story; he hadn't meant to. Somehow it came out. He didn't know exactly how to manage financially, he admitted. He guessed it would work out, because, he laughed with constraint, it had to. How cheaply could he get a room in town?

There was a rooming-house next door, she said then; it was pretty crude; she paused to bite a thread, but after all, he wouldn't have to see anything of the other lodgers unless he found some good ones, and he could get a room there, a back room, as cheaply as he could anywhere. "Don't you think so, Bryce?" she ended. He did; he said so, nodding.

She frowned then, so sorry for him. Probably he'd scrape along on nothing to support this woman. And why he should, she could not see. "It's a thing I couldn't do," she reflected. "It's indecent." Being paid for doing nothing; taking money after you'd done nothing but to set in a tired boy's eyes the look of an old man; how could women do it?

"It wasn't that I objected to any healthy interest, I mean—when it's taken for what it is—a hobby, I mean. But Sandra got to thinking she would play on Broadway, I know she did. And, Mrs. Tilden, does that happen often, do they step from amateur theatricals to—oh, you know—the front lines?" asked Jim.

"Well, you can't generalize," she said slowly, "for sometimes they do. I believe Marie Dressler began by clinging to a cross in some church play. But about your wife's getting on, I don't know. How old is she?"

"Thirty-two."

"I don't think she'd have much chance then, Mr. Hewlett, though, as I say, you can't generalize. The differences in people make rules differ. She'd have to go through a lot. You have to learn your trade. They're working even in Hollywood now, and you know at first they didn't work them in pictures. They just got up and hammed around. It's changed. It takes some doing to get on the stage now and more doing to keep there. The people who come to theatrical offices in New York now, begging work—well, they belong with those pictures you'd like to forget."

"What do you think of the Little Theatre Movement, Miss Morgan?" he asked.

She answered gently, "Just what every other regular trouper does. We may be wrong, but we hate it. We feel they're handing us a mess of pottage for a birth-right. Little sporadic performances, we didn't mind those; but these continued productions that take people's money for good times, of course they hurt us. Remember I'm only stating how the profession feels. We almost all feel this way. We learned to think this way because we were hungry."

"You all think the troupers would troup again, if this died?"

"We think so," she admitted. It was then the clock struck eleven. Jim realized he had to go.

TILDEN WENT with Jim to the next-door house; Tilden presented Jim to a landlady who plainly expressed, by keen searching glance, the suspicion that her life had made hardy.

Yes, she had a rear room, she admitted grudgingly. She led the way.

"Thank you a lot, Tilden," said Jim.

He stood alone in the room; it was sordidly shabby and in the way that tells of deeply ingrained filth. He shuddered, who liked bedcovers that could be laundered. Well, he'd have to stand it, he realized.

He went to bed but not to sleep.

"I, James John, take thee, Sandra," kept repeating in his mind. There were strange noises from the next room; some woman cried wailingly there. Above him someone dropped a shoe. People passed his door.

At one he turned on the light and he lay staring at the ceiling. A piece of detached wallpaper dripped from this. Everything hurt Jim . . . the look of the room . . . Mora's kindness hurt him most deeply.

Two o'clock—those Ames's house plans, a trunk; the bed was hard; it had a deep-worn rut, the blankets smelled, second hand place for the trunk. "I'm tired. Let me sleep." Three—and years later, it seemed, four.

WHEN WEEKS, and even days, are crowded and show difference made by variation, the dullest realize time is passing; when last week's Thursday hides behind a thousand episodes it is remote.

Now Sandra Hewlett groped behind her, none too certainly, to locate, in the rush that she had known the moment when Elsa Carter had begun to change. This change had been hinted early in April. Sandra decided, with that concentrated consideration of bruises known to those who have sore zones.

At first Elsa had been "perfectly marvelously understanding" about Jim. And Elsa's sympathy had led Sandra to voice a great deal in confidence that no woman should voice. They had whispered; Sandra

had added to her heap of lies with hints.

"But you will be strong!" Elsa stated.

"I shall make a new life for myself!" Sandra stated in turn.

Then—somehow—it began to change. Elsa said, petulantly; "Yes, I know; you told me about that you know, my dear."

Her eyes wandered elsewhere as Sandra spoke; they rested on Mildred Archer. "There's something about that Archer girl that's so attractive," said Elsa.

Sandra's heat chilled and yet it flamed with jealousy.

That Archer girl; Sandra hated her; a raw deb with nothing in her face but silly prettiness and the vacancy made by youthful trust. She snubbed Mildred Archer roundly. The child's wondering hurt, charted by eyes that followed Sandra, hardened Sandra the more. "The little fool!" she thought; when she thought thus her motions grew sharp and jerky.

She thought "The little fool!" too often.

Life went on; she lived alone at home; friends ran in; she began to talk with them of Elsa Carter. She heard "But you know—" to the quick, smart slap of cards falling swiftly—"Elsa is always dropping people, picking them up, dropping them. By."

She had thought it would be different with her; the reminder did not help her.

Surely she wasn't like those other women Elsa had patronized?

She heard, too, variations of "Personally, I think you were a fool, Sandra, to be lapdog for her. If she turned my way, she'd get a jolt. Simple honors."

Cards spread on the table with the deft, sure fingers of those who know them well.

Sandra made the mistake of going to Elsa Carter to ask her what had happened, before April closed. She looked, chilling, around the small formal room to which she'd been shown; always before, she had been ushered to the big living-room. She waited some moments; the stretch of these did not help her. At length Elsa Carter appeared, showing that faint surprise in expression that some women can show at will.

"Oh, Mrs. Hewlett, so good of you to run in; what can I do for you?"

"Mrs. Hewlett" echoed.

Sandra stammered her questions. Elsa Carter couldn't think what Mrs. Hewlett meant; her bafflement was beautifully charted. Sorry, she was rather pressed for time. Life was lived too fast, wasn't it? Always something to do, and would Mrs. Hewlett understand to excuse her? There was a man coming to talk about the garden; a frightfully clever sort of person, who had replanted the Thrope place—did Mrs. Hewlett know the Thropes?

"No," Sandra admitted.

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't. So good of you to run in," said the erstwhile Elsa, now Mrs. Carter, rising.

Throughout the interview she had maintained that graciousness of self-made great ladies which is more insulting than the kick of a teamster, and justly, for it expresses malice, not a healthy burst of temper.

Sandra, feeling weak and sick, crept from the place. The lane to the street was long; her head, heart chanted, "Hate her! Hate her! Hate her!" She smiled fixedly; she drew deep, uneven breaths. She would show Elsa Carter. Elsa would send her card back to the dressing room. Sandra would study the card languidly. She would tell her maid

to tell the stage doorman to report that she simply could not—she was sorry—place Mrs. Philip Carter and that she rarely met strangers.

Before she reached the mainway anger had helped her to weave three versions of this satisfying retribution. Bits of this wish-dream flashed before her.

Her reveries of the sort that stiffened her to aching point were interrupted by seeing Mildred Archer's approach.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hewlett; isn't this a lovely day? It seems as if spring is coming. I think you're going to be marvellous as Kitty Brown. I'm so excited over the whole thing." Sandra heard, and she said in turn a harsh, hard "Indeed?"

She pushed on, but she looked back. Mildred Archer was going into—the Carters' gate. "Very well," Sandra said aloud. "Very well!" not knowing exactly what she meant, but a little helped; not much helped.

She decided she would take off ten pounds, and for ten days she dieted dangerously. When she had reduced herself to a gauntness that suggested a clothes tree, she found, with pleasure, that she had taken off more weight than she had planned and had a spree. Which meant everything sweet and an open box of candy at hand, into which she reached absently, often.

She thought of Jim as frequently as she thought of Elsa Carter; the unpleasant thought dominates any undisciplined mind. What had Jim meant by implying she was a child and not adult? She took another piece of candy. Why, she was unusually—developed and she would prove it by her performance; her version of Kitty Brown. Beyond her window at that moment she saw children walking up and down the street, wearing their mother's clothes.

[To be continued]

Camping on Velvet

(Continued from page 63)

For your bread you will need a tin with a good tight lid, and keep your bread wrapped in a cloth. The lid of your tin is, of course, your bread board.

When choosing your dish pan, pick a large one. Into this you can pack all the small things you use for every meal—plates, cups and knives and forks. The latter are handiest kept rolled in a cloth. For carrying potatoes use an old flour sack, or perhaps two, one inside the other, and carry a few empty sacks for your purchases. Never trust a paper bag in your trailer; it breaks or wears very easily and the contents are soon scattered all over your trailer.

It is well to carry an extra supply of matches in a small screw-top tin. We used a shaving soap tin which is practically watertight. We kept this in the pocket of the car and only resorted to it when we simply couldn't find our matches or when our lighter wouldn't light. You would be surprised how often we emptied our emergency box.

When loading your trailer, be sure to load it evenly and pack it very tightly. Remember, there is a good deal of shaking down. You will, of course, want a waterproof tarpaulin to cover your load. If you have not got one you can make one very cheaply. Buy sufficient ten or twelve ounce duck to answer your purpose and from a sporting goods dealer buy a tin of preparation to make it waterproof. You will want loops all around the edge of this, about twelve inches apart, and hooks on your trailer to hook them on. You will also want a rope, long and strong, to crisscross over the tarpaulin so that the wind will not catch it. The rope will help to keep things in place and prevent them slipping.

The Summer Fashion Book

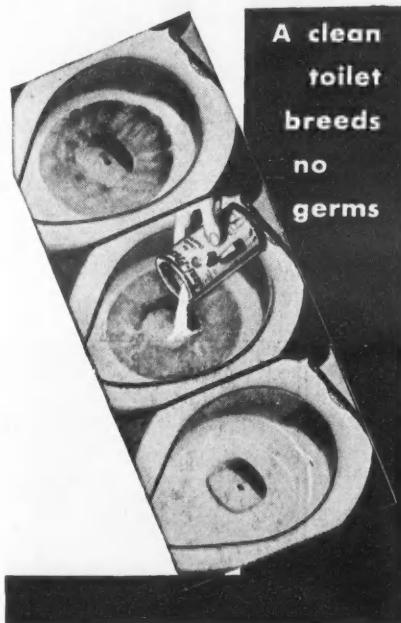
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Chatelaine's

July, 1935

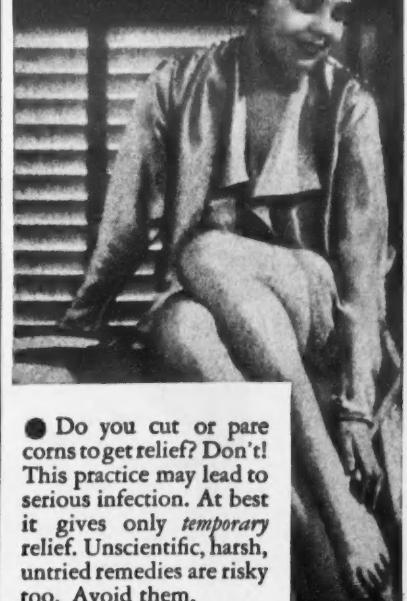
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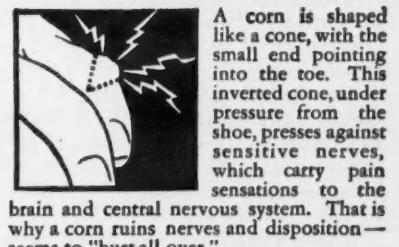
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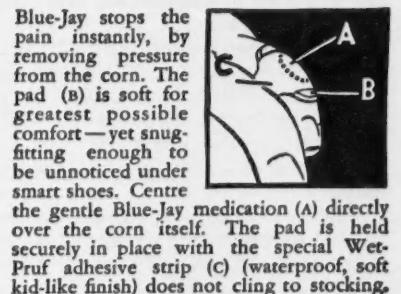
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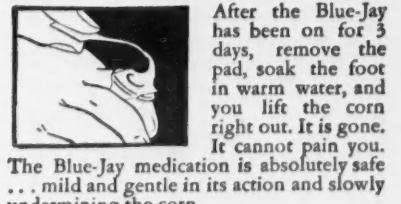
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No. 219 — The shorts-dress is one of the summer's necessities this year. This type — shorts, blouse and skirt all separate — is trimly fitted, and comes in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 149 — Wide, fluttering sleeves and flaring pyjama legs are not only exceedingly effective, but also delightfully cool. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35 inch material with 5 yards of binding.

No. 1571 — A run-about frock in two-piece style, ideally suited to vacation play. The skirt is pleated at front only. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1550 — The peasant dress is just the slim, long-legged, 'tween age girl. Its casual fullness and bright embroidery are very smart. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 13 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 8290 — Sleeveless pyjamas for the youngster. They're in one-piece style, with an opening down the back. Sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 35 inch material with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard contrasting.



8290



1550

Chatelaine, July, 1935



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The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today





Elbows... and Elbow Room

by H. NAPIER MOORE



THE IDEA with which I originally toyed for this month's essay has been rapped on the head.

The germ of it sprang from a statement that, according to a checkback of census returns in Canada, women lie about their age thirty-five per cent more than men.

This adds the substance of fact to the *Humorist's* quip: "It's difficult for a man to tell a woman's real age," remarks a writer. "It's practically impossible for the woman to do it."

Gently nurtured to maturity, the idea I had would have dealt with the difficulties of disguising one's age; with the strain arising from the constant mental vigilance necessary to dodge the hundred and one little give-aways. I was going to ask: "Why all the bother?"

Then, a few days ago, I succumbed to a sudden temptation to try out one phase of the idea on a very smart lady. She gave me an opening. Referring to a well-known and most attractive actress, she said:

"Did you see So-and-So? Isn't she the loveliest creature? Isn't it marvellous how she retains her looks, her vivacity? She isn't as young as she seems, you know. She must be well over forty."

Admitting the charm of the artist, I said: "I happen to know how old she is. She's over fifty."

This announcement caused such an impression that I went one step farther. And fell. I showed off. I said: "Even had I not been told so on good authority, I think I could have made a good guess. Because there's one clue a woman can't disguise, even on the stage. That's her elbows. Uncovered, they're a give-away. Always. An old actor, expert in make-up, told me that years ago, and I've observed the truth of it."

"Nonsense," said the other side of the argument. "They don't need to be at all. Olive oil and lemon juice, patted in regularly, will make an elbow fool anybody."

So there I was, smeared out by olive oil and lemon juice.

OUT AT the elbows as I am, and eliminating stage folk from our consideration, I cling to the main motif of my idea, which is that in the long run no woman gains anything by such coyness

over the number of her years as leads to desperate disguises and artificial vivacity.

That is not saying that she shouldn't make an effort to be smart, to keep her figure within bounds, to keep her mind receptive.

Not a bit of it. It's the frequency of attempts to obliterate nature that bothers me.

A grown family cannot always be explained away by: "Of course, I married very young."

Acting a youthful part offstage, every hour in everyday life, involves a mental and physical strain that inevitably brings a climax in which nature reveals the truth with brutal suddenness. And the sad part is that no one is surprised, because no one was deluded.

In short, as the modern classics have it: Be yourself.

THE OCCASION whereon the above-related conversation took place was at a tea. One of those teas to which such hordes of people are invited that the hostess stands in a complete daze while the guests wanly wander through the press in search of a familiar face. It all fitted in with Rafael Sabatini's story of the undergraduate who, attending a function whereat the host and hostess seemed bamboozled by the constant stream of passers-by, made a bet with another undergraduate that he could prove that the couple in the receiving line weren't understanding a single word said to them.

As he reached the host he smiled, held out his hand and said:

"I murdered your mother this morning."

"Very glad to meet you," said the famous man, beaming the set beam. "This is my wife."

Passed on while the man received the next person and the previous guest had scarcely departed from the wife, the daring undergraduate had time to gloat upon his success and straighten his face before he bowed over the lady's hand.

"I murdered your father," he said gravely.

"Most kind," murmured the tired lady, "charming of you. . . ."

THOUGHT OF receiving lines takes me back a few years when, in company with 3,999 others, I went to a garden party to meet the Prince of

Wales and his brother, now Duke of Kent. The entire 4,000, wilting under a sweltering sun, were received. Each whispered his or her name to an aide, who relayed it to another aide who announced it. Meantime, the Prince was shaking hands and speaking to the person two places ahead of you. The amazing thing was that when your turn came to shake hands, the Prince accurately repeated your name. Four thousand names and he never missed one.

The other night I was talking to the aide who was entrusted with the arrangements on that occasion, and I recalled what was a phenomenal feat. Said he: "We certainly were well instructed as to how to do it. The Prince told us he was trained to carry names in his head by a certain rhythm, by proper timing. We were to watch carefully the speed at which the line travelled and time the announcement exactly in the way he showed us. He didn't miss one, but had we missed a beat he would have been thrown out of gear."

THE MORAL to all this seems to be that unless you are as clever and well trained as the Prince of Wales, and if when you entertain you want your guests to leave feeling that you really have an interest in them, don't have more people than you can remember and mingle with. And give them elbow room.

At this point someone is bound to cry out: "Tush! How many of your readers go in for bulk teas?"

Quite so. But everything can be applied relatively. If you only have to tea Aunt Emma's second cousin, whom you've never met before, the tête-à-tête can be either a success or failure according to the interest you show, not so much in her capacity for tea and watercress sandwiches but in herself.

My picture of an ideal hostess is one who makes it her business to know a little about each guest before she gets there.

This may seem silly, but I am a sensitive soul; haunted by a look I see on so many faces at even minor social functions—the look which says: "For pity's sake, why did they ask me? Why did I come?"

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